Collier's

OCTOBER 10, 1942 TEN CENTS

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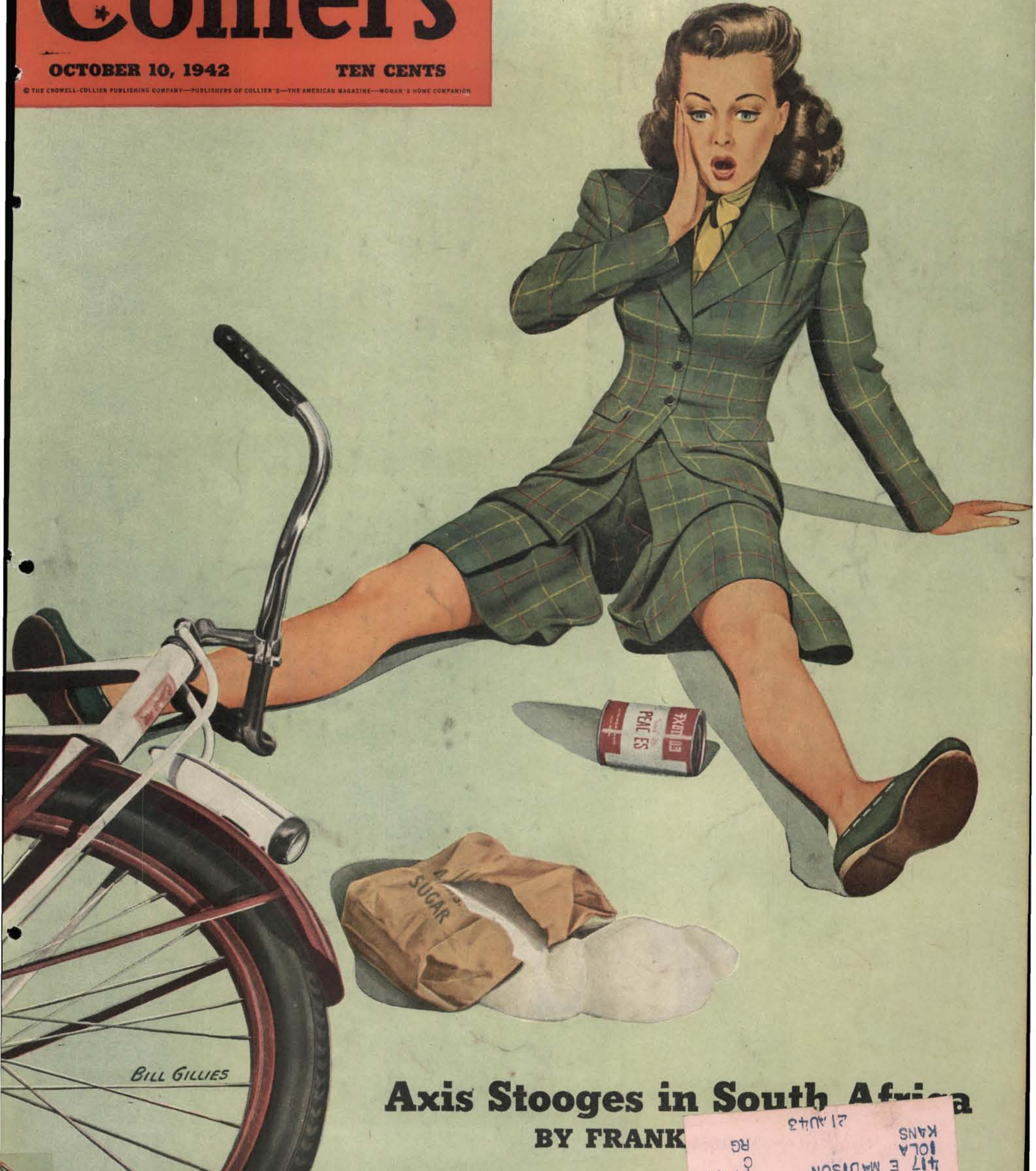

Axis Stooges in South Africa

BY FRANK

J H HENDERSON 71499 C
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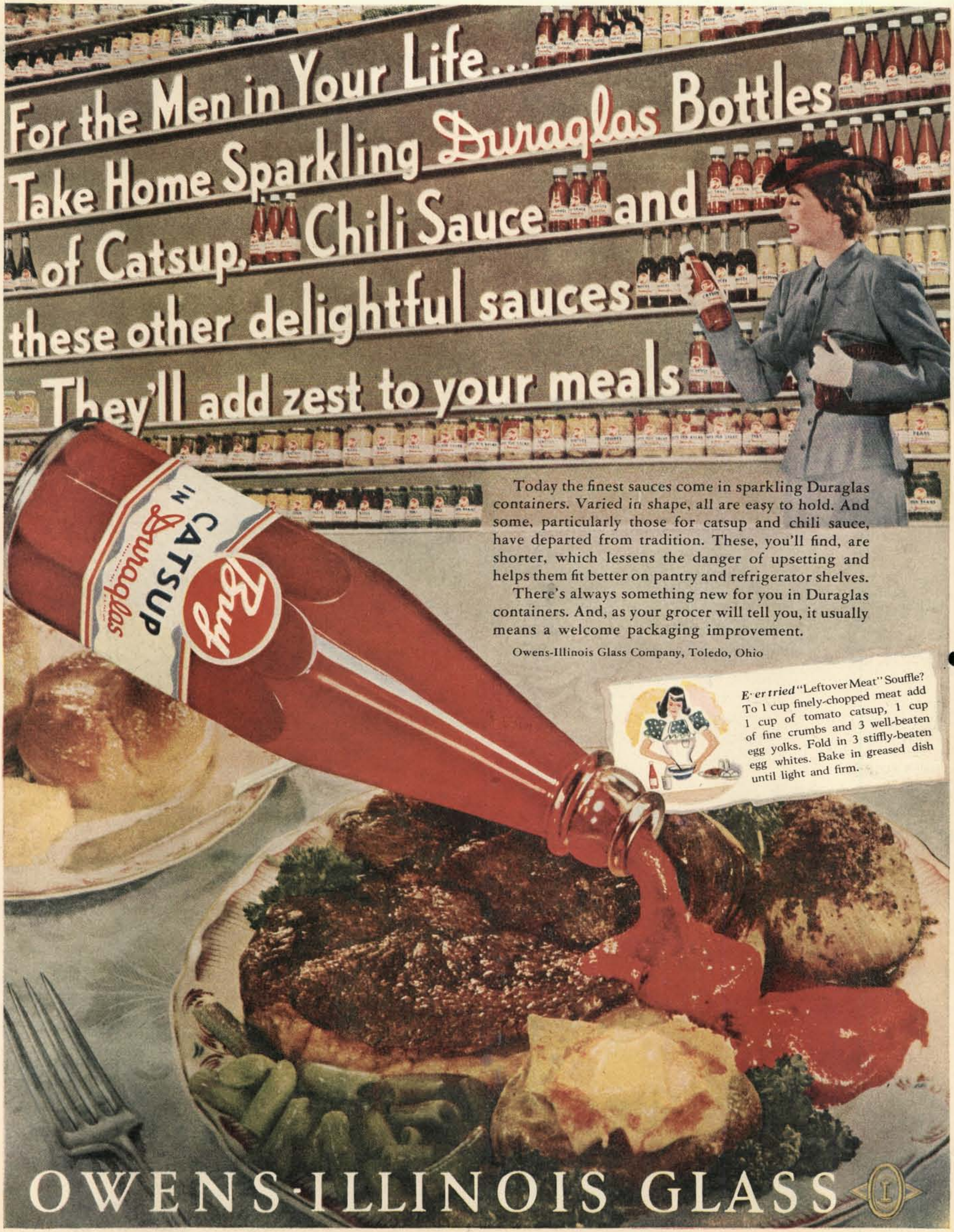

For the Men in Your Life...
Take Home Sparkling Duraglas Bottles
of Catsup, Chili Sauce and
these other delightful sauces
They'll add zest to your meals
Buy
IN CATSUP
Duraglas
OWENS-ILLINOIS GLASS

Today the finest sauces come in sparkling Duraglas containers. Varied in shape, all are easy to hold. And some, particularly those for catsup and chili sauce, have departed from tradition. These, you'll find, are shorter, which lessens the danger of upsetting and helps them fit better on pantry and refrigerator shelves.

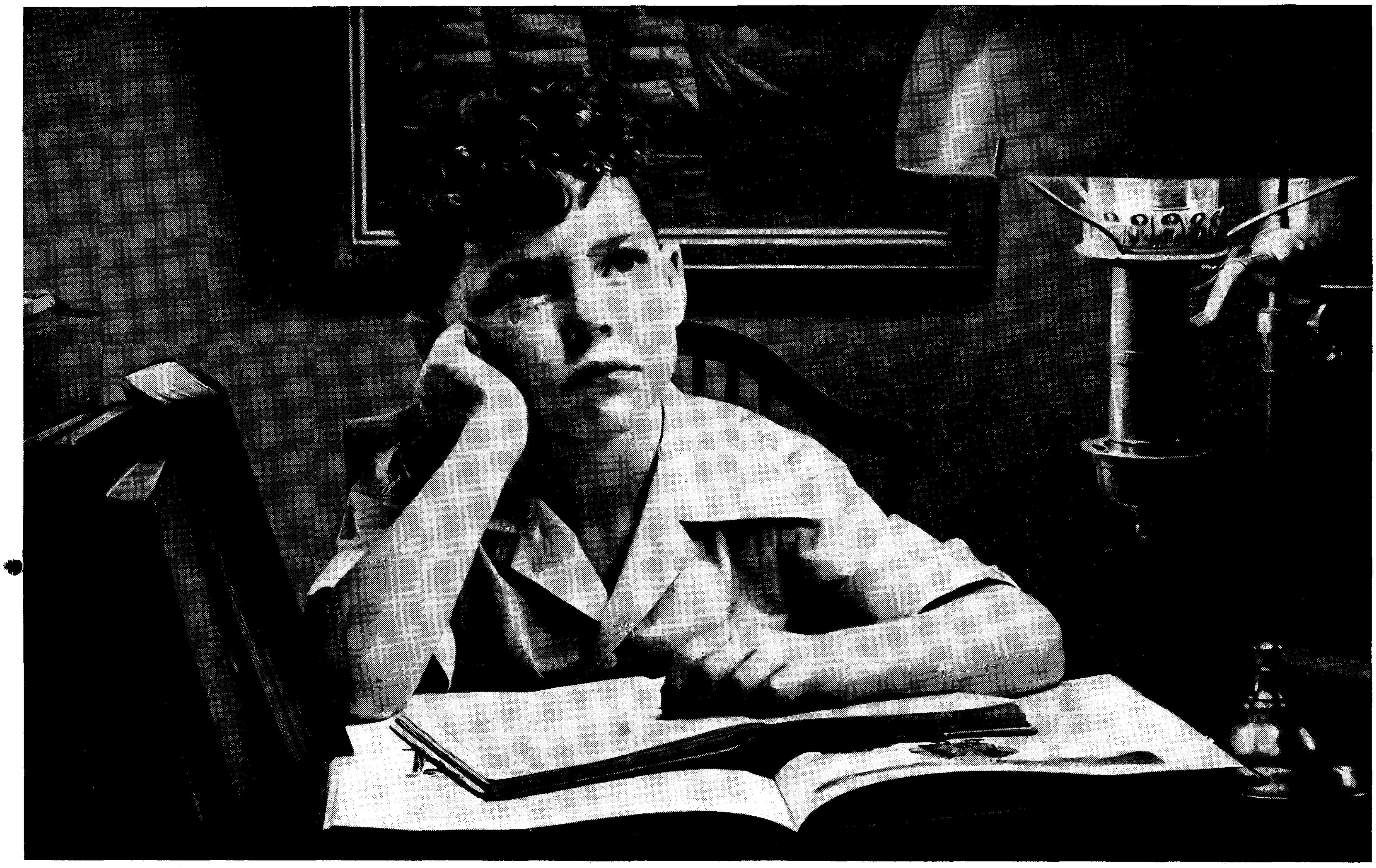
There's always something new for you in Duraglas containers. And, as your grocer will tell you, it usually means a welcome packaging improvement.

Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo, Ohio

Ever tried "Leftover Meat" Souffle? To 1 cup finely-chopped meat add 1 cup of tomato catsup, 1 cup of fine crumbs and 3 well-beaten egg yolks. Fold in 3 stiffly-beaten egg whites. Bake in greased dish until light and firm.

There by the Light of his Lamp He roams the Seven Seas!

Can't you see him as a Man of Tomorrow, Resolute and Dauntless as is his dream today?



We see him Strong and Reliant and Smiling— With a Smile that owes much to his Lifelong use of Ipana and Massage.

HIS COURSE is set for tomorrow—a better world that is even now taking shape. How hopeful his future is, how full of promise! For today, parents and teachers do so much to give American children the riches of health and education—to help them face the future confident and smiling!

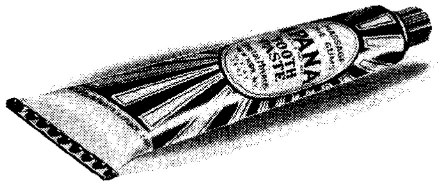
Yes, *smiling,* for even his smile has the best of care. In classrooms* all over the country, thousands of youngsters are being taught an important lesson—that firm, healthy gums are necessary to bright teeth and sparkling smiles.

These young Americans know that today's soft foods deprive our gums of work and stimulation. They know why gums tend to become soft and tender—and often signal their weakness with a warning tinge of "pink" on the tooth brush!

"Pink Tooth Brush" Is a Warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush . . . *see your dentist.* He may tell you your gums have become tender because of today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth to sparkling brightness but, with massage, to aid the gums. Massage a little Ipana onto your gums as regularly as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gums—helps them to healthier firmness. Let Ipana and massage help you to brighter teeth, firmer gums and a more sparkling smile!



Ipana Tooth Paste

Product of Bristol-Myers

**In 1941 at the request of over 85,000 teachers, Ipana provided charts, teaching helps and other material for use in dental hygiene classes in American schools.*

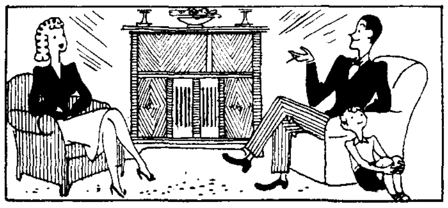
Look for the RCA Victor advertisement appearing regularly on this page

EVERY WEEK

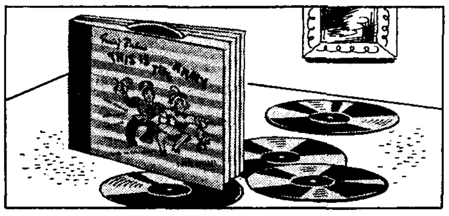
AMERICA TURNS TO

VICTOR RECORDS

FOR RICH, FRIENDLY EVENINGS



TODAY, Americans are re-discovering the pleasure of staying at home. And in home after home, Victor Records provide the inspiration for good companionship—for mellow, enjoyable evenings. Superb recordings, by the world's greatest artists, Victor Records offer music for every mood...the gaiety of popular dance music...the relaxation of well-loved melodies...the stirring splendour of great musical masterpieces.



IRVING BERLIN'S GREAT SONGS FROM "THIS IS THE ARMY!"

Brilliantly recorded by top-notch singers like "Fats" Waller, Harvey Harding and Brad Reynolds. Accompanied by the famous Victor First Nighter Orchestra and Men's Chorus. It's an album you'll call in the neighbors to hear—records you'll treasure forever of songs you'll never forget! 10 tunes on 4 Victor Records, in colorful "Smart Set" Album P-131 . . . $2.50*

MUSIC YOU'LL KEEP ON LIKING

Grieg's immortal *Piano Concerto in A Minor* is more than a rich musical experience—it is a rich *spiritual* experience to sustain you in these times. Hear it performed in all its melodic fire and tenderness by Artur Rubinstein, accompanied by the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-900 . . . . . . $3.50*

Artur Rubinstein at the piano, Jascha Heifetz at the violin, Emanuel Feuermann at the cello—a trio which connotes superb artistry! These three great masters join in an inspired recording of *Schubert's Trio No. 1, in B Flat Major, Op. 99*. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-923 . . . . $4.50*

Sibelius' Seventh, his epic symphony planned during World War I, is powerfully and majestically interpreted by Vladimir Golschmann and the St. Louis Symphony Orchestra. Victor Musical Masterpiece DM-922 . . . . $3.50*

ARTURO TOSCANINI and the NBC Symphony Orchestra perform Samuel Barber's delightful *Adagio for Strings* on Victor Record 11-8287 . . . . $1.00*

Let the world's greatest artists, on Victor Records, help you keep going with music.

**Prices shown are suggested list prices, exclusive of excise tax.*

BUY WAR BONDS *EVERY* PAYDAY!

THE WORLD'S GREATEST ARTISTS ARE ON VICTOR RECORDS

Collier'

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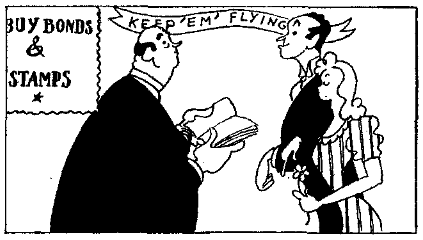
FRANK GERVASI	Near East
MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

ANY WEEK

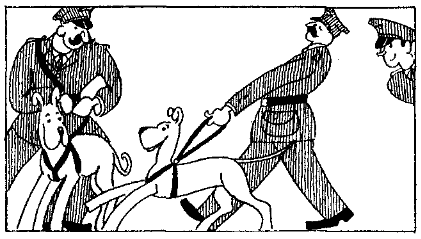
WE DID not, alas, get to the wedding of Mrs. Laura Crane Jeffords and Mr. Herman Arnett Wimmer. This extremely desirable union occurred in Chicago and our observer notified us that everything went off smoothly. However, we got an announcement—printed, not engraved. After the customary announcement, it read as follows: "The money saved by not buying new clothes, not exchanging gifts and in this printing job, was lent to Uncle Sam. If you should feel the slightest urge to purchase a wedding present, buy a dollar war bond instead. WE (our country, of course) ARE AT WAR."



WHICH gives us a pretty chance we've been looking for. Every time the R.A.F. sends a 1,000-plane raid over Germany that sortie represents a British investment of more than $200,000,000. We hate to talk of such things as investments but perhaps you get our point. We've been looking into it. Let's see: The planes alone represent an expenditure of $150,000,000. The training of the crews cost about $50,000,000. There's your $200,000,000 to begin with. Then the oil and gasoline consumed means something like $1,350,000 more. What the bombs cost we're not sure. So we're not including that. Nor can we tell you how much the pay and training cost of the ground crews and organization would add to the bill although we have found out that these mean an annual expenditure of $225,000,000. Anyway you see how it is. And unless we're scandalously cockeyed, all this should give you something to think about on paydays, on your wedding day, when you receive wedding invitations. Sorry we missed that Jeffords-Wimmer affair. One really should cultivate people like that.

ONE of our most dependable scouts was having a drink with one of our better known United States senators. Our scouts and agents seem always to be having a drink with somebody of consequence. Well, after our man had bought the third drink, the senator rewarded him with a bit of news. Not so long ago (said the senator) the Army or the Navy or both, working in rare harmony, caught a German submarine on the surface in or just outside New York harbor. A few shots finished off the submarine but the crew was captured alive. Naturally our fellows searched the prisoners and, the senator says, our side was surprised to find eight stubs of theater tickets in the pockets of the German commander's jacket. They were for Irving Berlin's new Broadway hit—This Is The Army. The commander and his guests had attended the performance on *the night before* the capture. "Like the show?" asked the American officer. "Swell," said the Nazi. The name of this senator will not be given upon application.

WE'VE read this letter several times and are still somewhat mystified. It's from a lady who, on behalf of herself and sister, wishes to know whether it is true that the United States Army is seeking "perfect blond hair for use in range finders and similar delicate instruments." She is a blonde, with "perfect blond hair." So, she admits, is her sister. They are willing to make the supreme sacrifice. They read in their home town (Lincoln, Nebraska) paper that the Army hungered for hair like theirs. They want to know whether it's so and send us a stamped and addressed envelope in which we're supposed to send them the details. Well, the United States Army does *not* want blond hair, perfect or imperfect. But what stops us is that both these ladies work in the War Department in Washington. Yep, sometimes we wonder.



CHUCKLE-HEADED as we are, the whole thing reminds us of a pretty serious controversy one of our newest Army recruits managed to get himself into. This rookie, having been in uniform for a month, began looking around for a specialist's rating. Scanning the possibilities he discovered that the Army is training dogs. This amazed him, which is not remarkable because he had not ceased to be amazed from the moment of his induction. "What the hell are they training dogs to do, lead our generals around like these Seeing-Eye towsers I've been hearing of?" This flippancy reached the ears of the lad's sergeant who spoke to him somewhat harshly. "Oh, okay," replied the rookie. "It's okay with me. Let the old boys stumble around on their own. I don't want to interfere."

W. D.

THIS WEE

OCTOBER 10, 19

SHORT STORIES

VEREEN BELL
Jumping-Horse Man. The making of a oughbred. Pa

MONA GARDNER
This Wondrous Symbol. An instrume death brings new life. Pa

EDWIN LANHAM
It Ain't Gonna Rain No More. Now th rain maker's settled down. Pa

JOHN FAULKNER
Lawd! Lawd! When the wife's away . . Pa

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Credentials, by Richard English. Pa

SERIAL STORIES

KATHLEEN NORRIS
An Apple for Eve. The eleventh of t parts. Pa

ERNEST HAYCOX
Action by Night. Conclusion. Pa

ARTICLES

QUENTIN REYNOLDS
Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland. Col correspondent reports on the A.E.F. in U Pa

FRANK GERVASI
Axis Stooges in South Africa. Old and feuds slow up the Union's war effort. Pa

FRANK DANIEL
A Bag for Baby. Col. George Unmacht' genious device. Pa

FRANK D. MORRIS
First Lap on Tokyo. Part II. The Marines the Solomon Islands. Pa

GURNEY WILLIAMS
Game Hunting. A little break-neck fun fo parlor. Pag

BENNY FRIEDMAN, as told to BURTON BENJAMIN
You Can Beat the System. Football pays o brawn, plus skill. Pag

OCTAVUS ROY COHEN
The Lady's a Soldier. And Brother, can take it! Pag

COREY FORD and ALASTAIR MacBAIN
Take It, Mister! The unsung heroes of A.A.F. Pag

CAPTAIN ROGER O'SULLIVA
Caribbean Casualty. Torpedoed by a U-boat. Pag

KYLE CRICHTON
King Cotten. Joseph Cotten is tops in H wood. Pag

●

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. Pa

WING TALK. Pa

EDITORIALS
Freedom No. 5.
The White House and the Hill.
The Doctor Shortage. Pag

COVER WILLIAM S. GI

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BUY U.S. BONDS STAMPS
keep it up!
RAILWAY EXPRESS AGENCY

"35,377 miles on a synthetic rubber tire!"

Recently the newspapers carried this amazing story about synthetic rubber tires . . . released by the largest truck operator in the U. S.—Railway Express Agency.

N. P. Ballou, assistant to the President of the Express Agency, said that in December, 1940, the company bought fifty-two synthetic rubber tires, which were distributed to many places in the country so they could be tested under all conditions. "The results have been something most gratifying," he said. "We have obtained a great deal more mileage from them than we anticipated."

Mr. Ballou said several of the synthetic tires had already run over 20,000 miles without recapping "and in one case, an extreme case, 35,377 miles were secured in Pittsburgh before the tire was recapped."

Here are a few of the many American businesses which bought Ameripol Silvertowns in 1940

AETNA LIFE INSURANCE CO.
AMERICAN AIRLINES, INC.
AMERICAN CAN CO.
BALTIMORE AND OHIO RAILROAD
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.
THE BORDEN CO.
J. I. CASE CO.
GENERAL BAKING CO.
GENERAL OUTDOOR ADVERTISING CO.
THE GRAND UNION COMPANY
GULF OIL CORPORATION
GEO. A. HORMEL & CO.
INGERSOLL-RAND CO.
KELLOGG COMPANY
NEW YORK CENTRAL SYSTEM
NEW YORK TELEPHONE CO.
PET MILK SALES CORP.
PHILLIPS PETROLEUM CO.
PILLSBURY FLOUR MILLS CO.
SOCONY-VACUUM OIL CO.
STANDARD BRANDS INC.
SWIFT & COMPANY
THE TEXAS CO.
U. S. GYPSUM CO.
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO.

and many other important companies in communities from coast to coast

All 52 tires were B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertowns

ONCE AGAIN, B. F. Goodrich showed the way. For fourteen years we had been experimenting with synthetic rubber. Eighteen months before Pearl Harbor, we made thousands of tires in which more than half the rubber was Ameripol, the synthetic rubber which our laboratories perfected.

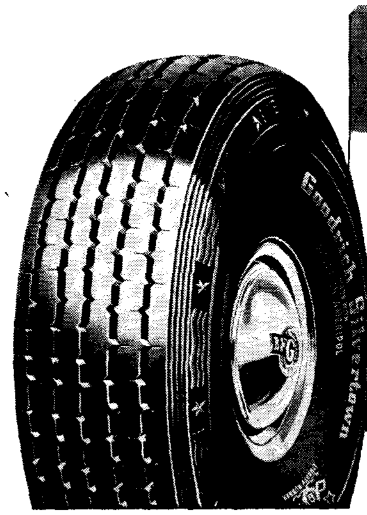
Railway Express, hundreds of other cooperative companies and car owners bought these Ameripol tires, because they were anxious to find out about the quality of *American-made synthetic rubber.* They put them to work alongside tires of natural rubber to see how they stood up under the daily grind of actual operating conditions.

The record speaks for itself!

But don't get the wrong idea. We don't know when there will be enough synthetic rubber so you can buy Ameripol Silvertowns, because the Army and Navy get first call on every ounce of synthetic rubber.

But just remember this. America *can* make synthetic rubber tires. B. F. Goodrich *has* made them. Someday, when they're made available to you, be sure to look for the famous Silvertown name. Then you'll be buying a proven tire with all the mileage and long-wear which has made this name stand for the finest tire sold.

NOTE: *This advertisement is not intended to give the impression that tires made with synthetic rubber are on public sale. This is not true. And it is not known when it will be true. This is because military needs must come first.*

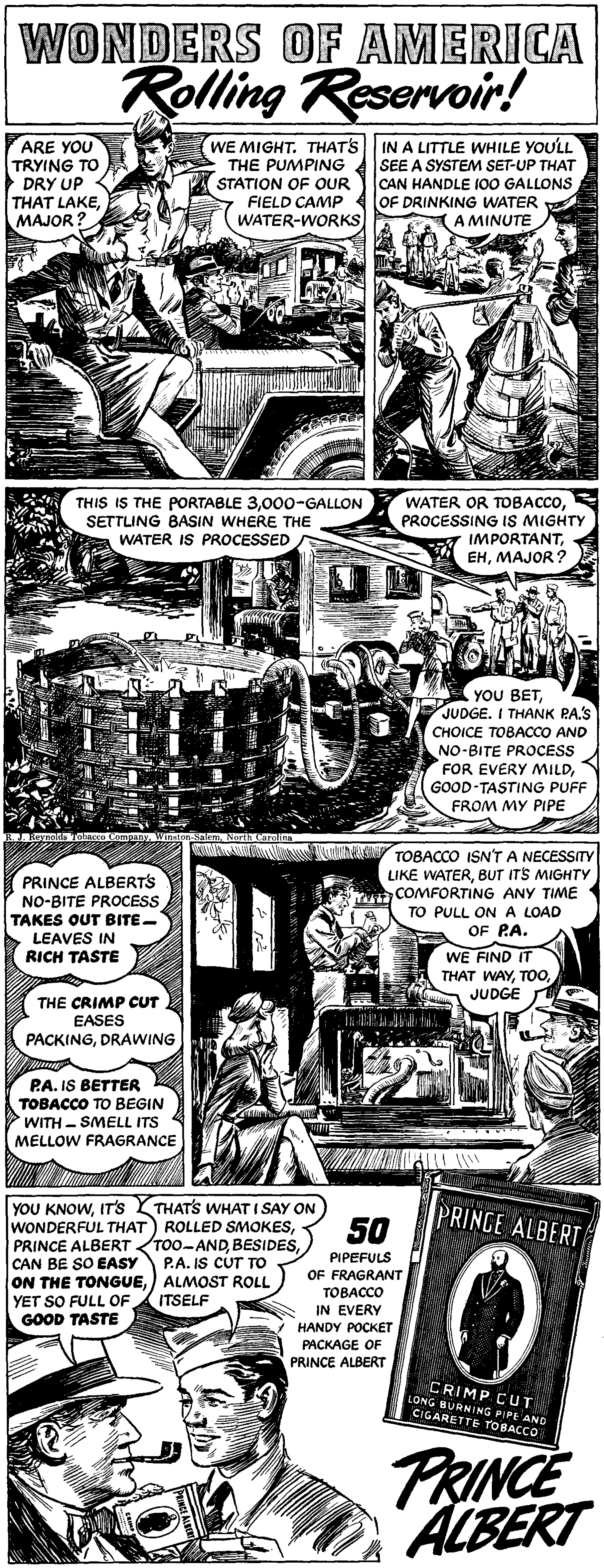


In war or peace

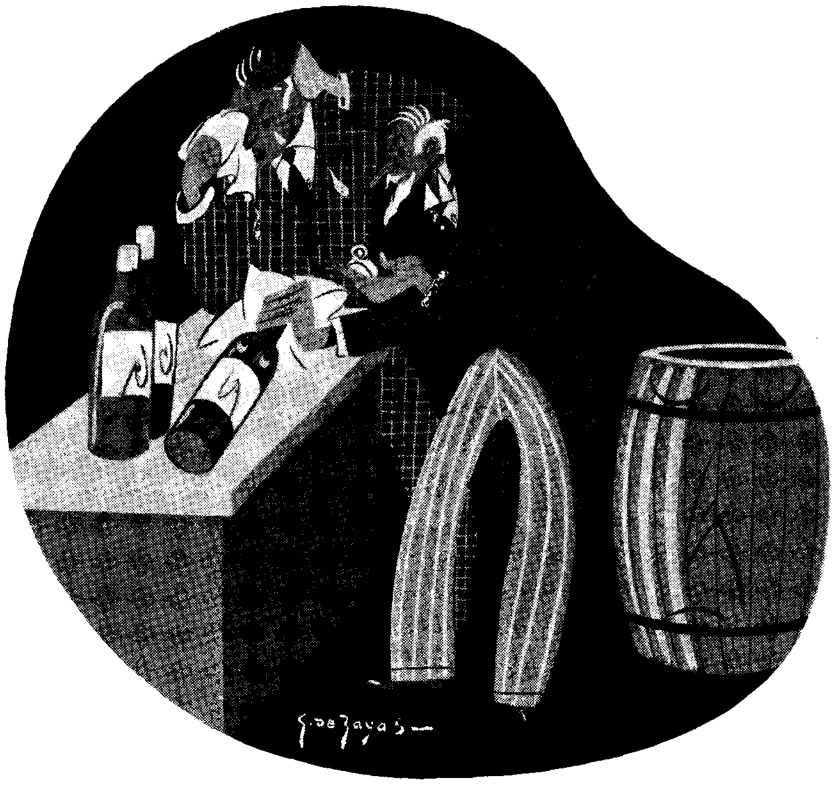
B.F.Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*


WONDERS OF AMERICA
Rolling Reservoir!
ARE YOU TRYING TO DRY UP THAT LAKE, MAJOR?
WE MIGHT. THAT'S THE PUMPING STATION OF OUR FIELD CAMP WATER-WORKS
IN A LITTLE WHILE YOU'LL SEE A SYSTEM SET-UP THAT CAN HANDLE 100 GALLONS OF DRINKING WATER A MINUTE
THIS IS THE PORTABLE 3,000-GALLON SETTLING BASIN WHERE THE WATER IS PROCESSED
WATER OR TOBACCO, PROCESSING IS MIGHTY IMPORTANT, EH, MAJOR?
YOU BET, JUDGE. I THANK P.A.'S CHOICE TOBACCO AND NO-BITE PROCESS FOR EVERY MILD, GOOD-TASTING PUFF FROM MY PIPE
PRINCE ALBERT'S NO-BITE PROCESS TAKES OUT BITE — LEAVES IN RICH TASTE
THE CRIMP CUT EASES PACKING, DRAWING
P.A. IS BETTER TOBACCO TO BEGIN WITH — SMELL ITS MELLOW FRAGRANCE
TOBACCO ISN'T A NECESSITY LIKE WATER, BUT IT'S MIGHTY COMFORTING ANY TIME TO PULL ON A LOAD OF P.A.
WE FIND IT THAT WAY, TOO, JUDGE
YOU KNOW, IT'S WONDERFUL THAT PRINCE ALBERT CAN BE SO EASY ON THE TONGUE, YET SO FULL OF GOOD TASTE
THAT'S WHAT I SAY ON ROLLED SMOKES, TOO — AND, BESIDES, P.A. IS CUT TO ALMOST ROLL ITSELF
50 PIPEFULS OF FRAGRANT TOBACCO IN EVERY HANDY POCKET PACKAGE OF PRINCE ALBERT
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO
PRINCE ALBERT

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

By Freling Foster

Like human beings, wines have sick spells and even die, a dead wine being one that has lost its body, flavor and bouquet. Travel sickness, for instance, may prove fatal, especially in the case of certain delicate wines which are not imported into this country because they cannot withstand the rigors of an ocean voyage.

Thirty years ago, on September 9, 1912, the first synthetic rubber tire ever seen in the United States was exhibited and described to the delegates at the Eighth International Congress of Applied Chemistry in New York City. A firm in Elberfeld, Germany, had made it from isoprene, derived from paracresol, a tar product.

Sound may be transmitted between two widely separated points over a beam of light. The sound waves at the source are transformed into light waves and back again into sound waves in a loud-speaker at the point of reception. Over a powerful searchlight not long ago, a man in Schenectady talked to a friend in Gloversville, New York, a distance of thirty-two miles.

The subpoena, or writ commanding a person to appear in court under penalty, was devised in the early part of the 16th century to overcome the reluctance of witnesses to testify voluntarily because they could be sued later by the party against whom they appeared, for "meddling in litigation." It had previously been established that an act performed under compulsion does not constitute meddling.—*By Elbridge Vance, Lakewood, Ohio.*

A number of species of wood, under microscopic examination, are easier to identify in the form of paper than in the form of sawdust.—*By Lyle Sandell, Kerman, California.*

H.M.S. Repulse, which was torpedoed and sunk by the Japanese in the South China Sea in December, 1941, is believed to have been the only warship in history that had a stained-glass window in its chapel. *By T. Curtis Smith, Los Angeles, California.*

Lukas Tchaffen, who died in Arlberg, Germany, in 1679 at the age of sixty-seven, left 1,091 direct descendants, the largest number on record resulting solely from monogamous marriage. They consisted of five children, eighty-seven grandchildren, 446 great-grandchildren and 553 great-great-grandchildren. —*By Helen Keever Fay, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Further evidence that horses are not natural jumpers comes from Australia where these animals have been known to die of thirst in sight of water holes from which they were separated by only a three-foot fence.—*By Blake Bowman, Upper Montclair, New Jersey.*

For many years, a popular method of suicide in Japan has been to lie down on a railroad track at night and await the next train. Another method, not uncommon, has been to run up the track and dash headlong into a speeding locomotive.

Since Pearl Harbor, Great Britain has sent a substantial quantity of war equipment to the United States, including the balloon barrages for the West Coast, a number of antiaircraft guns for the Panama Canal and many corvettes and trawlers for patrol duty off the Atlantic seaboard.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City. This column is copyrighted by Collier's, The National Weekly. None of the items may be reproduced without express permission of the publisher

GOOD?

you're darned tootin'!

★ Your favorite uncle . . . Sam . . . has the best armed forces in the world. And they're being equipped with the finest of everything . . . including clothes. These boys are America's best-dressed men, and to keep 'em that way requires the wool off the backs of 26 sheep per year, per man!

★ That means a great deal less wool for civilian use. It's our job at home, therefore, to get along with what's left. And the way to do that is to buy quality . . . clothes that are well tailored of good materials and that have plenty of stamina. Such clothes save wool and production man-hours, look better, last longer . . . and save *you* money in the long run.

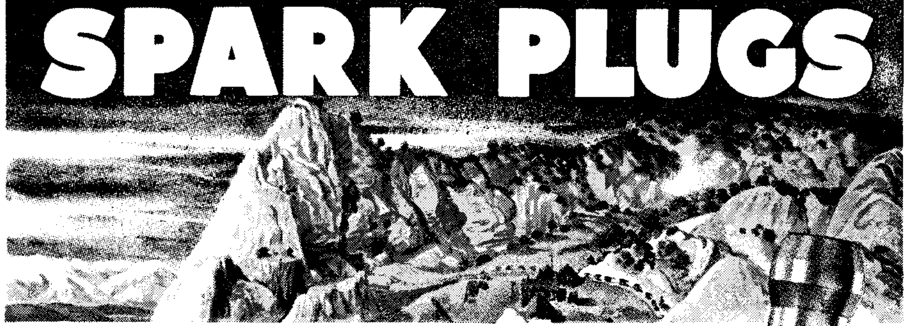
★ Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes deliver all of these! They're as good today as they ever were . . . and that means *plenty* good! *For nothing has happened to the quality of these famous clothes.* All-wool fabrics. Expert tailoring. Long wear. Good looks. Everything you've always expected . . . *and got* . . . in Hart Schaffner & Marx clothes you can get today. These are fighting clothes. They've got guts. They've got style. See 'em.

NOW MORE THAN EVER..A SMALL THING
TO LOOK FOR..BUT A BIG THING TO FIND

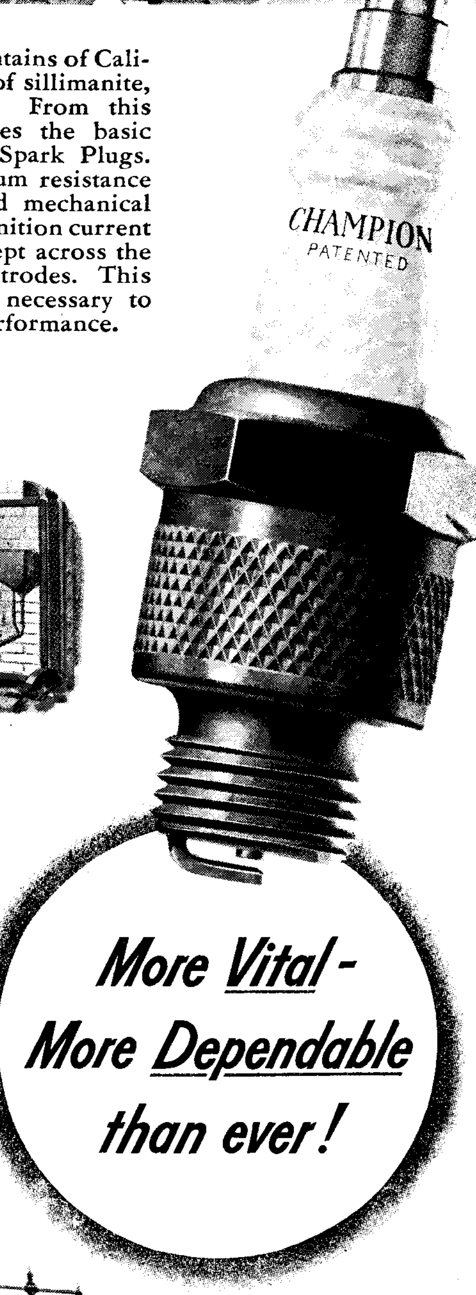
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX clothes

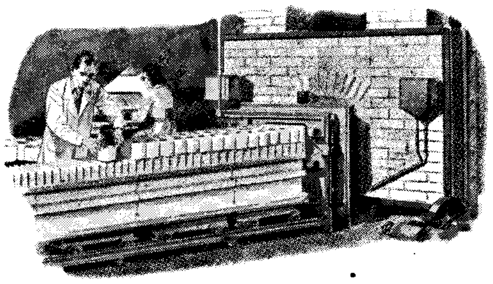
FREE! Ask your Hart Schaffner & Marx dealer for your copy of "How to Make Your Clothes Last Longer" . . . a complete, illustrated booklet of practical hints on how to get more mileage out of your clothes.

CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS

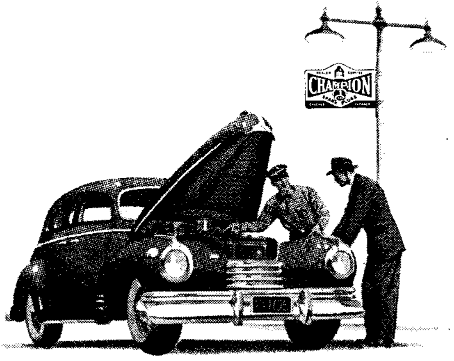


High up in the rugged White Mountains of California, is located a natural arsenal of sillimanite, nature's finest insulator material. From this Champion Sillimanite Mine comes the basic insulator material for Champion Spark Plugs. Sillimanite insulators have maximum resistance to electrical breakdown, heat and mechanical shock, and effectively prevent the ignition current from flowing in any direction except across the gap formed by the spark plug electrodes. This insures an intense hot spark so necessary to efficient and economical engine performance.





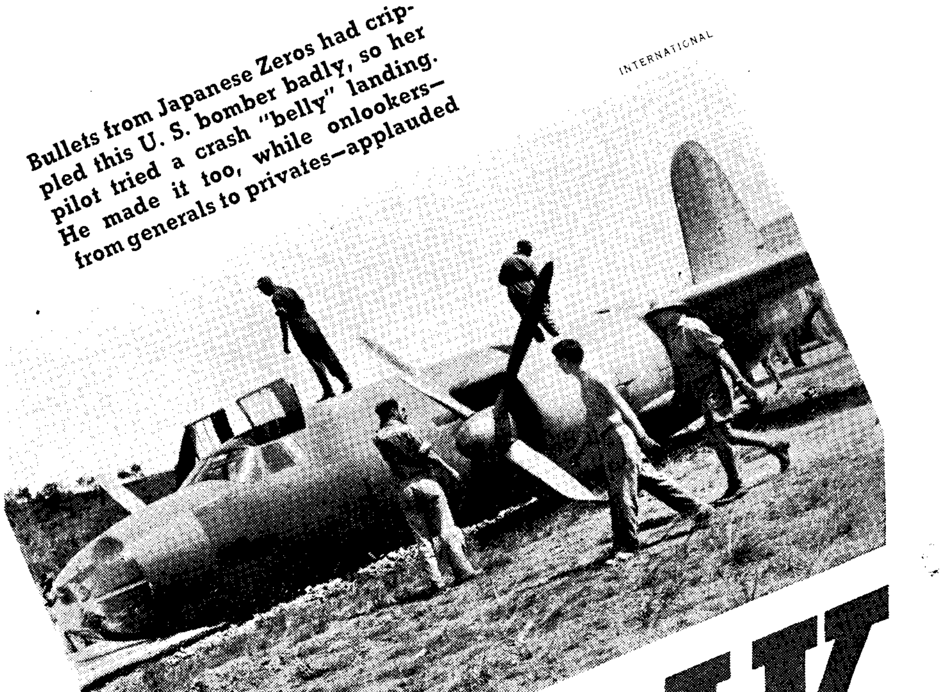
Here's a "firing line" that puts more power on the firing line. Insulators for the new Champion Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs are here fired in specially developed continuous kilns. The vastly improved insulating qualities inherent in these Champions have been a vital factor in increasing the performance, striking range, and dependability of America's most powerful aircraft.



Are your spark plugs giving you the gas mileage, and dependable service they should? Have them checked—tested and cleaned by a Champion dealer. They'll give you better performance and economy and longer life if regularly serviced. If you need new ones, insist on dependable Champions—the spark plug champions use.

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

TO SAVE GASOLINE • KEEP YOUR SPARK PLUGS CLEAN



Bullets from Japanese Zeros had crippled this U. S. bomber badly, so her pilot tried a crash "belly" landing. He made it too, while onlookers—from generals to privates—applauded

INTERNATIONAL

WING TALK

SOMEWHERE in Australia: Bombers, the heavyweights of air fighting, have excellent interplane telephone systems. Men at the various "stations"—radio, navigator, bombardier, pilot, copilot, gunners—keep their headphones clamped on during combat, so that at any moment anyone can talk to anyone else. There is no more privacy than on a country party line. Everybody can stick in his two cents—and generally does. In combat, the boys keep up incessant chatter—encouraging, pepping, joshing one another in the manner of athletic teams. Among the great and forever untold stories of this war must be those last-moment conversations in planes shot down out of control—each boy knowing "this is it." What they say then, you can imagine, proudly; but only the gods can hear it.

What is said in planes that fly away to fight another day can be told. There was the crew who came down at Port Moresby chuckling over what their usually reserved and mild-spoken pilot had said to the tail gunner: "George, that's twice I've sucked that Nip --- -- - ----- in and you've missed him. Now, if you miss him this third time I'll leave these ------ controls and come back there and kick your ------ --- off!"

OF COURSE, anyone living day by day with sudden death, pilots—or war correspondents either, for that matter—can't afford to be superstitious. Aside from a horse chestnut you picked up, and a necktie you wore the day you soloed, a red and blue checkered handkerchief that someone dear gave to you long ago, you stuff your own pockets with few "conjurs." Which brings up the first of three pictures of this war that you'll never forget:

You are in a B-17, flying through the night over the Coral Sea to New Guinea to catch an early morning "show." It is bitter cold, at 15,000 feet. The plane's stripped for action: flying without lights, inside or out. The floor's the only place to sit. Dim starlight through the roof windows, plus the natural accommodation of your eyes to darkness, reveal your companions in various uneasy attitudes, cramped, stiff—and thoughtful. Some of them are going to fly in a dawn raid over Salamaua. This colonel, for instance. You notice that he is sitting on your small handbag and you growl at him not to break anything. He laughs sleepily and does not shift. One hour later he is dead—shot down into the shark-infested sea. That night in the hut at Port Moresby when you unpack your bag, you find your shaving mirror broken.

THE second unforgettable picture is also of that day. The "fighter umbrella" is up; the bombers are coming back from the raid. Three—four—five. Some are holed; some have wounded crewmen. Eight—nine—ten. Here is one with its right wing tips and ailerons gone, its tail a sieve. The Zeros were certainly on the ball today. Two still missing. One never comes. But here's the other now, circling the field low to show us landing wheels jammed, controls shot away. He's going to try a belly landing—a fearfully dangerous maneuver, with this heavy ship that lands like a bat out of hell under the best conditions and with its wheels intact. There is quick, disciplined scurrying on the ground. Planes taxi clear. Ambulances and fire trucks race up. Everybody is tense, anyway; knowing of the loss of one bomber, figuring the Japs will be over any second, despite our "umbrella," in their favorite trick of following home and ground-strafing our roosting bombers. Silence (except for the crippled plane's motor) and tension are thick enough to cut. Pilots and crews of all grounded planes have tumbled out. Negro labor troops drop their tools. Aussie and Yank antiaircraft gunners come out of their shelters. We all stand watching—watching, knowing the chances against the kids in that ship. The pilot's lined up for the runway. Here he comes down. His motors go dead—he's cut them against fire. He holds it—holds it—nobody breathes for what seems a year—then, a flurry of dust. For a moment you can't see what's happened. The dust molds into a steady trail. He's sliding evenly. Not only that, at the last moment he neatly steers off the runway, so that he'll be out of the way of the pursuits when they come down. Now follows the strangest thing you've ever seen on a field of battle; here, with men, amid scenes, that deal chiefly with risk and death. As the ship pitches to

(Continued on page 53)

ICE CUBES FOR JAPAN!

Listen, Tojo—when you hear that *kar-rump* some night and the factory walls start sliding into the sea—look out, it's one of those new "ice cubes" from Nash-Kelvinator!

We are building *plenty* of them just for you—huge Kelvinators that fly and ice cubes that hurt.

Monster metal-bellied flying boats—growing on Nash-Kelvinator assembly lines—to whisk the Navy's men and material to any spot you raise your head! Giant Vought-Sikorsky cargo carriers built *complete*—and not in ones or twos, but in fleet upon fleet!

Want to hear some more?

Then listen—that angry hum coming out of the East—

They are the propellers built by Nash-Kelvinator, built by the many thousands!

And that mighty roar you'll soon be hearing is the voice of the most powerful engine ever placed in a pursuit ship. It will take the Navy's new *Corsair* higher, faster than any "Zero" in your stable.

They're coming, Tojo—coming from men who, in building last year's refrigerators and automobiles, thought only of a nation's health and happiness.

But now, it's hate and vengeance and the remembrance of a thousand Axis wrongs that are guiding their hands . . . beating every production record in Nash-Kelvinator history by two and three.

Look out, Tojo, *the nights are growing longer.*

• • •

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But we'll buy it back
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HOW TO MAKE TYPEWRITERS LAST . . . TEN TIPS TO TYPISTS

DO DAILY

1. Brush erasures and dirt on typebars towards front part of machine.
2. Clean type with cloth or brush *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
3. Move carriage to extreme right, clean carriage rails. Reverse operation.
4. Brush dust from typebars.
5. Always cover machine when not in use.

DO REGULARLY

6. Prevent paper slipping by cleaning rubber rollers with cloth *slightly* moistened with cleaning fluid.
7. Remove roller and brush out particles of dirt.
8. Save roller by inserting 2 sheets at a time. Use backing sheet over and over to conserve paper.
9. Keep particles from falling into machine by moving carriage to extreme ends when erasing.
10. Change ribbons correctly. Jiggle or tap them lightly. Never force them on shaft.

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LEAVE OILING TO SERVICEMAN

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So . . . will *you* help? As a patriotic contribution, will you sell back every standard typewriter (made since Jan. 1, 1935) that you can possibly spare? Every Smith-Corona branch office is authorized by the Government to buy L C Smith machines at standard 1941 "trade-in" values . . . and your help is urgently invited.

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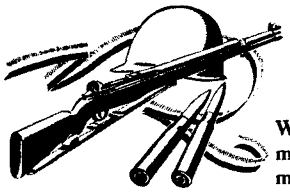

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COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR OCTOBER 10, 1942

Jumping-Horse Man

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY
WENDELL KLING

Jerry hadn't looked for anything like what happened. But common horse sense could have told him that somebody certainly was riding for a fall

SOMEBODY shook me and I woke up. It was dark outside the window—Farn had said we were starting early. Farn's face, usually so slick, was stubbled with a two-day beard, and his suit was a mess. I wished Sadie could see him. Sadie was so particular about the way her men looked.

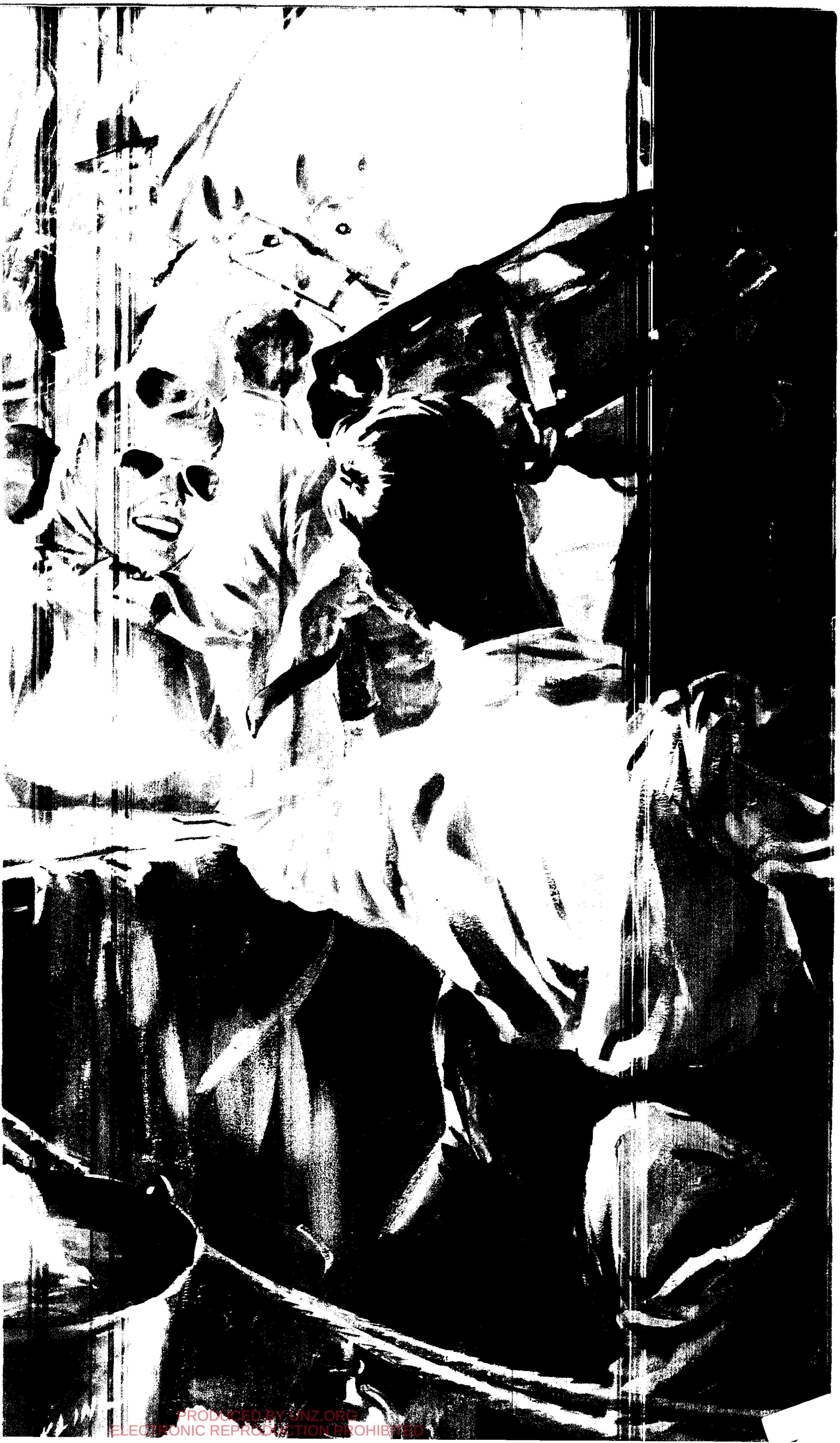
Farn glanced down at himself. He had slept in his clothes, and had made me do the same. "Don't I look like a rube?"

We went down and got in the rented old car and started into the back country Farn said held more bastard thoroughbreds than you could count. The country was rolling and the sun was hot, but now I felt better and I forgot being mad with Farn and Sadie for making me come along. Sadie was my stepmother—thirty-two, I guess she was, the kind of woman the men sort of gather around when her husband's out on the track or down at the stable. Not that she had encouraged them especially, because Pop had been quite a cocky lad to look at, and front was everything to Sadie. When Mrs. Milburn's chaser pecked and ended over, though, and Pop spent the rest of his few days in the bone house, Sadie began to meet Farn.

That was even before Pop died, and that's why I hated her and why I'll be hating her the next time you ask me. I guess she thought I wasn't old enough to know what was going on. So the reason I had not wanted to go with Farn to find a jumper was because it was Sadie who had asked me to. "You go with him now, like he says. Sort of follow along behind like a farmer's boy, and keep your mouth shut," she told me.

We visited a lot of farms before we found what we wanted. When I saw this horse, the skin on my hands turned cold, like when I used to watch Pop take a water jump. Oh, he was a horse! You

(Continued on page 42)



Somebody else stopped. I whirled and there was Betty. She wore dark glasses, and that kerchief around her hair

Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland

By Quentin Reynolds

His son isn't much of a letter writer. So Collier's correspondent and photographer took over and prepared this report for an anxious father

DEAR JOHN: Well, I've been with your kid in Northern Ireland and a lot like him and, if you ask them about it, they're the toughest fighting army in the world. Their confidence in themselves scares you a little when you consider that not one in a thousand of them has ever heard a gun fired in anger. They are, of course, a completely untried army, but to hear them talk, you'd never believe it. They aren't exactly cocky but they are confident that, given the chance, they'll blow down the whole German army. I asked their commanding officer, General Russell P. Hartle, whom they call "Scrappy," if he wasn't apprehensive about how they'd react under fire.

"Don't worry about them," he said quietly. "They're fit mentally and physically. I'd fight them tomorrow if I had to."

The boys have taken Northern Ireland. There isn't much Gaelic spoken in Ulster, but when the first contingent of troops arrived, some exile (from the South probably) hung out a sign which read, "*Cead Mile Failte*," which means in Gaelic, "One hundred thousand welcomes."

When the Negro troops arrived, the usual "viewers-with-alarm" envisioned all kinds of trouble. None of it has materialized. I visited them right after they had been installed and they are a cheerful lot. I mentioned to the colonel in charge the possibility of awkward situations arising. He is a Texan. He looked very annoyed.

"Spend a day or two with my boys," he advised, frowning. "I tell you they are the best-disciplined troops I ever commanded. They're good boys, and if the rumormongers will leave us alone, my boys will get along fine here."

I did spend a couple of days with them and found that they were a well-disciplined bunch. I found also that they had terrific respect for their white officers. They liked Ireland too.

"People here jes' like our officers," one big lad from South Carolina drawled. "No one ever yells to us 'Hey, niggah.' They yell 'Hey, Mac.' Yeah, this is a great Army, we is in. But don't dat ol' sun ever shine here?"

Dat ol' sun don't never shine much in Northern Ireland. I went into a pub close to where our Negro troops are stationed. I listened to the local inhabitants talking about them. All seemed very pleased with their new neighbors.

"Thought they were Indians at first," one grizzled old bar fly chuckled. "But they told me they weren't Indians and they told me there was no Indians left in America. I don't believe that. I've seen 'em in the films. I hope those boys won't get a bad impression about our country. It's done nothing but rain since they landed."

Sooner or later the fifth columnists (if they haven't done so already) will start the inevitable rumor about trouble between the Negro troops and the local inhabitants, or between the Negro troops and our white troops. It's too good a chance for them to miss—but it'll be the bunk.

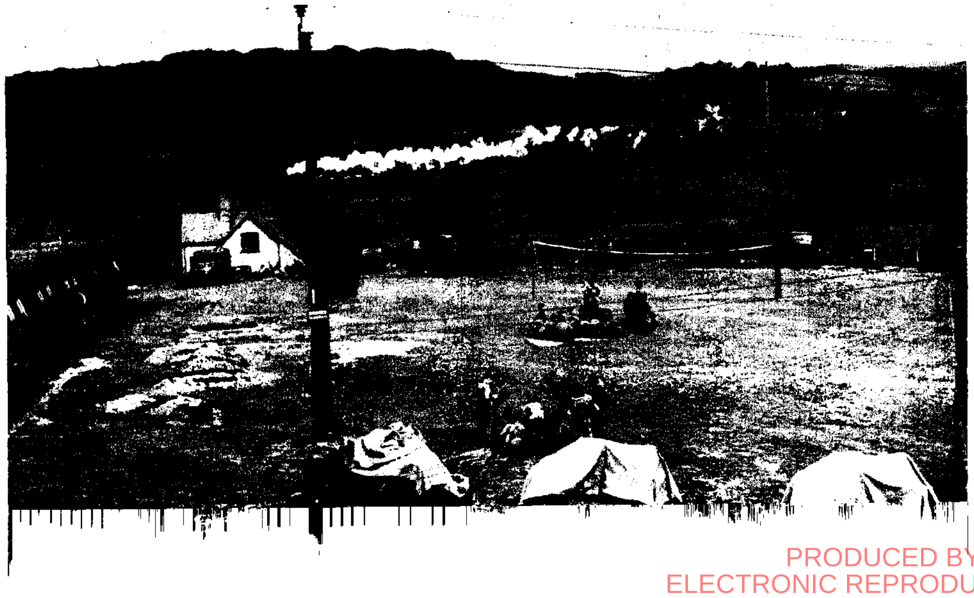
They've already started talk of trouble between the American and the British troops. I saw only one misunderstanding between the American and the British troops while I was in Ireland and I was with joint parties of them every night when many a beer was passed around. Near Belfast one day, some of our boys played a practical joke on a Cockney soldier named Reggie Brown.

Reggie had been with our troops for a few weeks, teaching them the way of the winding Irish roads. He's been driving them, living with them in their huts, eating with them, and then suddenly he was given leave. He was a happy kid. He told them about his father in London whom he hadn't seen in eight months. He packed up his belongings in his duffel bag and made the rounds to say goodby. While he wasn't looking, I noticed one of our men grabbed his bag and disappeared with it. He returned it a moment later with a big grin on his face. Finally Private Reggie Brown of London said his last goodby and then he picked up his duffel bag. A look of amazement came over his face.

"Didn't know it was so heavy," he laughed. "I can hardly lift the ruddy thing!"

(Continued on page 66)

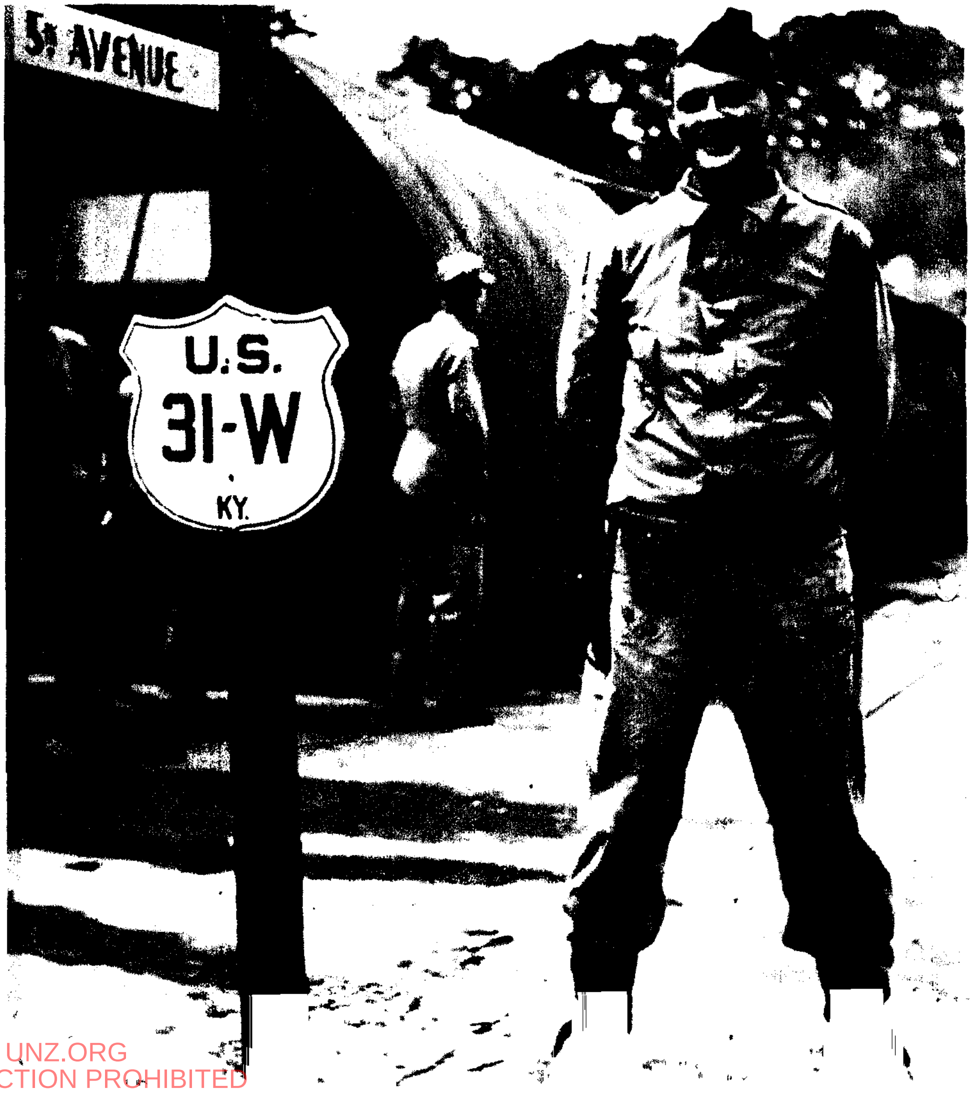
An American-made village in Northern Ireland. The troops in the foreground are studying maps; come afternoon they'll be using those tanks in maneuvers



The armored unit in which this lad is a tank driver is a typical American group It includes 30 Poles, 100 men of Mexican birth, 25 Swedes, 17 Norwegians. Some day, when invasion begins, they'll come in handy with their various language

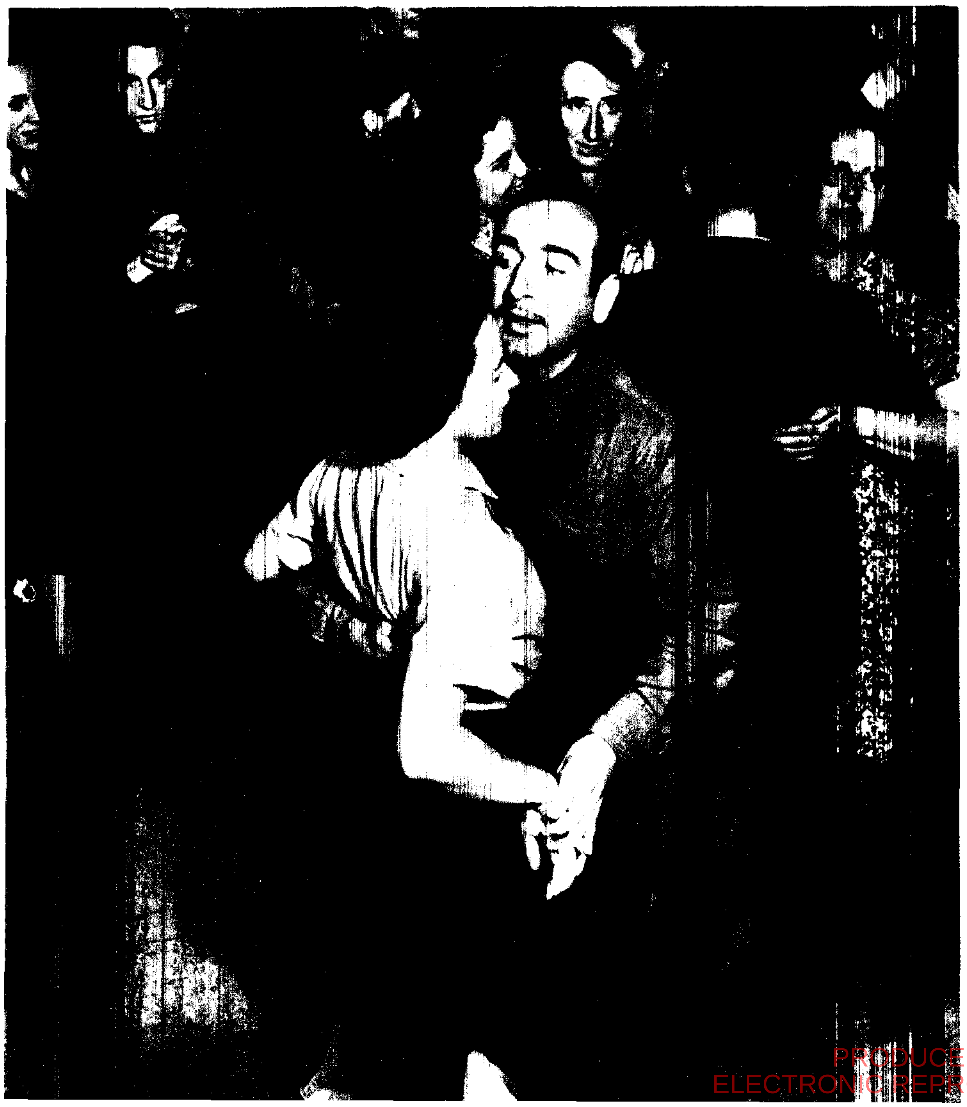
5th Avenue, Kentucky, Northern Ireland, is a far cry from its U. S. namesake. (Al camp streets are named after streets back home.) Constant rain since the American landed also spoils the resemblance, but Lieut. Al LaSalle takes it in good spiri

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT CAPA



one ever yells to us 'Hey, niggah.' They yell 'Hey, Mac.' Yeah, this is a
eat Army." Colored troops are well-disciplined, have tremendous respect for
eir white officers. Though at first mistaken for Indians, they like Ireland

ving won another victory in Northern Ireland. Before the Americans came, jigs
d jogs were the thing; now many an Irishman and his wife are confirmed jit-
rbugs. With dancing a favorite nightly sport, badminton rates high outdoors



Above: Pvt. Reggie Brown at right doesn't know it, but when he gets home to London he'll find cigarettes and beer in his bag, a present from the Americans to Reggie's old man who's broke. Below: If gas comes, they'll be ready

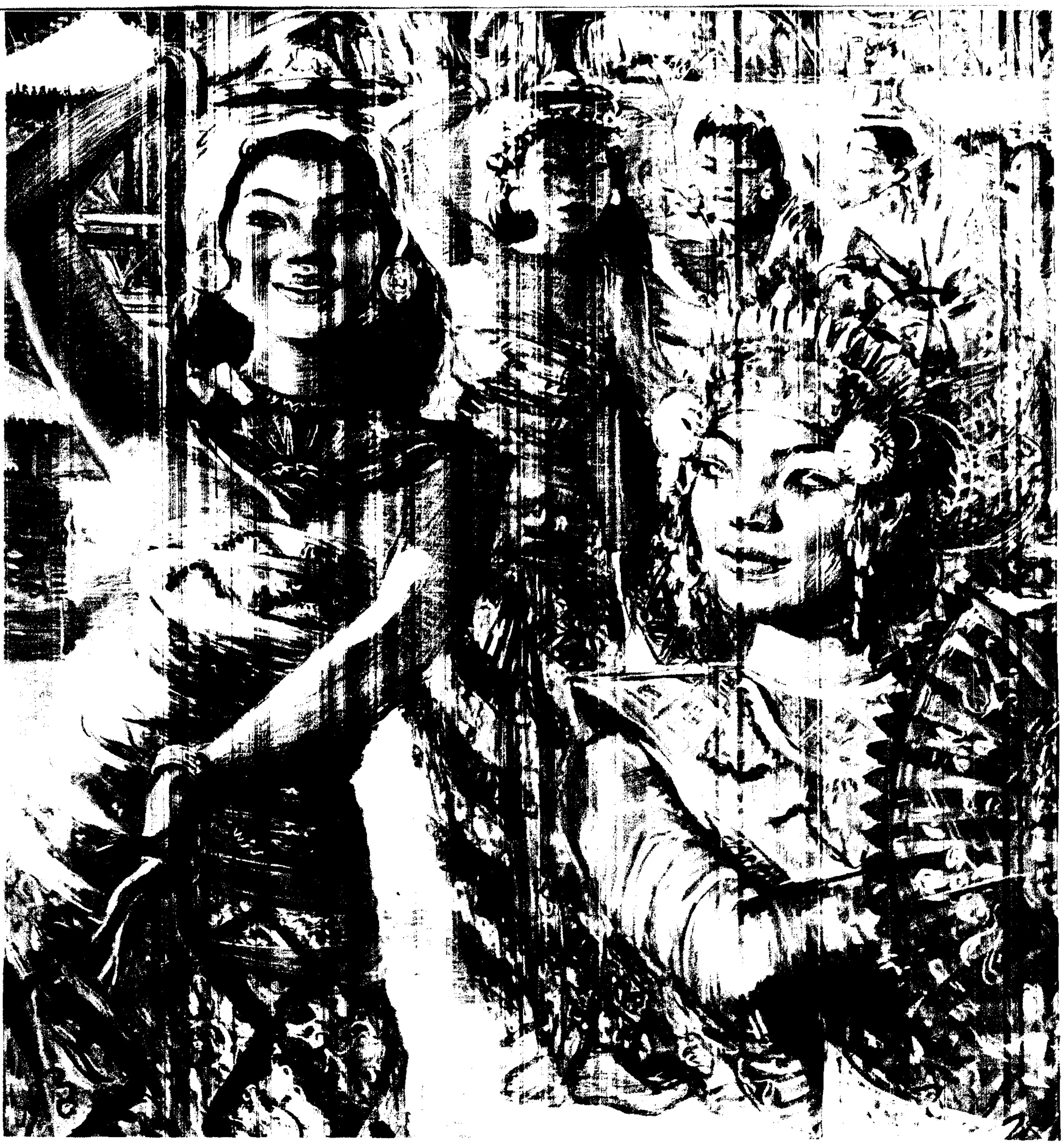
In Ulster even hilltops have bogs which make tanks useless. But that's no disadvantage in practice. The men who run the General Grants are putting the finishing touches on their training under the most difficult conditions possible

This Wondrous Symbol

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

The symbol was created for death, but instead it gave life to the spirit of an entire village



Proud Lia came, as graceful as a young palm. She passed Raki without speaking, flaunting her magenta skirt

IT WAS time for the dance. The women looked at one another nervously, anxiously, twining flowers in their hair with slow fingers. To do the evening dance when the shrine is a heap of black ashes! To make offerings to an altar that has burned into nothingness! Burned, fatefully, malignantly, at midnight!

The women swayed—stepping: tugged by habit, tugged by piety—and the line moved forward. The evening dance was as old as the village itself. It must be done. For how could a village prosper and be fruitful if offering be not made to a symbol each evening?

Still there was no symbol in the village this day. There would be none tomorrow, nor like to be one on the days that follow tomorrow. A symbol is a precious thing. It must be found auspiciously, or given, as any man knows.

Raki came to take her place at the end of the procession. She stepped with becoming gravity, yet she was not heavy with dread. She was not even thinking of the fire, of the burned symbol. Her mind was on Alu.

She was the beloved of Alu, wasn't she? She was going to bear him a fine son, and Alu would reward her—wouldn't he?—by raising her to his high raja rank? And they would be happy, happy . . . meanwhile, there was the pretty dance to do, the fragrant offerings to leave, and then Alu to run home to.

Raki held the offering basket on her head with both hands until she caught the slow rhythm—touching, touching, stepping: touching, touching, stepping. Then she lowered one arm—swaying it as she swayed her small unbalanced body, swaying it as she sang the offering song—moving forward with the evening line.

The carpenter's wife came. Raki swung back, making an opening for her. The coconut-picker's wife came. Raki swung back for her. They were middle-caste women: naturally they would go ahead of her until she bore Alu a son: until she was raised to raja rank.

Proud Lia came, as graceful as a young palm. She passed Raki without speaking, passed the other village women, to flaunt her magenta skirt at the head of the line, to sway it farther, to fling it higher than other women. Lia, born daughter of the other raja of the village: Lia, who still wanted Alu.

"O Deity!" Raki prayed, her glittering black eyes on that magenta skirt ahead, all the while her lips sang the evening song and her small, tight body danced the evening dance. "Only let me please my lord Alu! Only let me spend love on him!"

The line moved forward past the long mud walls of the village street, around the square, toward the shrine gates. Raki looked for the mark in the banyan tree as she danced past. Her eyes found it, blessing it as they did each evening. Alu's curly-bladed kris had made the gash—stuck there in the twisted brown trunk while she was married to it, his sword. Naturally, a raja, a village headman, cannot be married in plain sight under the sky, as any man knows, to a woman of ordinary caste—even though he loves her beyond all loving. A raja is a raja!

"O Deity!" Raki sent up her prayer again. "Alu is my lord! Alu is my world! Let me be married openly under the sky to him! Let me make him happy until time stops!"

As she danced, Raki saw the elders sitting along the courtyard wall, talking morosely, shaking their heads like heavy palms in a wind. She heard the sweet splash of water from the village baths beyond, the chick-chack of restless monkeys in the trees above, and the whine of hungry dogs waiting for the food the gods would leave.

The dancing line moved through the forked gates, stained, now, and smoky with fire—through cleft pillars of rippled granite that reached to the purpling sun-painted sky. The women averted their eyes, looking at the trees, looking at their skirt-cloths, looking anywhere but at the charred heap that had been the shrine a night ago.

AROUND the inner square they danced until they came at last to the great round offering stones. On them they laid their fat rice cakes and sago loaves and coconut dumplings. They heaped mangoes and custard apples, the prickled spines of durian and jac fruit, and for fragrance they sprinkled ginger petals and mimosa and the long red buds of the firecracker vine.

Yet there was no symbol—no symbol there above the stones to address; and the women drew back fearfully, dancing on with dazed, hypnotized steps until they were out of the blackened shrine square. The dance was finished.

"It is bad!" a black-toothed elder mumbled to the cock he cradled in his arm. "Bad!"

"Floods have washed our crops away!" the man next to him railed in a soft, resigned voice. "Our gamelang bells have cracked! And now—our symbol has burned!"

"What other disaster is left for us?"

"The Japanese could come!" someone answered.

"One of our women could bear twins!" someone answered.

"Japanese!" "Twins!" the words blazed through the street like fire in thatch. And the men who said them rinsed their mouths to rid them of the taint.

Raki heard and said, aghast, to herself, "Twins!" and felt herself shaking with some inner secret fear. "Twins!" she said again, and thought of this dread curse which can come upon a woman to taint her family and every living one in her village.

Raki hurried home, running up the steps, running through the gate, running to the slatted shadows of her own veranda to find Alu, to ask him, to feel the comfort of his laugh, to feel the soothing, lulling mesmerism of his caresses.

Alu was not there.

Raki took the ginger flowers from her hair, unwound the breast-wrapping scarf and sat with them in her trembling hands, thinking, dreading, wondering. No! No! She wouldn't bear twins! She was young and lucky! She was the beloved of Alu!

Alu's red cock moved in the bell-shaped cage. The red cock—ah, a cock for sacrifice! To cozen luck! Impaled

(Continued on page 57)

AXIS STOOGES IN SOUTH AFRICA

By Frank Gervasi

BY CABLE FROM JOHANNESBURG

South Africa is on the spot. Insidious influences, racial differences and shortsighted, selfish men are hindering that country's war effort. But Smuts, Africa's white hope, is solving the complex problem

WIDE WORLD

South Africa's foremost champion of democracy, 72-year-old Premier Jan Christian Smuts, at right center, talking with the officers and men of a Transvaal Scottish Battalion

THE Union of South Africa's national emblem is the springbok—the tall-horned, agile veld gazelle. The animal's graceful head is etched on train windows, stamped on cigarette boxes. It is the army's insignia and epitomizes animal courage, endurance, pride and speed. However, it was not with the agility of a springbok but with the lumbering reluctance of perhaps the more symbolic ox of Boer life that the Union went to war against Germany three years ago.

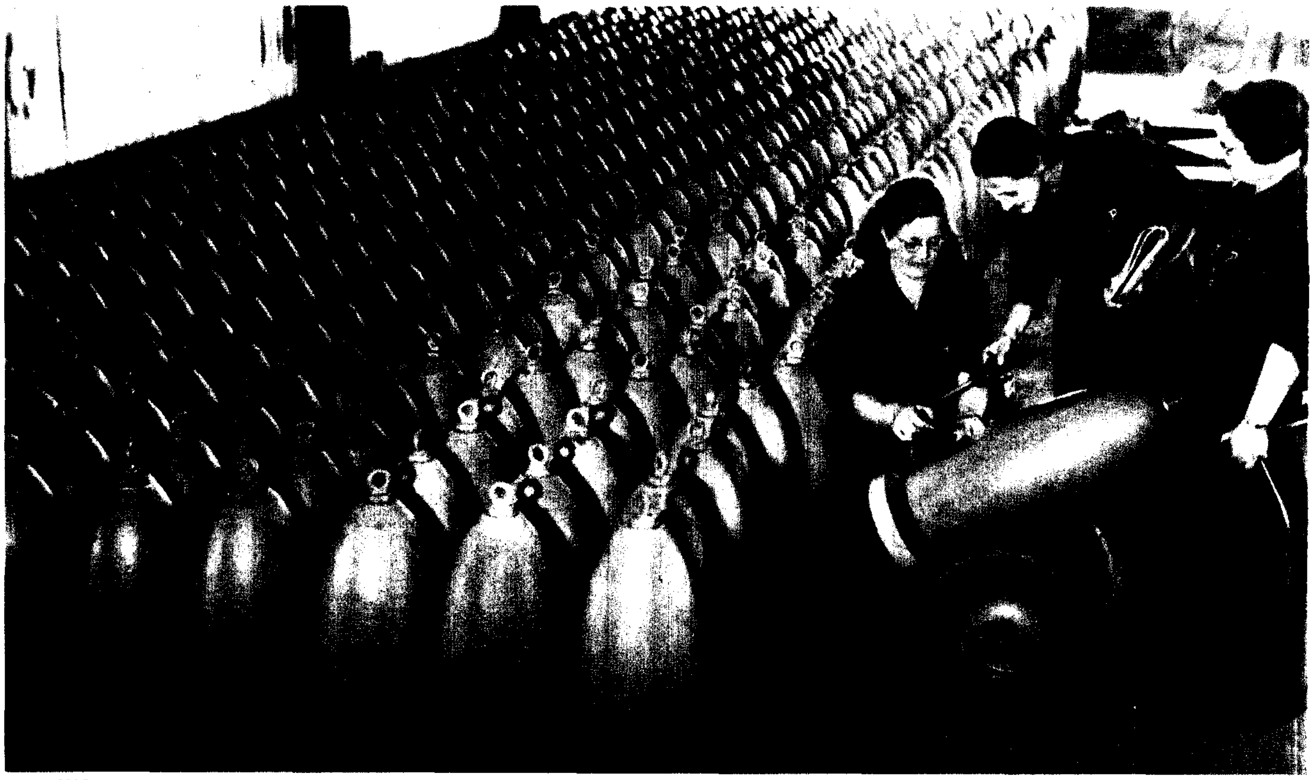
Fortunately for the Allies, the Union brought to the struggle something of the power and purposefulness of the ox. In the long trek to victory ahead, this power can be made to count beyond the immediate role of a halfway house between England, America, the East and the Middle East, which geography automatically assigned to South Africa. That was the role the Cape Colony filled when Victoria the Good sat on the throne of England, and the sun was still rising on the British Empire.

Already the Union's contribution to the United Nations' swelling war power substantially surpasses the purely geographic function of acting as an enormous filling service station for convoys bound eastward with troops and munitions for the Middle East, Russia, India and China, and for westbound convoys with raw materials for the factories of England and the United States.

The Union's share of the United Nations' war burden includes the repairing of freighters, warships, aircraft carriers and transports damaged by the enemy. South Africa has also become the industrial powerhouse of the African continent for the manufacture of ammunition, guns, armored cars and spare parts for the war machinery employed on North African battlefields. It is an important source of manganese, chromium, tungsten and other ores and it is developing some of the world's richest deposits of iron and coal.

At the moment, Premier Smuts is working hard to quicken the pace of the South African ox to attain a double goal—the realization of the Union's almost unlimited industrial power and the fulfillment of its postwar destiny as the leader of Africa. Smuts' immediate job is to make the Union's maximum weight felt in the balance on the side of the United Nations.

But, in this task, as in the other—that of creating a politically and economically stable South Africa capable of assuming the after-the-war responsibilities of continental leadership—Smuts faces numerous obstacles. Compared to the jobs of Roosevelt and Churchill in uniting the United States and Britain and exacting from them the maximum performance in the war effort, Smuts' job in South Africa was perhaps even more difficult. You can measure how well he may succeed by his performance to date. On his success may depend largely the success of the Allies during the coming months in opening a common front in North Africa, the Middle East and Araby, with Russian, British and American troops against Germany and Italy, and in keeping the supply lines open to China, India, North Africa and Southwestern



WIDE WORLD

Today in South Africa more than 600 factories are producing matériel and munitions for the United Nations. Women have taken over many of the men's jobs, releasing men for the army

WIDE WORLD

Hundreds of pilots for the Royal Air Force are turned out in South Africa under the empire training scheme. Here, at the right, a group of potential pilots are being instructed in the rudiments of aerial navigation

Russia—in short, in winning the war.

On the eve of the war, the geographically huge South Africa was painfully divided over what the Union should do about it. The Union's two largest states are the size of Texas with Louisiana, Arizona, South Carolina and Missouri added. Yet its 2,200,000 whites, sixty per cent of whom are of Dutch-Huguenot-Boer extraction and forty per cent of British origin, would just about populate Philadelphia, and its 10,000,000 natives would fill New York. Like the United States, which it so closely resembles physically and in many other ways, South Africa had its interventionists, isolationists and fifth columnists, its men of bad faith, misguided visionaries and political priests.

A Defender of Democracy

The Union had its outright Nazis but it also had patriots who saw Germany's attack against Poland in August, 1939, as the beginning of a world struggle involving the life and death of the principles by which all self-governing peoples live. One of these was the 72-year-old Jan Christian Smuts, a man with blue-gray eyes, white goatee, silver hair, a healthy pink face and an inexhaustible faith in democracy's power of survival and apparently an equally limitless supply of energy and patience.

South Africa has gold, diamonds and sharp-faced little men who balance idealism profitably with an aptitude for making money for money's sake. But South Africa, land of lean cattle and fat women, also has manganese, iron and broad-faced, big-boned men whose eyes are focused beyond the hills of gold and the acres of diamonds to their nation's free destiny. South Africa has its Doktor Daniel François Malan, elderly predikant anti-Semite Nationalist leader, who is a devoted stooge of Radio Zeesen. But the Union also has Smuts.

On the war's eve, Smuts was deputy prime minister in the government of General James Barry Munnik Hertzog, the aging Boer hero, who believed the Polish affair was just a local war and that, in any event, South Africa could remain profitably neutral. Between Smuts the internationalist and Hertzog the nationalist, there had never been harmony. But what differences they had were petty compared to their divergence on the enormous issue of peace or war.

On September 4th, twenty-four hours after England had declared war on Germany, Smuts and Hertzog laid their quarrel before the Union parliament. "Stand by Britain!" pleaded Smuts. Hertzog, during the crisis wasn't content merely to call for neutrality. He might have got away with it if he had. Instead, he shocked fence sitters and straddlers by making what was tantamount to a defense of Hitler's policies in Europe and a justification of his assault on the world. Hertzog went down by eighty votes to sixty-seven. Smuts became prime minister, and Hertzog retired to his farm, an embittered old man.

But Malan still was active as the leader of the Nationalists, who demand freedom from the British but who are the first to deny freedom to the Union's ten million blacks. The Nationalists are obstructing Smuts' quietly desperate effort to increase the pace and power of South Africa's war effort. They are keeping alive the bitter memories of the Boer War and constitute the principal opposition to Smuts' United party.

The Nationalists are assisted in their noble labor by the Germanophile former minister of defense, Oswald Pirow, who is a protagonist of the New Order along Hitlerian lines. He promises to put Jews, capitalists, warmongers and the supporters of Smuts generally into concentration camps after the German victory. As minister, his outstanding contribution to the Union's defense was the purchase of high-wheeled oxcarts for the army. That was his idea of the perfect army transport for modern warfare.

The Nazi Setup

The Nazi hatchet man in a weird struggle for power in South Africa's complex political setup appears to be Doktor Hans van Rensberg, fuehrer of the obstructionist gang of small-time saboteurs. He is familiar with *Ossewabrandwag,* whose members are regularly haled into court on charges of what might be petty mischief in peacetime but in wartime assume the proportions of high treason.

Malan, Pirow and Rensberg, who keep South Africa's war effort at a plodding pace, draw their strength from among the Afrikaans-speaking people, who employ Afrikaans in preference to English, for those who know only one of the country's two languages are negligibly small in number. That mass which is predominantly Afrikaans-speaking has a strong sense of nationhood, but among the older people who still suffer from the Boer War hangover, there are many unreconstructed rebels. This is palpably less true in the younger generation, which might comprise twenty per cent of the Afrikanders, perhaps more.

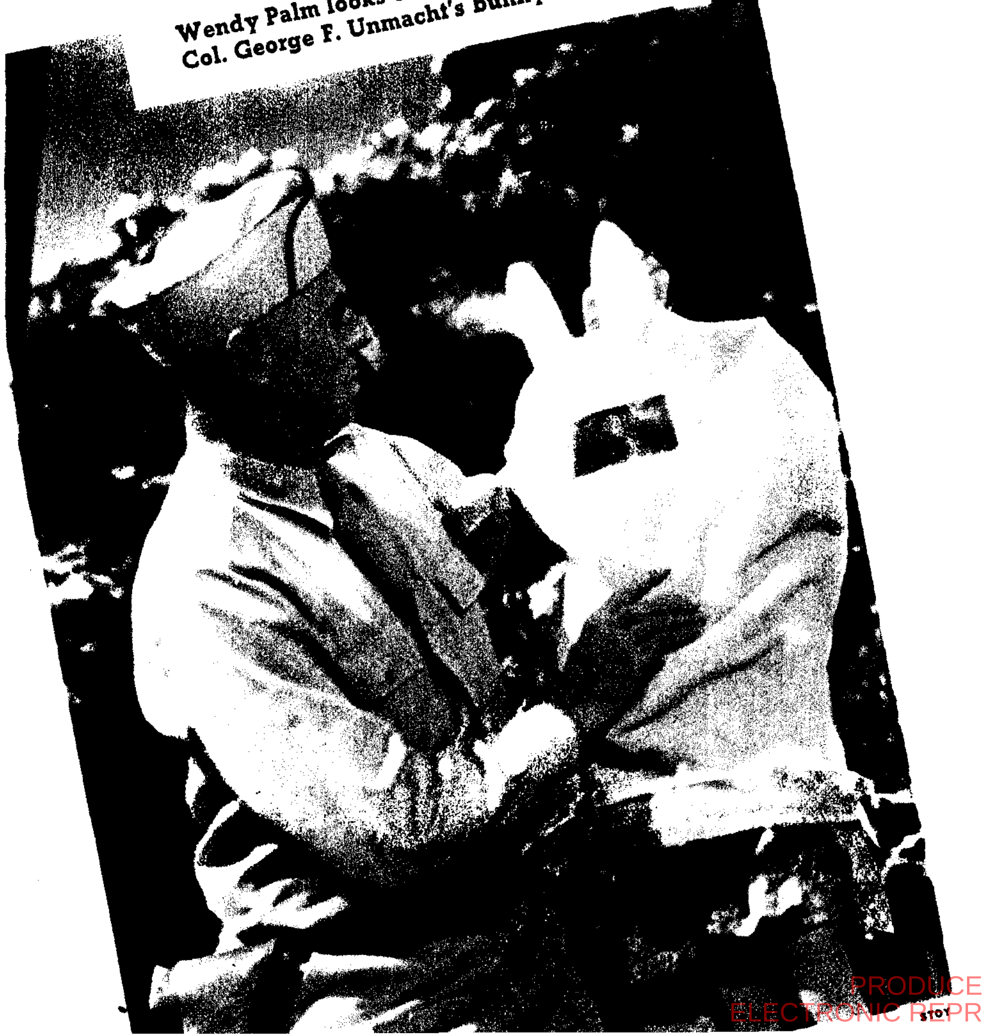
That section of the population which supports Smuts is predominantly English-speaking and descends from those Cape colonists who came after Britain grabbed the colony from the Dutch for protective custody in 1795. At the time, most of Europe was at war with France, and Holland's empire was adrift much as it was until the Japs grabbed most of it recently. This English-speaking group comprises forty per cent of the European population. (Here you don't speak of whites or blacks, but of Europeans and non-Europeans.) Added to the Afrikander loyalists they form a safe political margin for parliamentary control by the United party which Smuts heads. It is not quite a wide enough margin, however, to permit Smuts the luxury of radical changes such as arming the natives or shifting even a fraction of the labor power employed in the lucrative gold mines to the digging of ores needed in armament production.

(Continued on page 30)

A BAG FOR BABY

By Frank Daniel

Wendy Palm looks out through the flexible windowpane of Col. George F. Unmacht's bunny mask for Hawaiian babies



THE colonel knew child psychology. He knew that if he were to pop this infant into this coarse woolen sack there would be wails and tears and a wave of hysteria over both Hawaiian-Portuguese mother and child. So he used finesse. Holding the sack bottomside up he fingered two triangular tabs on either corner and wiggled them. "See the bunny," he said enticingly. "See it wiggle its ears."

The baby fell for it. Tiny fingers reached out and clutched the fuzzy cloth tabs masquerading as bunny's ears. The colonel knew then the big part of his job was over. Assisted by the mother, it was no trouble at all to slide the baby into the woolen bag and close it tightly with the drawstring at the top. Colonel and mother then peered through a small window in the bag and saw the child's face still smiling. A few minutes later the mother looked again and turned to the colonel with a grin. The child was fast asleep.

The bunny mask is Hawaii's safeguard for very young children against the menace of a Japanese gas attack.

Thanks to the persistence and resourcefulness of Colonel George F. Unmacht, Territorial Co-ordinator for Civilian Gas Defense, every adult on the islands now has a gas mask. But as the masks issued were too large for children the colonel had to see that each of the estimated 50,000 infants under two years had a bunny mask to be tucked into in the event of a poison gas raid.

"We wanted something that would temporarily protect very young children from the effects of poison gas until they could be removed from the gas area," he said. "After a few experiments, we finally decided upon a porous outer bag of wool or flannel about nineteen by twenty-six inches. This was impregnated with a gas-resistant chemical whose formula is a War Department secret. Sewed to this porous bag is an inner bag of lighter material—muslin or sheeting—which has been paraffin-treated to make it airtight. The only connection between the two sacks is a small patch of Turkish toweling or terry cloth placed about where the child's mouth will be. This porous patch is saturated occasionally with a five per cent solution of sodium phenolate, an air purifier.

Each breath a baby takes is filtered twice, first through the treated outer sack and again through the Turkish towel patch. If the child is properly fitted into the mask and the drawstring tied tightly, he is perfectly safe. The window is there to admit light, keep him from being frightened and to let the mother have a look at him.

The next step was to get enough material and labor to turn out bunny masks by the thousands. The colonel issued a general appeal through the islands for donations of wool and flannel and sheeting. He also asked for the use of sewing machines and the women and girls to operate them.

The wool and flannel and sheeting started pouring in and volunteer female workers showed up to sew them on a dozen donated sewing machines. Colonel Unmacht, a grizzled veteran of several wars and who looks like anything but a needlework expert, personally supervised the sewing job. As he watched the women cut out the material he noticed that they had to snip off two corners in order to give the bottom of the bags a rounded effect. To him that snipping meant waste, so he told the workers to leave the corners on and fold them double, which left a triangle of clothing jutting up from either corner. The tabs looked like a pair of rabbit ears. Hence the name bunny mask.

A short time ago the colonel escorted us through a large classroom in Honolulu's Roosevelt High School that had been cleared of desks. At long tables volunteer high-school girls, freshmen to seniors, cut out the raw materials, pressed them under electric irons and passed them on to the sewing machine operators. There were older women there, too, cutting and sewing away on bunny masks. Other girls were taking instruction in cutting and assembling. Piles of pink, white and blue finished masks, bunny ears rampant, at one end of the room, were awaiting shipment to the distribution centers.

To augment this supply the colonel appealed to the owners of tailoring and dress shops in Honolulu and each week now, employees of these shops devote part of their working hours to bunny mask production.

A flexible windowpane was needed for the bunny masks and since there was no adequate supply of clear plastic material available the colonel sent salvage scouts out to the X-ray departments of local hospitals. The hospitals willingly turned over all the old exposed films they had stored away. The films were washed clear with acid in the school workroom and today in Hawaii many a kid's bunny mask sports an eyepiece that formerly was a portrait of someone's tibia fracture or a group photo of his ribs. ★★★

FIRST LAP ON TOKYO

By Frank D. Morris

RADIOED VIA HONOLULU

Our Mr. Morris with the fleet in the Battle of the Solomons gives you fresh details of our first occupation of territory in the Pacific

Part II

STRINGS of colored lights shown by the planes that had taken to the air, were festooned across the early morning sky like bulbs on a Christmas tree as our carrier launched her planes for the dawn attack Then in V-formation they headed northeast toward mountainous Guadalcanal.

The sun and the Japs were still asleep when the aerial armada struck. The Japs awoke first as waves of dive bombers, torpedo planes and fighter planes, carrying bombs for the occasion, appeared over the islands and unloaded their bomb racks. Then the little men realized they were in for a busy day. Before that day was finished, Tulagi and part of Guadalcanal, both strategic military strongholds of the Solomon Islands, would be occupied by United States Marines, and the two air bases which the Japanese had spent months building were to be operating under new management—American management. In just a few hours' time, the Japs lost plenty of troops, territory and face.

The night before action started, Admiral Robert L. Ghormley, commander of the South Pacific Fleet, radioed all ships in the attacking forces a message expressing his confidence in their ability to repeat the Midway victory. We saw how a well-planned naval offensive operates.

Our ship was zigzagging along, and if you strained your eyes through the murk, you could see dark blobs on the waters of the Coral Sea, executing that same rhythmic stagger. They were the rest of the carrier's escort ships. Every gun in the task force was manned, and each of these men had been hopefully standing all around us. The topside men from Mars, the lookouts and deck-gun crews were dressed in hats, life jackets and gauntlets. Even their faces were covered by transparent eye shields. The ships themselves were completely "buttoned up." That is: All the compartments were rendered watertight, so as to isolate any damage from enemy torpedoes and bombs.

The low-lying storm clouds in the east slowed the dawn and effectively screened the approach of our planes. Swooping low over Tulagi harbor, they destroyed eighteen Jap seaplanes riding at their moorings before the crews ashore knew what was up. Methodically, our air squadrons then bombed the military base on Tulagi Island. Antiaircraft batteries were blasted out of existence, even as their crews were rushing out to man them. The few enemy fighter planes that were able to take to the air after the attack started were soon overwhelmed and shot down.

Simultaneously, other flights of fighters, bombers and torpedo planes from the carriers gave Guadalcanal a working over. Their major objective here was a large airdrome which was being completed by Japanese labor battalions. The capture of this field with its runways intact was most important, since it would provide a ready-made air base for our forces.

All through this action, our task force was maneuvering like a school of restless whales. Occasionally we ran through heavy rain squalls, and there was a nasty chop which sent seas breaking over the bow and made destroyers look like half-submerged submarines.

The weather had cleared, however, when the first of the attacking planes returned to the carriers to refuel and rearm. A formation of fighters circled low over our ship as they made their landing approach. Two hours before, some of these pilots never had seen combat action. Now they were veterans, and hypothetical Jap scalps in their belts proved it.

Payment in Kind

Promptly at eight o'clock the Marines landed. Eight months to the day and hour since the Japs had blitzed Pearl Harbor, we made our first occupation of enemy-held territory in the Pacific war. The transport force was now unloading its battalions of specially trained Leathernecks, men whose service comrades had made history at Wake and had fought the Japs to a standstill at Midway. Over the sides of transports they slid into shallow-draft landing barges to return an official call. Landings were made at points on Tulagi and Guadalcanal. As barges grounded on the beach, Marines splashed through the surf, carrying rifles and machine guns loaded for the Japs.

Months of training for this particular type of job had been spent on an island group which prophetically was named the Solomons. That training had equipped them to meet the enemy on any terms and with a wide choice of weapons—from small arms to howitzers. So effective had been the barrage laid down by the carrier planes that little or no resistance was met as the landing forces established beachheads. The Japs, it seems, had all headed for the tall, tropical timber, so that the Marines, feeling a need for exercise after weeks spent on crowded ships, lighted right out after them.

In short order, Port Tulagi was taken as the Japs retreated across the narrow channel separating Tulagi from Florida Island, with the Marines at their heels. On Florida Island, the action centered around the hilly, wooded golf course, a relic of the former British occupation. Hiding in trenches, caves and hastily dug fox holes, the cornered Japs made a final stand.

"Boy! Those bombers coming back are emptier than a beer barrel after a picnic," said "Tackline," one of the

(Continued on page 56)

ACME

The Japs can do some fast and fancy running when cornered. As soon as the Americans landed on Guadalcanal Island the Japanese forces took to the tropical timber. Here a group of Marines, dragging equipment, is hot on their trail

ACME

This partly wrecked and hastily deserted camp on Guadalcanal is now under new management. Its former Jap tenants are at the moment inhabiting hide-outs in the dense jungle. Effective bombing from the air blasted them out of their fox holes

ACME

Emergency radio outfits like this one kept the fleet and air arm informed of developments in the fighting on the islands, assuring support from the sea and air

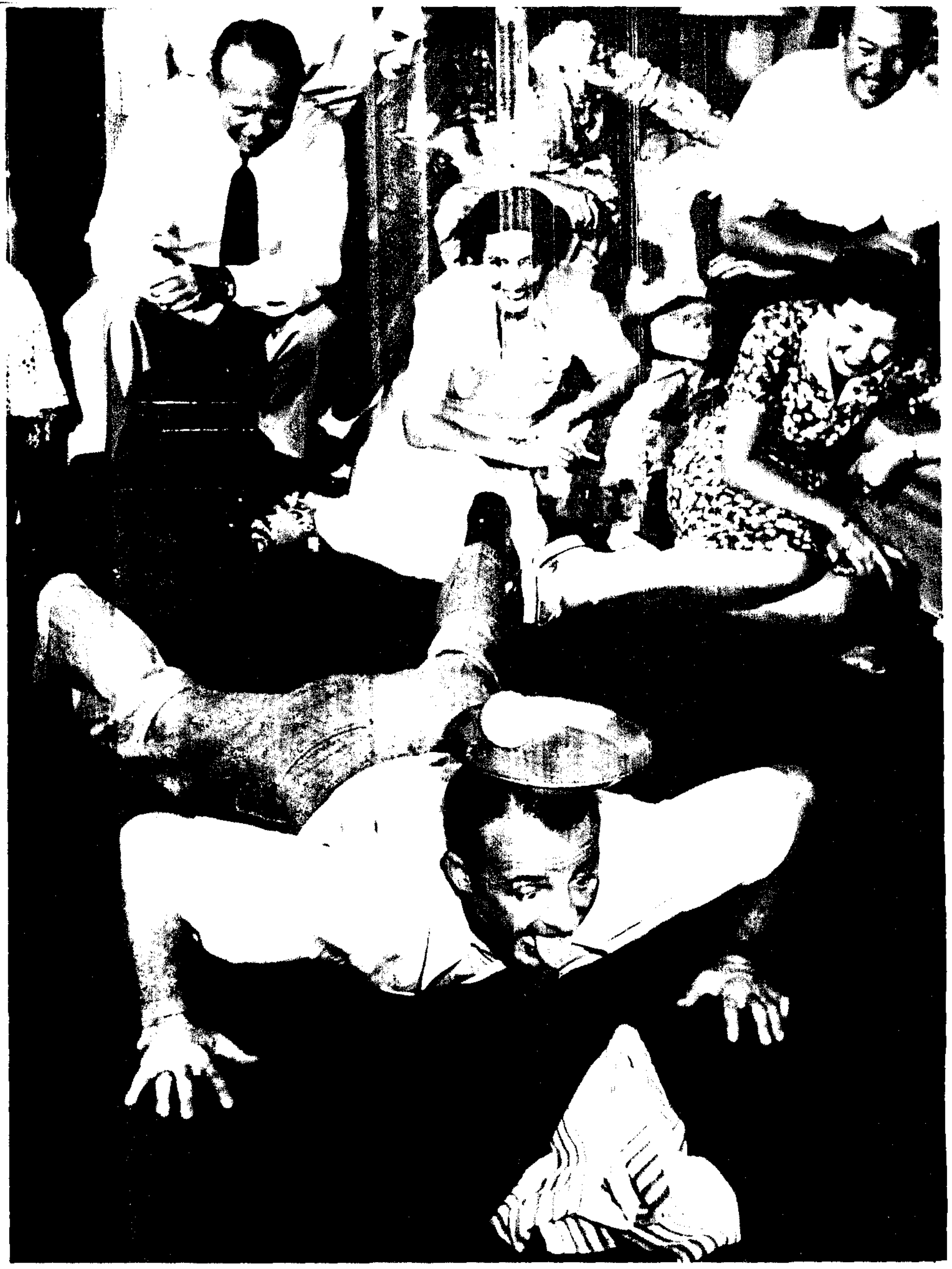
GAME HUNTING

By Gurney Williams

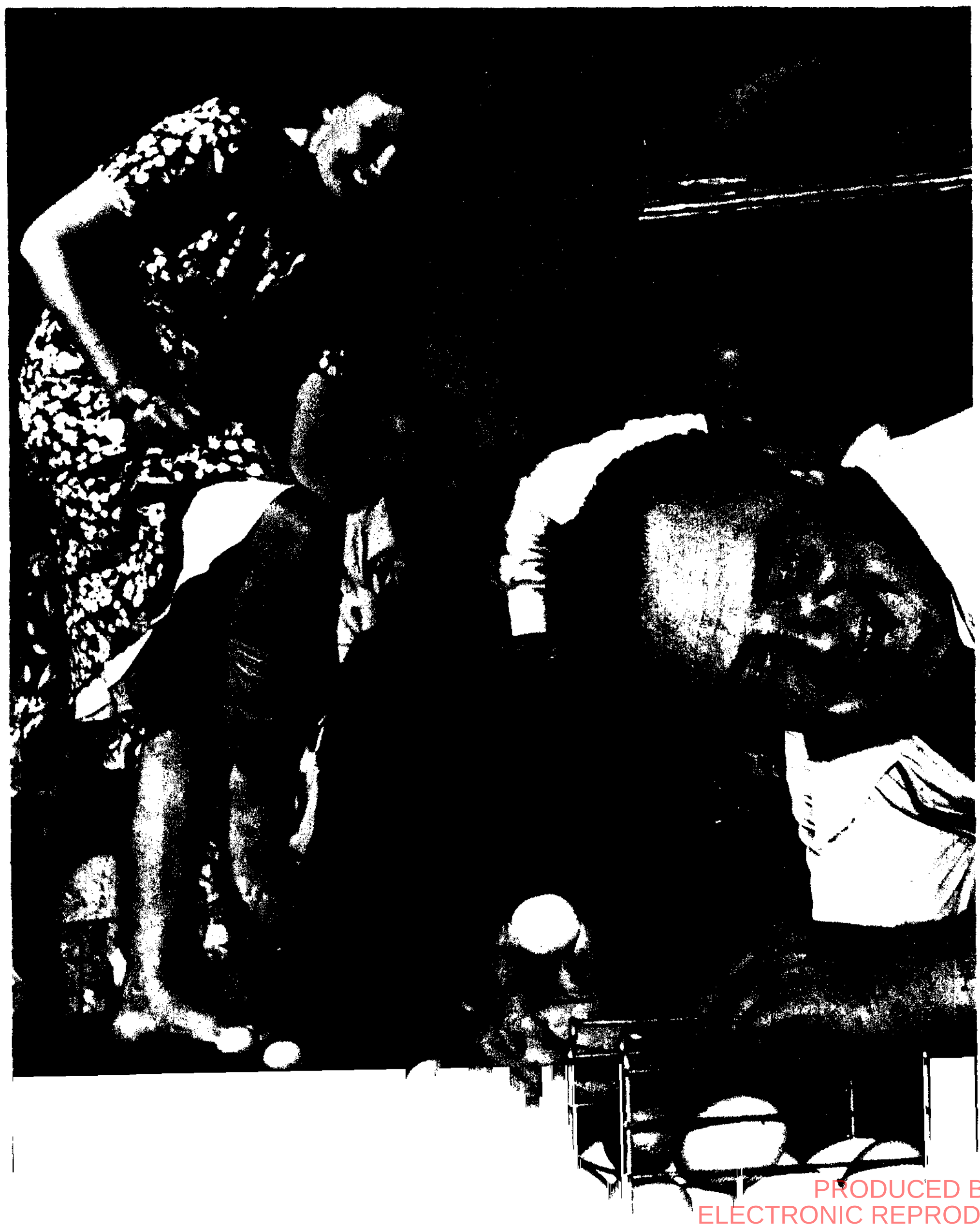
While evenings are getting longer, gasoline rations are getting shorter; so you won't be going out much, unless it's to visit your pals next door. What they do to divert you is their problem, but when they drop in on you, you'll find the pastimes pictured here good for laughs until the milkman calls

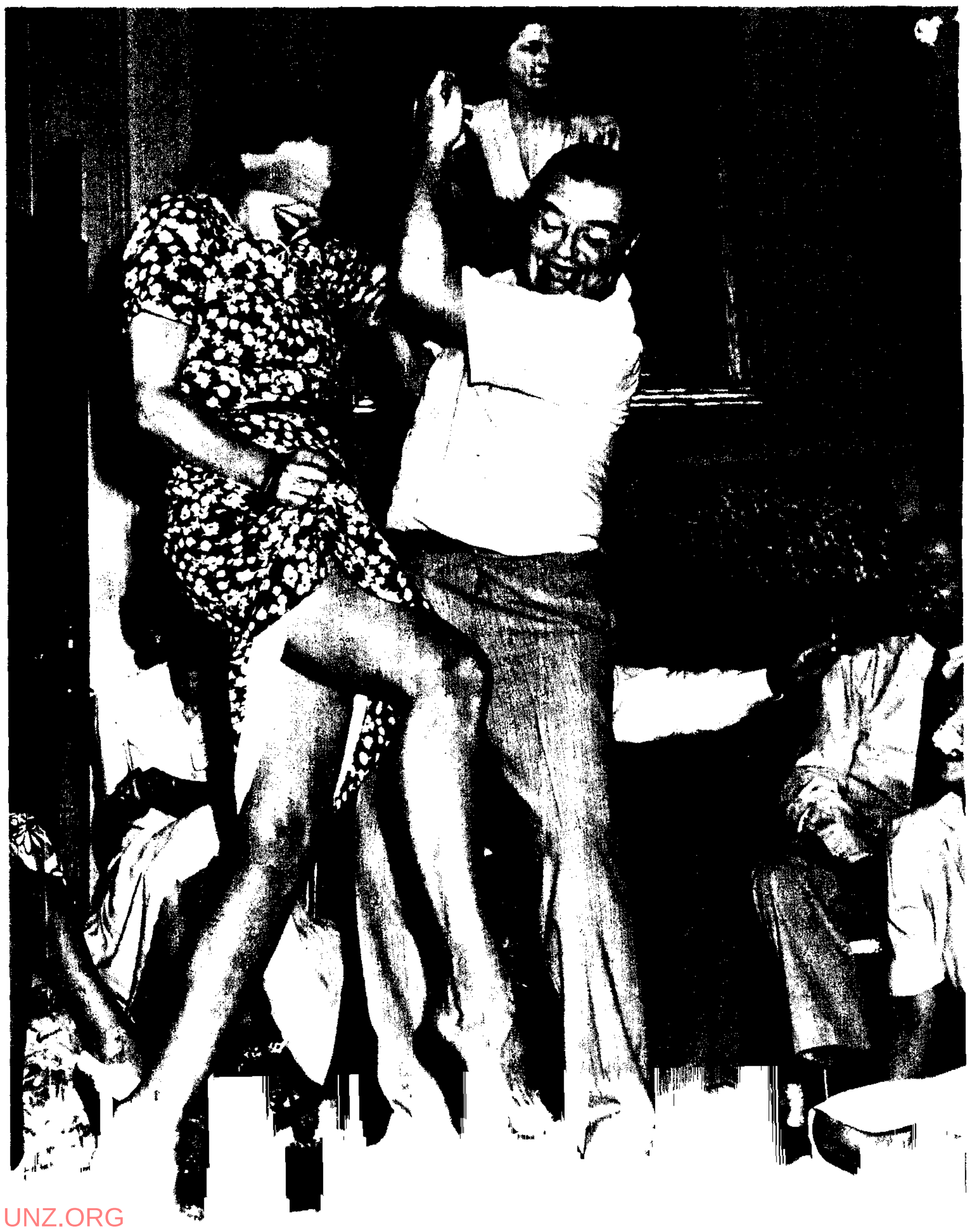
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY W. EUGENE SMITH

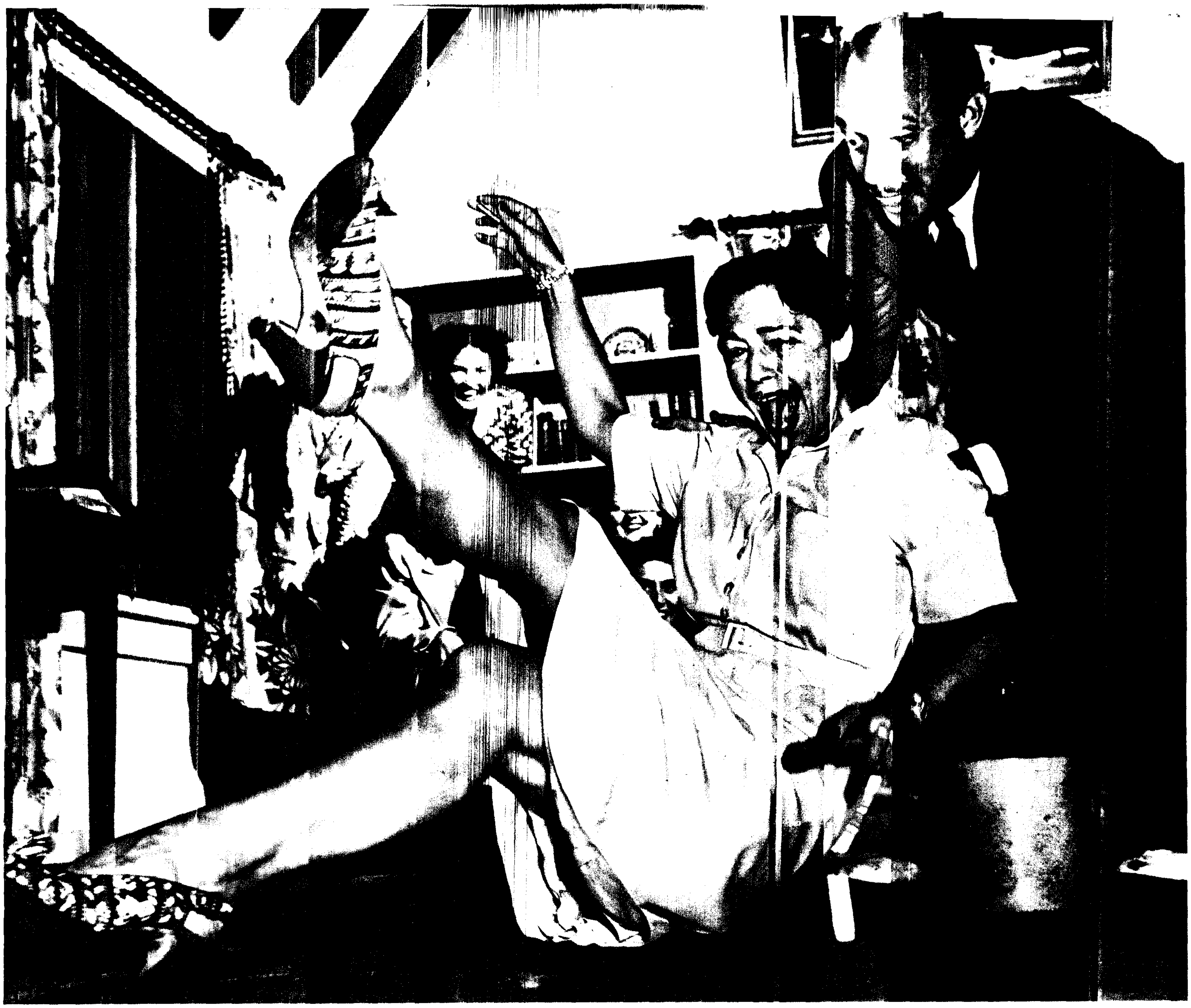
PANHANDLER. A lot of neighbors have barged in on Col. Stoopnagle (Chase Taylor) and his wife Kay, in South Norwalk, Conn., and the colonel has put them to work. The anguished-looking gentleman at the right (normally Mr. Jack Traendly, Norwalk florist) has started from a standing position with an orange in a pie plate on his head and is about to pick up the pyramided handkerchief between his teeth, tongue or no tongue. It's a difficult stunt, but practice makes fun for the onlookers. The orange must be kept in the position shown, or you won't get anywhere, brother



EGG CRACKER. In order to put this one over, you have to find a victim who doesn't know how it's done. As depicted below, a few eggs are placed a foot apart in a line on the floor (Colonel Stoopnagle officiates) and a lady is asked to remove her shoes and whatever hose she is lucky enough to possess (Mrs. Jack Traendly is lucky). The master of ceremonies then elaborately rehearses her in the technique of stepping over each egg; and when she thinks she's oriented, the lady is blindfolded and the eggs are replaced by oyster crackers (or any kind of small cracker). The victim is carefully and very slowly led down the line, stepping high (see lower right) in an endeavor to skip the "eggs." With proper guidance she is eventually made to step on a cracker. The cracker crunches. You wouldn't believe a gal could give out with such screams. This is strictly a noisy number



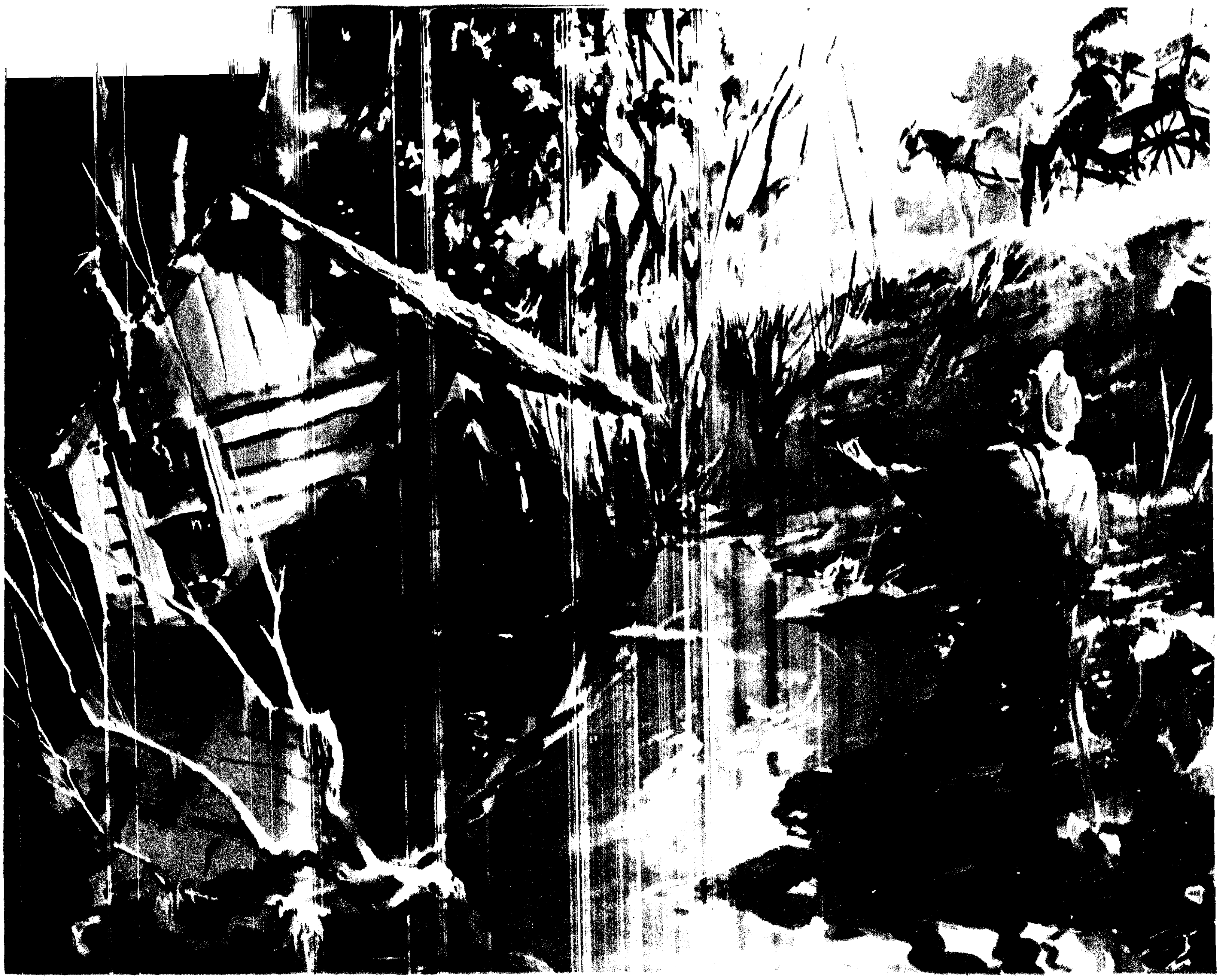




BOTTLER. Having made a shambles of the Stoopnagles' living room, we wander over to the home of Cartoonist Paul Webb and persuade Kay Taylor to balance herself on a milk bottle (the jug shown at right, above, is for beginners). The bottle is laid on its side and the player perches thereon, the top of the bottle facing her feet. One heel rests atop the opposite ankle, and a balance of sorts is maintained by resting the other heel on the floor. Now, teetering and wigwagging like a tightrope walker, the subject picks up a pack of matches from the floor at her right and a candle (or cigarette) at her left and tries to light one or the other without toppling off the bottle. Mrs. Taylor gives up (above) and Mr. Webb breaks her fall

SPOONERS. One minute after the forced feeding shown at the left begins, the spectators have to be treated for mild hysteria. Mr. and Mrs. Wendell Cowles show you how this so-called game is played. Having seated themselves knees to knees on the floor, they are blindfolded and handed bowls of dry cereal, which they try to feed each other. Nobody wins, but it makes no difference

Do you know any games like these? Collier's will award a $25 War Bond for each of those the editorial department thinks is amusing enough to photograph and publish. Just send a brief description to Collier's Games, Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. If you want your ideas returned, please enclose stamped envelope



ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

"Maybe you noticed I brung on a little shower and floated this here house right down to the new townsite," Pop says

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

By Edwin Lanham

Nobody knew what was eating on the old man. All they knew, it was something powerful. A man doesn't put his house on wheels in a spirit of jest

PEOPLE used to say that all my Pop's ideas come to him secondhand, and maybe they did. But he done right good with that movable house of his, and when he turned rainmaker he sure enough made rain, whatever they say.

Pop had heard somewhere about a feller who put a house together with hooks, without any nails or pegs, so he could take it down and stack it on a wagon and follow an evangelist wherever he went, just because he liked to listen to him preach. My Pop figured on it some, and the idea he come up with was secondhand, all right, but he had sure worked out a way to make a movable house pay off.

The railroad was building down through here when the idea come on him. Couple of promoters had staked out a townsite on the main line and put out they'd give a town lot free to the first man that built a house. My Pop put me in the wagon and hauled me to the townsite and we laid to and built a house. We built it strong and we knocked it together in plenty of time to win that town lot.

My Maw set there in her rocker and looked out at that flat prairie country with the little flags marking the streets and she didn't like it one bit. Where was she going to raise chickens? she asked my Pop. Where would she put her henhouses? No, sir, she said, she didn't aim to live in a town. It was kind of a funny way to put it then, because there wasn't a solitary house but ours, but in the long run Maw turned out right, because it's a right good-sized town now and you can see it on the road map.

But what she said had got my Pop to figuring. By Jupiter Pluvius, he said, he didn't want to take and sell that house; he might, though, sell the lot.

ONE day he took me down to the river with a couple axes and the crosscut saw and he said, "Bertie, I done sold the lot. Feller give me five hunderd dollars for it."

He was standing there on the bank of the river, squinting at the woods. He give his head a quick nod, like a woodpecker, in the way he always did when an idea come to him, first- or secondhand. "We'll take that there white oak," he said. "It's mighty strong wood and it's round as a bar'l. Come on, Bertie."

We set to with the axes and the crosscut saw. We chopped down that tree and cut it into sections and Pop skinned off the bark. We got them sections trimmed mighty nice, and round as a widder woman, and then I said, "Pop, what we want with these here logs?"

"Bertie," he says, "these here logs is rollers. I told you we didn't aim to sell that house. We're going to move it. We built her strong as a wagon bed, and we'll just put her on rollers and drive her out of town like a wagon."

We jacked her up the next morning and slid the rollers under and I hitched up the yoke of oxen. Maw rode along ahead of us in the buggy, and she'd wait while the horse grazed some, and when we caught up she'd say, "Now listen here, James P. Anderson, you know where we're bound?"

"We'll find a nice place," Pop would say. "Don't you fret about it. We'll just take what comes along and we'll keep a-moving until we find it."

Pop never let on what he had in mind

(Continued on page 24)

You Can Beat the System

By Benny Friedman
as told to Burton Benjamin

A famous All-America quarterback says you can have your systems. He'll take good football players every time

IT WAS fantastic, unbelievable. The score read 73—0 after sixty of the most amazing minutes in football history. It happened on a crisp December afternoon in 1940 in Washington, D. C. Thirty-six thousand persons had come to Griffith Stadium prepared for an all-out tooth-and-nailer, but the swashbuckling Chicago Bears annihilated Washington's proud Redskins, 73-0, in the National Professional League play-off game.

On the third play, Bill Osmanski of Chicago circled Washington's right end for 68 yards and a touchdown. A little fellow sitting next to me stood up, his face wreathed in glee and clapped me on the back. "Ain't that T formation a killer?" he blared.

Now it is doubtful whether this ebullient pigskin devotee knew a T formation from a flying wedge. Yet to him there was only one explanation of the success of that play—a nebulous something called system. His ability to call the turn no doubt gave him an expert's luster among his fellow spectators.

As a matter of fact, the success of that play was chiefly due to Osmanski's brilliant deception. It was nothing inherent in the T formation but, rather, superb execution. As usual, Quarterback Sid Luckman took the snap from center. The wing allowed the right end to slash. Luckman, unprotected, moved back out of the defensive end's focus, handed the ball to Osmanski, who set sail.

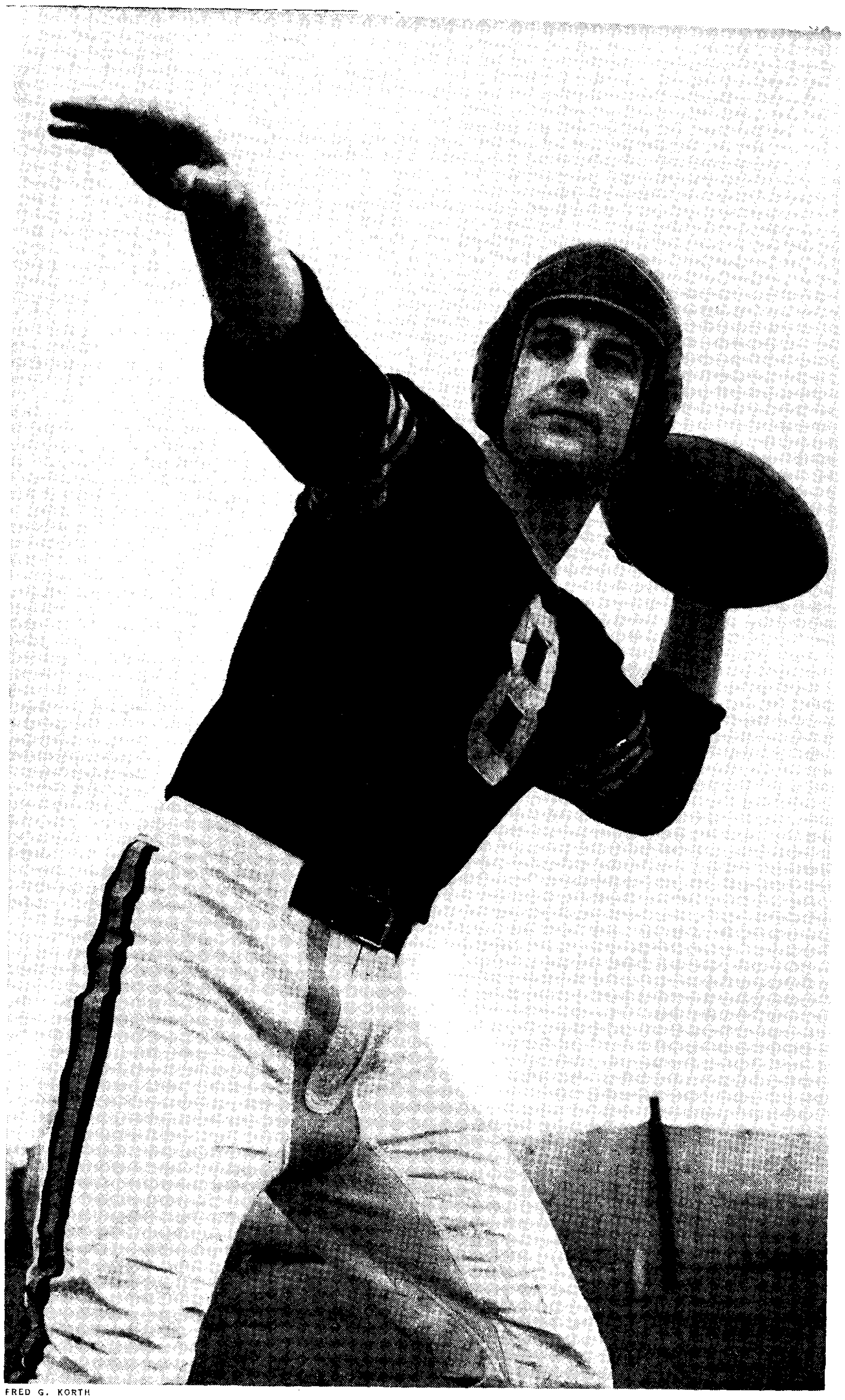
The former Holy Cross star weighs 198 pounds but is no slow-foot. He took a quick one-two step straight ahead toward the center of the line. As the defense converged, he stopped, broke sharply to the left, picked up blocking and went all the way. Few backs can do that well enough to fool an end. Osmanski can.

In recent years, football spectators, writers, radio announcers and even coaches have developed a system mania. A team is successful because it uses this system; unsuccessful because it uses that one. With that kind of thinking I don't agree.

I have been a part of big-time football—college and professional—since 1924, when I played my first game for Michigan. We used the Michigan system, a product of the genius of Fielding H. Yost. It was popularly described as "a punt, a pass and a prayer," because it emphasized the defensive game and capitalized on breaks and opponents' errors.

That, I have always felt, was a misnomer. I believe Yost football was smart, opportunistic. Since he had no power backs, his system was not dependent on brute force. There were no great running backs, no hipper-dipper. But he did have a good passer, a fine kicker and good receivers, along with a solid defense. His system was adapted to the material he had on hand.

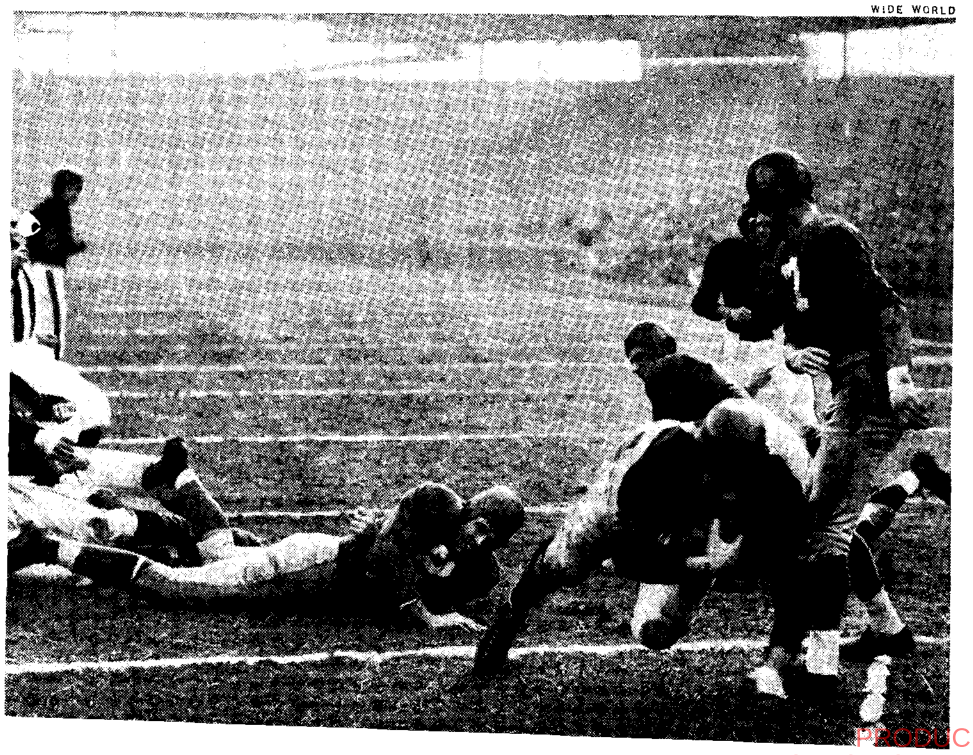
Since my early playing days, I've seen *all* the systems—the Warner double wing, the Rockne, the single wing with its myriad variations, assorted razzle-dazzle, and finally that awesome bit of


FRED G. KORTH

With men like Hugh Gallarneau on a team, any system would be a success. The team could make up its plays in the huddle—and win. Hugh, an ex-Stanford U. star is now with the Chicago Bears

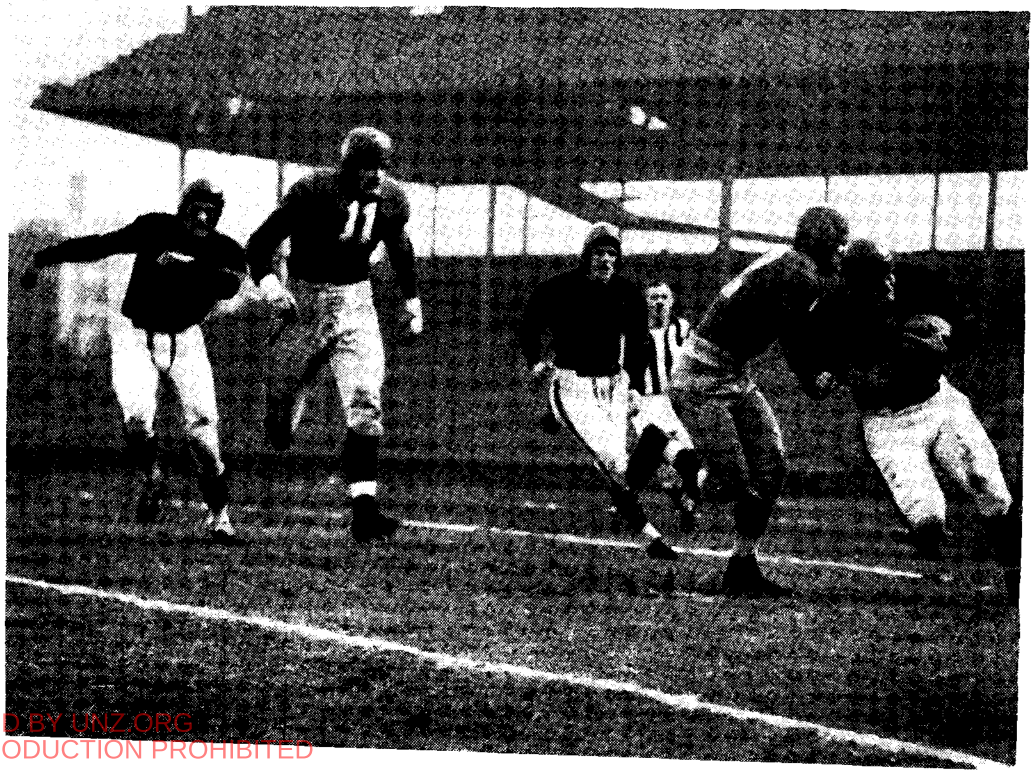
Leaving a string of tacklers sprawling on the turf behind him, Norman Standlee makes a touchdown for the Chicago Bears in their championship game with the New York Giants, at Wrigley Field, Chicago, last December

WIDE WORLD



A run around end in the same game. Bill Osmanski of the Bears is toting the pigskin but he gained only 3 yards. Other players are McLean (57) of the Bears, and Gladchuck (11) of the Giants. The Bears won. Score 37–9

WIDE WORLD



legerdemain, the T formation. Many systems are popularized through the fertile brain of some publicist, just as many All-Americas are so born. Michigan used the man-in-motion during my playing days from a different formation. Not until the drums beat for the Bears did it become famous.

Which system is best? They are all good. Talk to Andy Kerr and he'll praise the Warner double wing. He'll also tell you, as he once did me, that since Danny Fortmann graduated in 1936, he hasn't had a guard who could handle the end. Without Fortmann, his teams slumped badly. Now ferret out a Rockne advocate, give him a pencil and paper, and he'll draw you diagram-happy to prove that his system is something out of this world and that the Warner is as hackneyed as button shoes.

History shows that systems are not static among successful teams. In fact, you will find almost as many systems represented through the years as you will find good teams.

From 1929 to '31, the Green Bay Packers were terrors of the professional league. They won the title three years running. Curly Lambeau had Verne Lewellyn of Nebraska, the best kicker in the league, and excellent ball-carriers in Johnny Blood of Minnesota, Bo Molenda of Michigan and Mac McCrary of Georgia. He had a brilliant quarterback in "Red" Dunn of Marquette. In the line, Mike Michalske was the best guard I've ever seen. Cal Hubbard, the American League umpire, was a whale of a tackle, and Vern Dilweg a capable wing. They had sufficient reserves and intelligent direction. System? They used the Michigan system and the Notre Dame box with a balanced line.

The Mighty Dutch Clark

In 1935, the Detroit Lions were the league kingpins. In Dutch Clark they had one of the all-time quarterbacks. He was smart, one of the best runners and passers in the league and a good kicker. Clark could make defenses play to his tune. They found it difficult to get set in a particular way to stop the Lions, because Ace Gutowsky at fullback was a punishing bucker who would rip opposing lines to shreds if they spread out to stop Clark's passing. That year, the Lions had a great crew of running backs and a murderous line that was seldom outcharged. System? The Lions used a Z formation with the tailback deeper than normal.

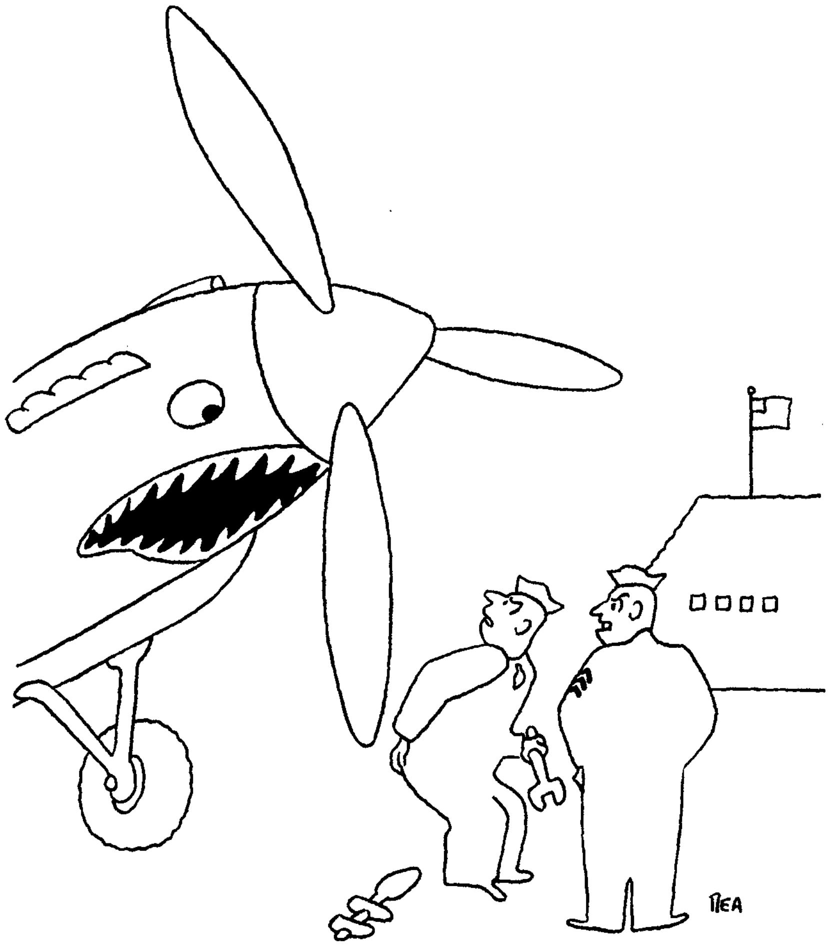
Washington led the parade in 1937. It was almost a duplicate of the Detroit story. Slinging Sammy Baugh's aerial bullets opened up the defenses, and Cliff Battles' running made them condense again. Charley Malone and Ed Justice were good receivers. Turk Edwards pegged the forward wall. At quarterback, Riley Smith was generally unappreciated by the fans, as he was a blocker. But his play-calling was adroit. He was a master at building up incidents. Since his retirement, the Redskins have never been the same.

Smith demonstrated his ability to call sequence plays in an important game with the New York Giants late in the 1937 season. The Eastern division title was at stake. Washington scored early in the first quarter, but the Giants stormed back, and it was a wide-open ball game. The Giants had to deploy in a 5-3-2-1 defense to protect against Baugh's passing. Les Corzine backed up the line on the left, Ward Cuff was at defensive left halfback and Tuffy Leemans in the safety position. Smith condensed the defense with Battles' running and then opened it up on a set pass play. Malone, the right end, moved eight yards downfield, turned and stopped. Justice, from the wing, cut straight out and decoyed to the right. Baugh took the ball from center with a lead to the right, moved three steps, stopped and fired downfield at Malone's chest.

Corzine, Cuff and Leemans began playing ball, piling into Malone as soon as he caught it. They edged over for a possible interception. Smith worked the play five times for short gains moving to the New York 42-yard line.

On the sixth shot, Baugh made his regular motion to pass to Malone. Corzine left Justice, the wing back, and along with Cuff and Leemans converged on Malone. Baugh took the ball, aimed at Malone and followed through. But he never let the ball go!

With the Giants sucked out of position, Justice kept on going to the right and circled behind the defenders. Baugh pulled back his arm and pitched a soft, lofted pass to Justice behind the Giant secondary. Ed snared it on the 20 and scored. The play demoralized the Giants, and the Redskins won, 49-14. System? The Washington Redskins use an orthodox Z with the tailback and fullback on a line.



"Don't be silly. If anything bit you, it was probably a mosquito"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

Making the System Work

Then came the T era, and the publicity bugles blared fortissimo. There was nothing new about the T. George Halas used it as far back as 1922 when the National Football League was in its infancy. Yet the Bears did not win a championship with it until 1932—10 years later! During that period, three quarters of the football teams in the nation used either the Rockne or the Warner system.

Halas stuck to the T because he believed in it, just as Rockne and Warner believed in their formations. He added new embellishments through the years and finally rounded up the talent to make it work. He knew that it would take more than one star, for even with the incomparable Bronko Nagurski murdering opposing lines, his teams had been only moderately successful.

Halas labored at building personnel. He drafted men who would fit into the T scheme. His real find was Sid Luckman, from Columbia, who had everything a Halas quarterback needs. He could handle the ball, as he did on every play; he had rare football intelligence and he was one of the great passers of football history. Luckman spent hours mastering the more than three hundred plays Halas devised. He knew every player's job and was a veritable fund of football knowledge.

The supporting backs—Ray Nolting, George McAfee, Bill Osmanski, Joe Maniaci, Gary Famiglietti, Jack Manders and others were first rate. But still Halas was not satisfied. After his team had crushed the Redskins at Washington in 1940, he knocked off the prize packages of the year at the league draft meeting. He had made deals with Philadelphia and Pittsburgh whereby he could purchase their first choices in the draft. Philadelphia took Tommy Harmon, who gave up football. Pittsburgh took Norman Standlee of Stanford, the 230-pound fullback who ran like a tailback.

This was the man Halas wanted because he had been trained in the T at Stanford by Clark Shaughnessy, who had taken an undefeated team into the Rose Bowl and defeated Nebraska. Standlee's running mate had been Hugh Gallarneau, a 190-pound speedster. Halas got them both, men so finished as players that they could push Osmanski and Nolting of the famous team into the shade. With that material, any system would have worked.

Those who held that it was not the T but manpower which made the Bears tick, pointed to Stanford. Whereas the year before, Shaughnessy had been the cynosure of all eyes, the coach of the year, his Pacific Coast favorites lost three games in '41 to the astonishment of the football world. Frank Albert was still at quarterback and Pete Kmetovic at halfback but there were bugs in the Indian machine. Mainsprings Standlee and Gallarneau were missed.

Shaughnessy's teams at the University of Chicago in '38 and '39 used the T system and were so bad that the university finally gave up football. Spectators at Chicago games would cry in horror, "What the heck kind of offense is that?" The man-in-motion caused many an observer to remark pithily that "the guy running by himself certainly isn't helping that team any."

Harry Kipke had great teams at Michigan as long as he had the material. When it failed to show up, they began to take a whacking. Kipke went out, and Fritz Crisler came in. Crisler was greeted by such as Tommy Harmon, Evashevski, Heikkinen, Frutig, Fritz, Kodros, and Paul Kromer. Bob Westfall came along a year later. Change in system? No, but look at that material.

Personnel—that's the secret of football success. Bob Zuppke was a genius when he had Red Grange, Earl Britton, Jim MacMillen and McIlwaine. His system didn't change. But he never saw that type of material again. Dick Harlow waited several years for material at Harvard before he started to produce good teams. Change his system? Certainly not. He simply waited for the proper tools to utilize it.

How Coaches Lose Their Jobs

Francis Schmidt's razzle-dazzle had them gaga at Ohio State when he had Stan Pincura, Tippy Dye, Frank Boucher, Dick Heekin, John Kabealo and Buzz Wetzel in the backfield, and Gomer Jones, Regis Monahan, Inwood Smith, Charley Hamrick and Merle Wendt up front. When the material grew shoddy, Schmidt lost his job. Jimmy Phelan was on the skids at Washington until he hustled his Huskies into the Rose Bowl in 1938, and had he landed that kind of material last year, he might have averted the ax.

This is no attempt to belittle coaching. Naturally, a team has to have intelligence as well as a solid background in fundamentals. Minnesota, before Bernie Bierman, was noted for its power but had a reputation for stupid direction. I thought it particularly justified in our Michigan team's second game with them in 1926.

The Gophers were big, strong, tough and bursting with power. They chugged up and down the field, amassing huge yardage but scoring no points. As soon as they hit our 20-yard line, they dropped the running game and passed. I kept asking myself why they didn't keep on running. The one time they did, Herb Joesting, their great fullback, scored, but they failed to kick the extra point.

They threw eight passes. We knocked one down, intercepted seven. When we got the ball, we punted and let them work against our kicking yardage. Minnesota made 19 first downs; Michigan two. They gained 331 yards from scrimmage; we gained 29. Michigan won when Bennie Oosterbaan nailed a Minnesota fumble in the final quarter and ran half the length of the field for a touchdown. We converted and that was the ball game.

I think Fred Thomsen, coach at Arkansas, summed it up right at a coaches' convention. As an introductory remark to a talk on forward passing, he said, "I'd like to have you fellows think of me not as the coach of the Arkansas team this year but as the coach of the Arkansas team last year when I had those great passers Dwight Sloan and Jack Robbins, and those fine ends, Jim Benton and Ray Hamilton—because, fellows, you've just got to have material!" ★★★

An Apple for Eve

By Kathleen Norris

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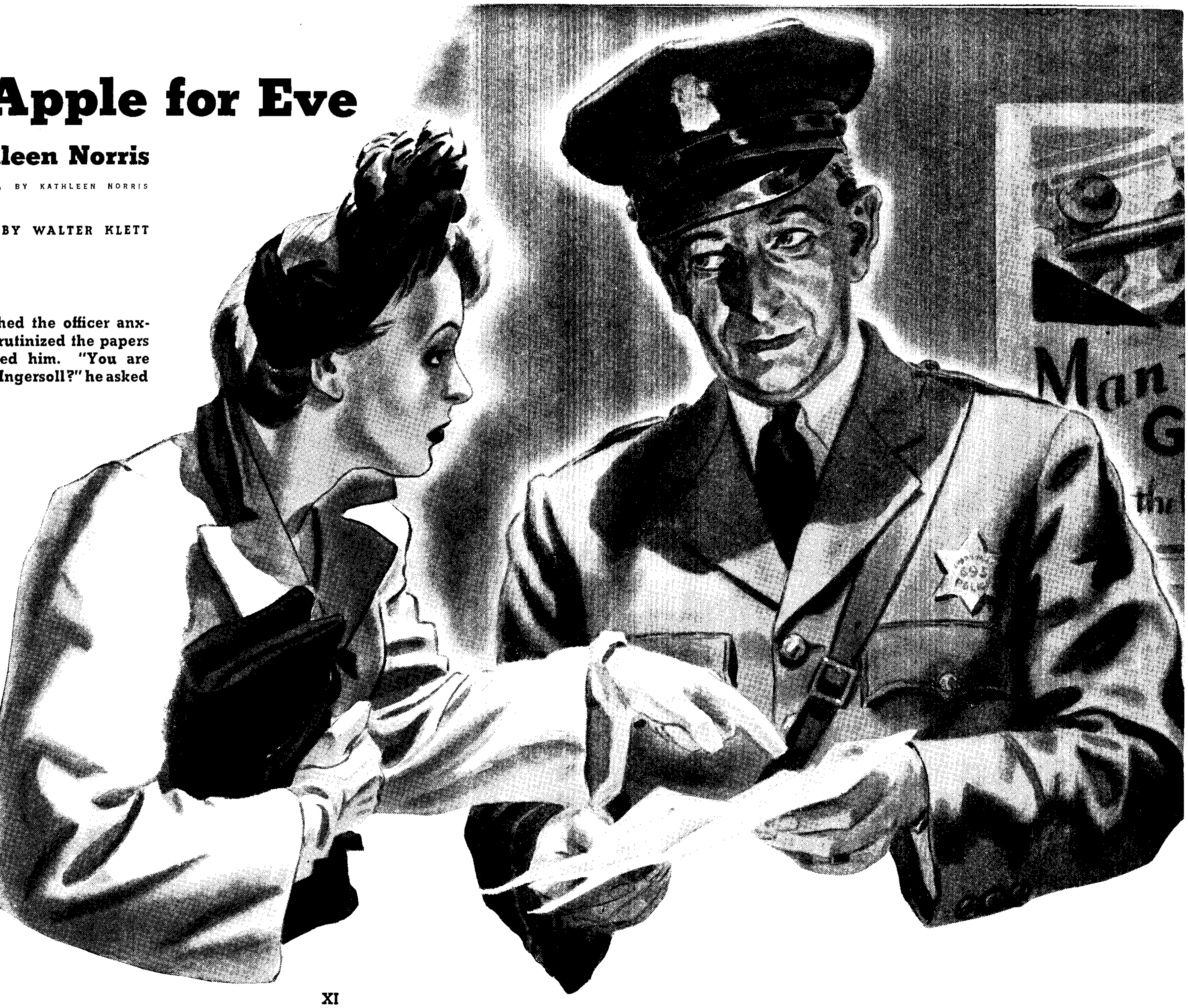
ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER KLETT



Loveday watched the officer anxiously as he scrutinized the papers she had handed him. "You are Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll?" he asked

The Story Thus Far:

SEARCHERS having failed to find little Hugh Gurney, lost near his home in California, his grandfather, a wealthy physician, offers a reward of one thousand dollars for anything throwing light on the lad's disappearance. Months later, Al Harris, a hospital orderly, finds what *appears* to be the child's body; and he gets the thousand dollars.

Meanwhile, Hugh's mother has borne another child—a girl. When this second child—Loveday—is quite young, her grandfather dies, and no one can find any trace of the fortune he is known to have left!

The years pass. When Loveday is almost twenty-one, she marries a young man from Bakersfield, "Larry" Ingersoll. . . . Among Loveday's friends is Dr. Marc Villard, who believes that he is a Frenchman. But it is presently discovered—after Loveday has become the mother of several children—that he is, in reality, *Hugh Gurney!* He had, it appears, been kidnaped, taken to France and, later, brought back to this country.

But what about the body found by Al Harris? Hugh interviews the man (who can throw no light on the matter); after which, he sets forth to find Delia Dillon (once employed by the Gurneys), who, he feels sure, can give him some invaluable "leads." . . .

Larry is a poor husband. Desperate, because he cannot support his little family, and jealous of another man—"Chris" St. George, a noted playwright, who has fallen in love with Loveday—he finally enlists in the Canadian Air Force, which soon permits him to transfer to our own service.

No sooner has Larry left than Chris implores Loveday to secure a divorce and marry him. Opposed to the idea of divorce, Loveday will make no promises; and Chris—feeling that she does not really love him, although she says she does—tells her goodby.

Then Hugh arrives. He brings with him a mysterious black box. He tells Loveday that he has found Delia Dillon; and that the box undoubtedly contains the missing fortune. With trembling hands he pries open the top. As he does so, both he and Loveday are breathless with excitement.

XI

THE box was almost filled, but not with money. In it were bundles of old letters, tied with tape, old blank books, two or three shabby diaries of different shapes and sizes.

Loveday's and Hugh's fingers explored the mass. They turned up more letters, papers, books. Everything was in order. Slips of paper tied in with the letters gave some idea of their age and contents.

"Diary of Martha Loveday Fry, 1845-1872." "Letters of Eliz. Gurney Halliwell to her mother, Catherine Gurney." "War Diary of Samuel Joshua Freeman." "Alice Freeman's Account of a Journey 'Round the Horn in the ship 'Alieora,' 1849."

"No money, Hugh." Loveday looked at him blankly. The box was lined with wallpaper. There were weather streaks through it here and there. There were no pockets, crevices, thickened spaces.

Hugh's color and animation had faded as if wiped away by an erasing sponge. He spoke in a whisper as if it was difficult for him to frame the words:

"It *had* to be here!"

Her hands were still slowly churning through the papers. Her brother's consternation frightened her. For the first time Loveday realized how much this quest had meant to him.

"Oh, I'm sorry!" she said.

"It meant—it meant big sunny rooms for kids and specialists to study them and help them," Hugh said slowly, as if talking to himself. "It meant long gardens, reaching down from here to the highway; slides and swings and lawns for them to play on. He wanted it so! It's not fair that just a physical thing—an accident—when he was old, should affect his mind, change him, rob them of everything he planned to do! I've thought—I've thought ever since I knew who I was, Loveday, and what he was to me, that that was what my life was meant for—that the disappointments didn't matter—Nini—everything—"

Loveday was stricken silent; she had never seen him so stirred. She could only look at him stupidly, wondering at the depth of passion that lay underneath his usual cheerful manner.

HIS voice thickened and his face worked spasmodically. He got up and walked to the window, staring out at the winter garden and the somber, fog-wreathed trees. The children looked at him, awed and fascinated.

After a moment she went to stand beside him.

"It doesn't mean that the money isn't somewhere still, that we won't find it after all! We're no worse off than we were."

"Oh, no, no," he said, quite unashamedly wiping his eyes. "This was my last hope—Delia Dillon. When she told me, when I telephoned her Thursday, that there was an old box of papers, I was so sure!"

"Perhaps there's another box."

"No, there's no other."

"But, Hugh, the money is somewhere. In a few days," Loveday said, anxiously, rubbing her cheek against his sleeve, "you'll be talking clues and leads again, and you'll be on a fresh trail. Money just doesn't vanish. If Grandfather was queer enough to hide this one, he was queer enough to hide another! We'll find another clue."

But even as she said it she thought, "Money does vanish; it's about the quickest thing in the world to vanish, one way or another."

"It could have been stolen," he said; "it could have been put into some bank under another name, some name he made up when his poor twisted mind thought it was so smart that it could outwit anyone. But the chances are that it was thrown away, buried in some damp hole where it would rot, stuck up some chimney or down some culvert—well, there go my dreams! I think I'll take a walk," he broke off suddenly, "I think I'll try to walk some of this off."

"I'll keep lunch hot for you," Loveday said.

"No; don't do that. I had a late breakfast. Chris here?" Hugh asked, glancing about.

Loveday had for a few minutes completely forgotten Chris.

"No. No; he's not," she said, swallowing.

"I thought he came over most Sundays?"

"Well, he did. He does." She smiled gallantly, and Hugh without comment went off for his walk.

The rumpled wrappings of the box were lying on the library floor; she and the children gathered them together and carried them away. The box she lifted

(Continued on page 69)

It Ain't Gonna Rain No More

Continued from page 20

until one day about noontime we seen some people ahead of us on the prairie and a stack of raw pine lumber by the railroad siding.

"What's that?" Maw asked.

"That there is Nadine, Kansas," Pop says. "Nice town, ain't it?"

"Town!" Maw says, and sniffs.

"It aims to be," Pop says. "Reckon we just as well pause there a bit."

The promoters was right glad to see us and they showed us the way to a town lot and give Pop a deed. So we had the first house in Nadine.

After a while, Pop jacked up the house and put on a set of solid wood wheels thick as your head.

There in Nadine, Maw just set in her rocker all day long. She'd cook breakfast and sweep out and then she'd set and rock, and she'd cook dinner and wash up and go back to the rocker and she'd set there until it was time to put supper on the fire. Pop began to get jumpy and I'd catch him looking at her kind of funny, and one day he says, "All right, Maw. We're fixing to roll, but don't you start to fuss. I tell you what we're going to do this time. We ain't even going to foller the railroad. We're going to head upriver, and when we find a farm that pleasures you we'll just take and buy it. We got plenty of cash money."

WHEN he said we aimed to leave the railroad Maw give him a smile and the next morning we started rolling, with me and Pop walking with the house and Maw up ahead in the buggy. We left the railroad behind and camped nights on the prairie, and I thought that was a fine way to live, and so did my Pop. But not my Maw.

She'd ride ahead in the buggy and wait for us to catch up, and every now and then she'd point out a patch of land that would be a nice place to put the house. But Pop never could see it. So we kept a-going until we hit a river, and once in a while we'd see a side-wheeler making way up the narrow channel. Pop told me they had begun to navigate the river pretty far up, when there was water enough, and floated the crops downriver to market.

But I remember the day I seen that buggy coming back down the road toward us. The horse was galloping and Maw's sunbonnet had blowed off her head in the wind and was hanging by the strap around her chin.

"Listen here, James P. Anderson," she says. "You knowed about it all the time, didn't you? You knowed it was there, just around the bend in the river?"

"Is it just around the bend?" Pop says, real innocent.

So that's how we come to Queen City, Kansas, and that's how we happened to have the first house set up in Queen City and got a fine town lot on the river bank for a prize. But Maw was boiling.

"All this time you just led me on," she said. "You knowed where we was bound all the time."

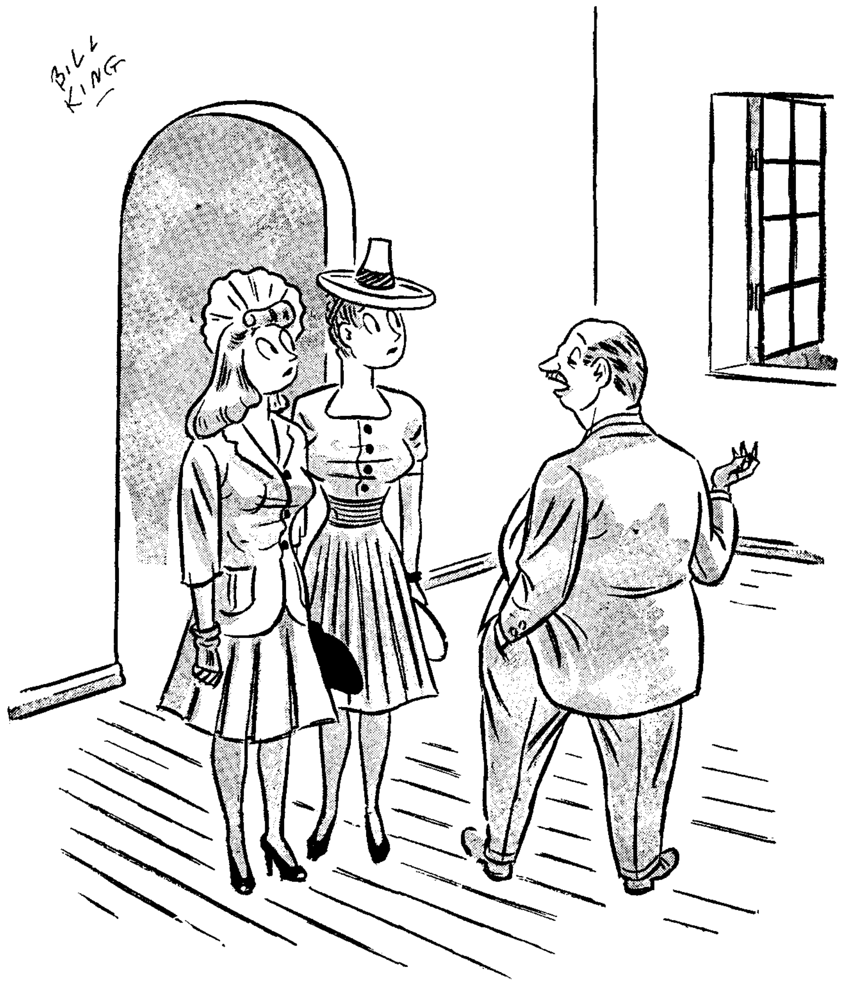
"But it's right on the road," Pop says. "We'll just stop here a spell and then we'll sell the lot and move on."

"Oh, no we won't!" says Maw. "We're here and here we're going to stay. The deed to this here lot's going to be in *my* name. And tomorrow morning you're setting to work and build me a henhouse. You hear?"

Pop give her a quick look, then he nodded his head. "First thing in the morning," he promised. "Yes, sir, I'll build you a fine henhouse, and you get the deed. . . ."

Sure enough, the next morning he set to work on the henhouse and when he'd finished, Maw told him he'd have to take the house off them wheels and he done it. But he was pretty low and it was him just set around the house for a bit, not saying much, just figuring and reading the newspapers when they come up on the river boat. One day he says to me he sees where the senator from Illinois had put in a bill to spend ten thousand dollars on rain-making experiments. The papers thought it was a big joke, but my Pop didn't. He began to talk a lot about old man Dyrenforth.

The Congress had voted the ten thousand dollars, and old Mr. Dyrenforth was down in Texas, fixing to make rain. He had a couple of balloonists and some rackarock powder and some dynamite, and a set of amateur rain makers. One was a feller who had wrote a book about battles causing rain, and Pop began to tell me how the Battle of Waterloo brung on a big rain from the cannonfire in 1815. Some people claimed that rain followed a forest fire and Pop told me that when the Lord give rain for Elijah in the Bible there was a big fire first. A big explosion would do the same thing as a big fire, he said.



"You'll have all conveniences here—stores near by, movie on the corner, the bus passes the door, and the Navy Yard is just down the street"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

POP followered what the papers said about old man Dyrenforth and the experiments. There hadn't been a speck of rain in Kansas since they laid out Queen City, and a town upriver had offered a prize to anybody who could bring on rain. I reckon Pop had that prize in mind all the time, when he was reading about old man Dyrenforth.

Of course we didn't see it in the paper until a week or ten days after it happened, but on the night of August 26th they sent up five balloons down in Texas and exploded them high in the air by some kind of electricity. Then they set off two hundred pounds of rackarock powder and a hundred and fifty pounds of dynamite on the ground. And it said so in the paper that by three in the morning there was clouds in the west and by four o'clock it come on a rain and lasted through to 8 A. M.

THAT was enough for Pop. Men who claimed to know wrote in the paper that the experiments didn't prove a thing, and some said it had already begun to rain when the balloons exploded. But Pop never had a doubt.

"I see just one thing wrong with it, Bertie," he told me. "Old man Dyrenforth had to wait until conditions was just right. Seems to me if you're going to be a rain maker you got to make conditions right yourself. I heard tell once . . ." He went off into thinking.

"Bertie," he says a long time later, "I got an idea."

It was a secondhand idea, sure, but Pop improved on it. He got in the buggy next day and took a trip downriver and he brung a lot of contrivances back with him, and put 'em in the henhouse.

What he had out there was some plates of zinc and some sulphuric acid. He told me what he aimed to do.

"Like I said, Bertie, if you want to make rain you got to have conditions right, and the thing to do is to make 'em right in the first place. Now listen here, I'm going to take and pour this sulphuric acid on the zinc and it's going to give off hydrogen. The hydrogen will float up yonder and mix with the oxygen and make water, and then we'll make a big explosion and bring it down in rain."

I guess I had a funny look, because he said, "This here is scientific, Bertie, and maybe you're too young to figger it out. You just wait and see."

Well, we tried it out that night. There was a couple dozen houses in Queen City by then and Pop figured he'd better not set off no dynamite, but we poured this here acid on the zinc plates over by the creek and then we set down to wait. I must have fell asleep, because I jumped up when something wet hit my face and there was Pop hopping around and yelling and sure enough, it had come on a shower. It didn't last long, but it was a shower, sure as heck.

In the morning Pop got a piece of canvas and painted a sign on it. It was *J. Pettigrew Anderson, Rain Maker,* and it looked mighty fine painted in red on that strip of canvas.

Pop couldn't rest until he'd started making rain on a county-wide scale, and the next day he put me in the buggy and we drove upriver to Jubilee. The Chamber of Commerce had give out that they'd pay a thousand dollars cash to anybody could bring on rain.

Pop went to the bank and talked to a feller who was president of the Chamber of Commerce. His name was Wanamaker and he was president of the bank, too. He had a sad look, because crops had sure enough gone to pot and the banking business with it, and when Pop asked him if the thousand-dollar prize still stood, he said it did but he didn't have much hopes. There was an old lady been working on it for a week, he said, but there hadn't even been a cloud.

WE SEEN the old lady, setting down on the bank of the river, near the steamboat landing. She had a willow switch in her hand and she was waving it and whispering something as she set there in a rocking chair with a pink sunshade over her head. Pop looked at her and give his head a shake.

"You chase that old lady off and I'll be here next week," he told Mr. Wanamaker. "I'll be here first of the week and I'll make you some rain. You just as well have that thousand dollars handy."

Riding home Pop says to me, "Bertie, you take that old lady setting on the river bank. She's setting there, trying to make rain, with a pink sunshade over her head. That ain't no way to build up faith in her powers, holding up a sunshade."

So when Pop and me started out for Jubilee to make rain, Pop carried an umbrella and he had a poncho he'd bought off a cowboy. He made me take along my rubber boots.

In the back of the buggy we had a couple carboys of sulphuric acid, and we had the zinc plates and a big box of dynamite. And of course he had hung that sign on the side of the buggy: *J. Pettigrew Anderson, Rain Maker.*

When we got to Jubilee, Pop picked up the umbrella and put the poncho over his arm and walked into the bank. He had a way of giving off confidence, and Mr. Wanamaker looked at the poncho and the umbrella and he didn't laugh. What he did was declare a bank holiday and shut up shop, and everybody strung along after Pop and me.

Pop had it all figured out. He didn't have no balloons like old man Dyrenforth, but he aimed to get up just as close to the sky as he could to set off his dynamite. There was a pretty good rise about a mile from town, and he figured we'd set up shop on the top of it,

THE SUN
NEVER SETS
ON THE
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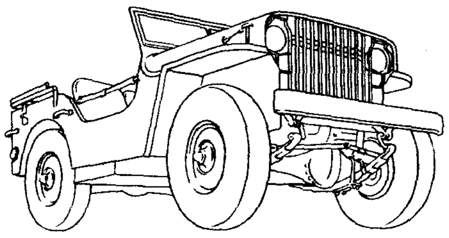

U. S. ARMY JEEP

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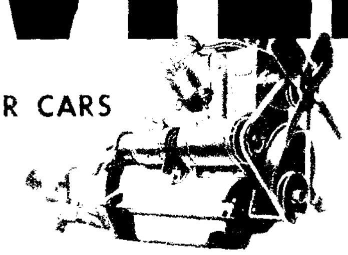
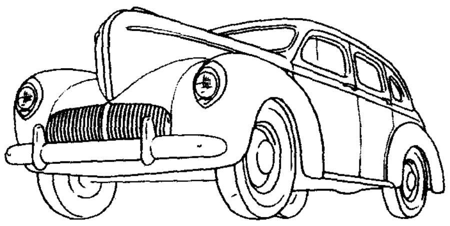
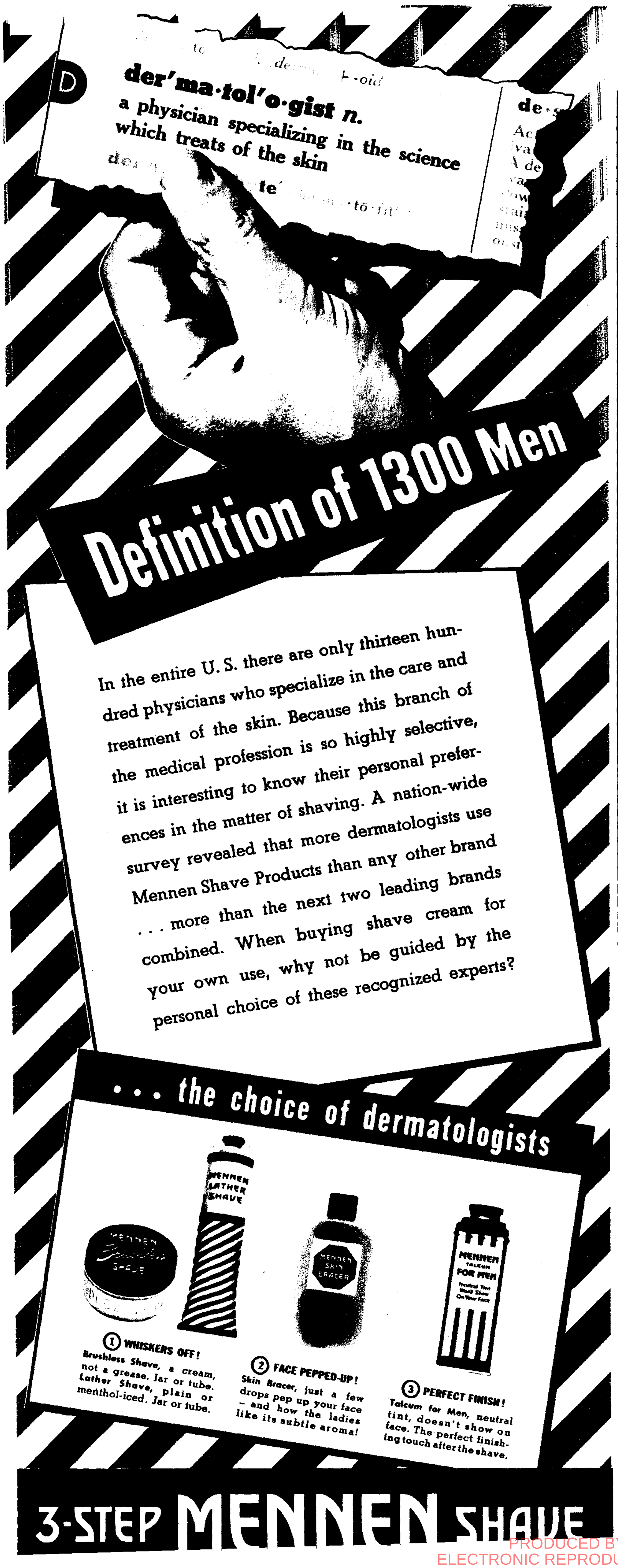




AMERICAR—*the* People's Car

***THE GO-DEVIL ENGINE*—power-heart of WILLYS CARS and all JEEPS**



der'ma·tol'o·gist *n.* a physician specializing in the science which treats of the skin

Definition of 1300 Men

In the entire U. S. there are only thirteen hundred physicians who specialize in the care and treatment of the skin. Because this branch of the medical profession is so highly selective, it is interesting to know their personal preferences in the matter of shaving. A nation-wide survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. When buying shave cream for your own use, why not be guided by the personal choice of these recognized experts?

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② **FACE PEPPED-UP!** **Skin Bracer,** just a few drops pep up your face — and how the ladies like its subtle aroma!

③ **PERFECT FINISH!** **Talcum for Men,** neutral tint, doesn't show on face. The perfect finishing touch after the shave.

3-STEP MENNEN SHAVE

so we drove over in the buggy, with a crowd follering along behind.

Pop got a man with a mule team to haul him some planks, and he built a kind of platform there on top of the hill. I helped him knock it together, about six feet off the ground, and I helped him stack the dynamite on top of it. There was better than a hunderd pounds of it.

Old man Wanamaker was sure doubtful about that dynamite. He kept walking around, looking at Pop and looking at the dynamite, and Pop told him to rest easy, that he aimed to wait until sundown to start making rain. He didn't want the sun evaporating any of that H_2O after he'd mixed it up yonder.

At sundown we laid out the zinc plates and Pop called a couple of fellers to help carry the sulphuric acid over. It was plenty heavy. And just when the sun sank out of sight he begun to pour the acid on the zinc. There was a moon, and it begun to brighten up as soon as the sun went down. There was plenty of stars, too, and you couldn't see a cloud anywhere.

WHEN Pop was done pouring the acid we had kind of a time clearing everybody off the hill so we could set off the dynamite. Pop done it, and he sent me with Mr. Wanamaker down to the foot of the hill, where there was a gully to take shelter in.

Mr. Wanamaker was pretty fidgety and he said to me, "Your Pop ever do this before, boy?"

"Sure," I said. "He brung on a little shower last week."

Just then Pop touched off the charge. I never seen anything like the flash and fire of it, fanning out there on the hilltop like a pinwheel. It shook the ground and rattled your teeth and I heard people yelling and Mr. Wanamaker's horse bolted right into the gully and upset Mr. Wanamaker's surrey. He went after the horse and was trying to gentle it and saying something pretty nasty under his breath at the same time, then Pop showed up, cool as you please. His eyebrows was kind of singed off and I seen he wouldn't have any need of his mustache cup for quite a spell, but he was all in one whole piece and just as confident as Elijah himself.

"Bertie," he says. "Where in heck did you put my umbrella?"

Mr. Wanamaker was yelling for help with his horse, and Pop sent me. He said he had to get back up on the hill and watch for clouds.

Well, we got the horse quieted down at last, and hitched him to the sycamore tree, then we went on up the rise after Pop. We found him setting on a big rock, looking at the sky. There wasn't a cloud in sight and the moon was up there bright and peaceful and the stars winked away at us.

We just set there, watching the sky, and after a while I went to sleep. I woke up once and seen that Mr. Wanamaker had gone and Pop was there alone, setting on the rock. There still wasn't a cloud.

Pop shook me awake in the morning and says, "Reckon we better go on into town and get some vittles."

A colored boy was just sweeping out the hotel and Pop asked him could he get us some breakfast. We went and sat in the dining room, near a window, and Pop didn't say much. He kept shaking his head and looking up at the sky, where the sun was shining.

The boy had already brung some fried eggs and biscuits when Mr. Wanamaker come running in. "Look here," he says, "we just got something on the telegraph. Listen to this. . . . 'Heavy rain here. Congratulate rain maker.' " Mr. Wanamaker give my Pop a steady look. "That there's from Nadine."

"That's a funny thing," Pop says, and looked out the window.

"Here's another one." Mr. Wanamaker took it out of his pocket. "From Goshen. . . . 'Having deluge. Great work.' "

"South of here," Pop says. "Both south of here. Bertie, was that a north wind last night?"

I thought a minute. "I believe it was, Pop."

"It looks like I missed my calculations," Pop says. "What do you know!"

Mr. Wanamaker kind of choked, and out the window I seen a man with sleeve garters on, running toward the hotel. He had an eyeshade kind of pushed sideways on his forehead and he had the look of a man running to get in out of the rain, but of course that sun was baking down.

He came busting into the room and I seen he was the telegraph operator. He handed a couple of messages to Mr. Wanamaker, who, after he had read one, passed it on to Pop. I looked over his shoulder and it said, *Had enough rain here. Please turn it off.* It come from Arabella, way down south. Then Mr. Wanamaker passed over the other message and it said, *Call off rain maker. Cloudburst here. Town washing away.* That telegram come from Queen City, our home town. That is, our latest home town.

Pop looked at it and kind of blinked his eyes, and then he said, real slow, "Son, we better go home and see how your Maw is."

Pop didn't say nothing about the thousand dollars. We left Mr. Wanamaker standing there with the sun in his eyes and we went out and got in the buggy.

"I guess a man hadn't ought to tinker," Pop says, and he brung the whip down on the mare's rump. "A man hadn't ought to tinker until he's got it worked out right."

We was bowling along the river road and the soil was dry as sand. "I made that rain," Pop said. "But I sure didn't put it down where I aimed it."

WE DROVE on five miles, and all of a sudden the road was muddy. Pop grunted. "They won't pay me that thousand dollars, fer a fact, and I reckon it'd be no use to send a bill to all them other towns. Reckon they'd pay me to stay away."

There was near mud enough to bog the buggy, but it had stopped raining down that way. We could see clear and, when we turned the bend in the river this side of Queen City, Pop couldn't say a word. He couldn't open his mouth. There was water window-high in the town, and people had run up to higher ground. We drove up in the buggy and the town was in a lake down below.

"Anderson, you ought to be put in jail," a man shouted. He was setting on his rooftop down there with a little spotted shoat in his arms. "Man, look what you done! You ought to be locked up."

I hadn't begun to worry about Maw, because it hadn't come to me what had happened, but Pop had seen it already. The water had come charging down that rock-bottomed creek behind our house and it had overflowed its banks and flooded the town and washed our house away. It had washed our movable house away!

Pop says real low, "Where's my house at?"

Some woman piped up, "I seen it floating downriver, couple of hours ago. It washed right down the creek into the river."

Pop wet his lips and looked at me, and his eyes sure scared me. "You see my wife?" he asked the woman.

"I seen her take your yoke of oxen and start out first thing this morning," the woman says. "She set out pretty early before that cloud busted."

"Then she's all right," Pop says.

"She's all right. She was headed west, away from the river."

Pop reached down and patted my knee, and I felt a lot better. Then he brung the buggy whip down on the mare's rump and says, "We better look after that house."

We high-tailed it downriver.

"I ain't going to tinker no more," Pop kept saying. "I swear I won't never tinker with nature again."

The road was pretty high and we could see the river most of the time, except when the woods was thick. All that water that had flowed into it from the creek, and from all the other creeks that had been flooded over, was already beginning to run off and the current had slowed considerable.

The mare was all over foam and wheezing bad when we come on the house, resting on a sloping claybank where high water had left it, and only about a quarter of it under water. We hopped out of the buggy and skinned down the bank.

"It's a miracle," Pop says. "It's a plain miracle."

He stood there on the claybank grinning, and he give my shoulder a slap. "Bertie, what do you think of that there sycamore tree?"

I looked at the tree and Pop says, "What do you say we chop her down? We'll saw her into sections and make us some rollers, like we done before, and we'll roll her right up the bank and claim a town lot. Yonder is a new townsite."

It was the first time I noticed it. There was some little wet pennants hanging limp to mark the streets and there was a couple houses halfway built.

"Ain't it a miracle?" Pop says. "All we got to do is roll her up yonder and claim the prize. Them other houses ain't near finished yet. Bertie, wade into the house and see if you can find that ax."

So I went in and found the ax and the crosscut saw and we started to work on that sycamore tree. We chopped her down and sawed her into sections and we was trimming them rollers when he heard somebody say, "What are you fixing to do?"

There was Maw up on the riverbank, setting in a borrowed buggy. I run up the bank to greet her, but Pop just leaned on his ax down below, with the proudest grin I ever seen.

"Maybe you noticed we had a little shower?" he says. "Yes, sir, maybe you noticed I brung on a little shower and floated this here house right down to the new townsite."

"You won't win no prize with that house," Maw says, and she sort of sniffed. "That ain't your house."

That stopped Pop for a minute, but his grin didn't fade all the way off. He says real slow, "Well, I suppose when I give you the deed to the lot, the house done went with it, and of course you're welcome to the prize, Maw. We'll put the new lot in your name."

"It ain't either my house," Maw says, and it was her was grinning. "I sold the house and lot a couple days ago, when you was so busy with your plans to control the elements. I sold the house and lot and put the money down on a farm. I didn't sell the henhouse, though, and I see you tried to trick me, Mr. J. Pettigrew Anderson."

"Trick *you!*" Pop stared at her, and dropped the ax and looked at them sycamore logs we done so much work on.

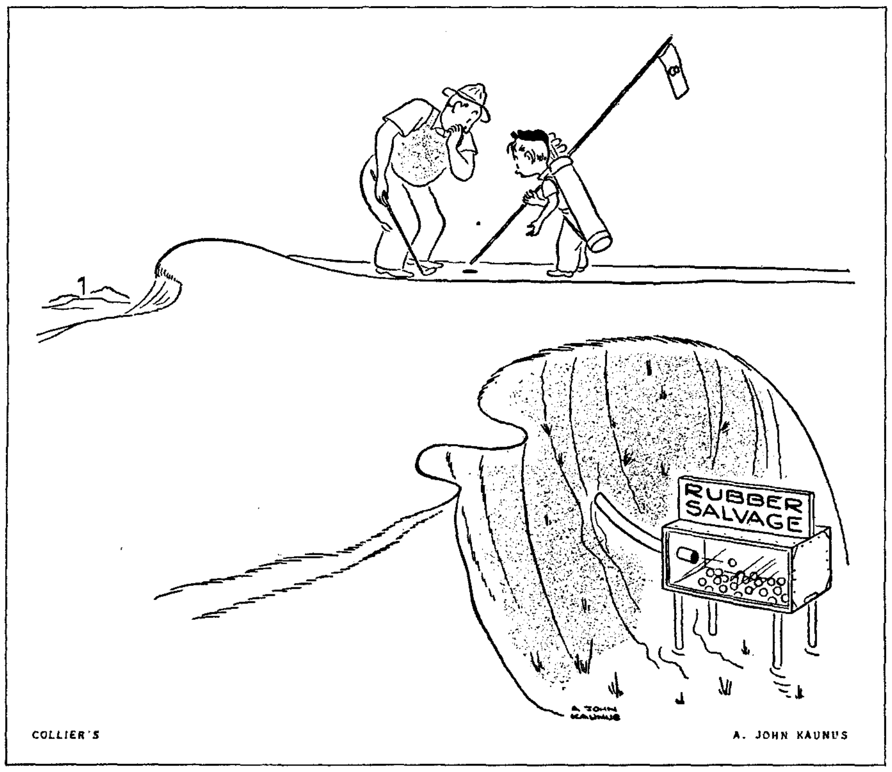
"I see you built that henhouse with an axle on it," Maw says. "Well, all right, I just put some wheels on it and I yoked up the oxen and moved it out to our new farm, chickens and all, and we're ready to settle down and go to farming."

POP stood looking up at her a minute, and he didn't say a word. He picked up the ax and the saw and climbed up the bank and put them in the back of the buggy. Then he got in the seat beside Maw. She told me to follow along in the other buggy and she give a little cluck to the horse and we started off for our new farm, and Pop never said a word.

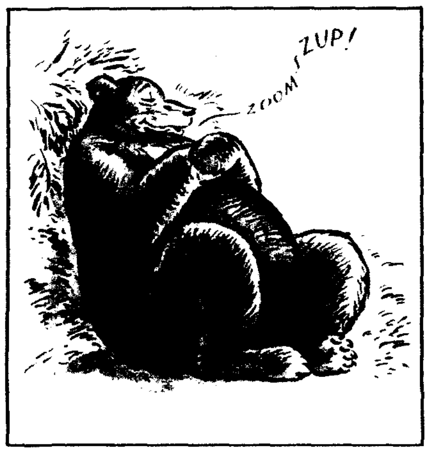
You know, Maw always said that Pop had the makings of a good dirt farmer, and it proved out she was right. Once she'd made him settle down to it, that was. Of course she couldn't make him stop tinkering altogether, but he'd promised to let nature be. Sometimes he'd look mighty mournful when the south winds was burning the tassels off the corn and you'd know he was wishing he could try and bring on a shower, but he kept his promise.

Pop liked to farm, too, when he got down to it, but then again he'd get to wondering whatever happened to that old movable house. Feller Maw sold it to hauled it up to that townsite and won the prize, sure enough, and then you know what he done? He put some wheels on it and hauled it off to another new town. That's the last we heard of it, and for all I know it may be still a-rolling.

THE END



1. A bear has a pretty nice life. He never works, pays taxes, worries about the war, or wishes he dared drink a second cup of coffee. This lucky Mr. Bruin just wanders around, eating whatever it is he likes to eat, and—



2. When he wants to sleep, he sleeps . . . a long time. If the caffein in coffee keeps your husband awake, we bet he'd agree that this is the best part about being a bear, just being able to go to sleep when he wants to.

3. For your husband *does* work, and pay taxes, and worry about the war, and he needs to relax instead of belting his system with coffee containing caffein. He knows he shouldn't drink coffee, but he loves it, and can't resist.

CUCKOO-CUCKOO

4. So he tosses and turns far past the witching hour. Should he give up coffee? Not if *you're* smart! You'll simply start serving him Sanka Coffee, the *real* coffee that is 97% caffein-free, and *can't* keep anyone awake!

5. Sanka Coffee has had 97% of its caffein removed, *without* removing *any* of the delicious flavor or aroma. And *what* flavor . . . *what* aroma! Sanka Coffee is a blend of fine coffees, it is *all* coffee, *nothing but* coffee!

6. Why wait any longer to let your husband start enjoying this mouth-watering coffee? He can drink it, (so can you), and still sleep like a bear. Get Sanka Coffee today! For Sanka at its best, follow directions carefully.

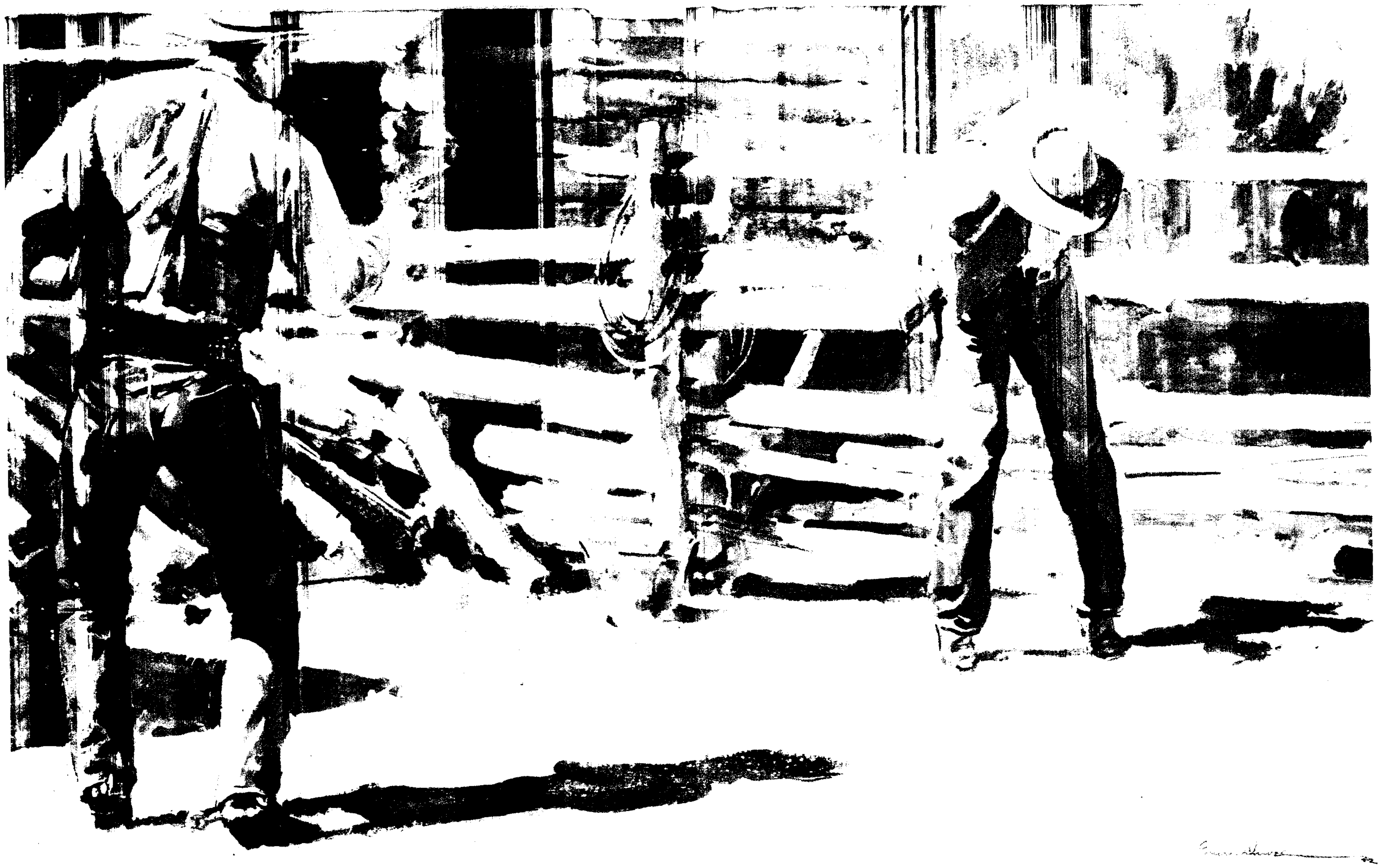
SANKA
COFFEE

"Drip" or "Regular" grind—vacuum packed in glass or tin.

DRIP GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE
REGULAR GRIND
SANKA
COFFEE

SLEEP ISN'T A LUXURY, IT'S A NECESSITY. DRINK SANKA AND SLEEP!

TUNE IN . . . 5:45 P.M. New York Time, Sunday afternoon. Sanka Coffee brings you **William L. Shirer,** famous author of "Berlin Diary," in 15 minutes of news over the Columbia Network.



On that signal Coleman drew and fired. He saw his bullet shake Trumbo and he watched Trumbo's gun drop, unused

Action by Night

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The Story Thus Far:

DAN STUART, the most powerful cattleman in the War Bonnet area, is plotting to steal "Horsehead," a ranch owned by Ben-Tim Howlett, who is far away in Texas. Suspecting that something is wrong, Howlett sends his best foreman, Tracy Coleman, to investigate.

Arrived at the ranch, Coleman soon learns what is going on; and within a short time he and Stuart are bitter enemies. . . . Among the Texan's new acquaintances is a man named Ben Solvay. Courted and won by correspondence, an attractive girl—Valencia Wilder—comes a long distance to marry Solvay. But, skeptical of her past, Solvay refuses to become her husband; and, because she is homeless, Coleman takes her in as his house guest. . . .

Stuart and his ally, Drew Trumbo (who loves Stuart's daughter, Ann, but loathes Stuart), make a sudden attack on Horsehead. Doña Gertrude, Howlett's faithful Mexican housekeeper, is killed; and, fearing that, if he continues to fight, Valencia may also be shot, Coleman reluctantly runs away. Accompanied by George Pairvent, his foreman, and the hands (Ray Miller, Ed Drum and Baldy Bickle), he rides high into the near-by mountains.

There he is joined by Ann Stuart, who, shocked by the killing of Doña Gertrude, has left her father's house, vowing never to return. Ann Stuart and Coleman become separated from the rest of the little party; and the Stuart-Trumbo forces kill Ray Miller and capture Pairvent, Ed Drum and Bickle—whom they later hang. . . .

Trapped by the Texan's enemies, in a canyon, Ann and Coleman realize that they cannot possibly escape, unless they climb into a boat (which happens to be near by) and run the rapids of a dangerous river that swirls madly past them. While Stuart, Trumbo and some of their men look on (not daring to shoot, for fear of killing Ann), the two young people get into the fragile craft and are quickly swept out of sight, around a bend.

Like all of his associates, Stuart (who knows how wild the river is) assumes that his daughter is doomed. But he is wrong—somehow, Ann and Coleman pass through some rock-filled rapids, land on a small beach. There the Texan constructs a stout raft; and there—after spending the night, close together—they prepare to shoot the remaining rapids. Having given the raft a final testing, Coleman holds out his hand to Ann. "Time to go," he says, quietly.

Conclusion

ANN walked to the raft and she looked back with a disturbed glance at the gravel bar. She controlled her fear, but the shadow of it showed. She didn't want him to see it, and held her face away from him. But that sudden look she gave the gravel bar hit him in the heart.

"I know," he said. "This was good—but it is not good any more."

"Most things are like that. We hang on, but we have to let go."

"Not everything," he said. "Lie down and hook your feet through the rope."

He needed an oar and had none; he needed a pole. He walked along the log jam but found nothing suitable, and so came back to the raft. He pushed the raft through the slack water and slowly around the curved finger of the sand bar. The current gave the raft one powerful blow, dragging Coleman deeper into the river. He was waist-high before he pulled himself aboard. He crawled forward until he was beside Ann; he put his arms around one of the crossboards and jammed his feet against another crossboard. The swift water at the foot of the rapids began to turn the raft and to rush it forward.

"What stays the same, Tracy?"

The raft continued its clockwise turning all down the straight stretch of smooth water. The bluffs were sheer to either side, forming a long bend. In a little while, looking back, he saw that the gravel bar had dropped from sight; ahead of them was a growing grumble. He sat up, looking sharply downhill upon ragged layers of white and green flung up from the river's surface. The warning of that roughness began to reach them, the smooth current breaking into a chop which slapped aboard and laid its wetness upon them. He looked at the boards of the raft, watching them play and buckle as the logs shifted. He looked at the ropes.

Ann said, "I can understand now the queer way Luke Wall talks."

"You'll see him in a half-hour," said Coleman.

"I wonder," she murmured, "if he'll welcome us. He won't be the only survivor any more. He's proud of that."

"Hold fast," said Coleman. He flattened and gripped the crossboards. The river shoved them along faster and the water ahead rolled up before them in high, broken curlers. The raft was at this moment running nose first; it lifted but it was too heavy and too slow to ride the crest of the curlers; it dove into them. Water rolled over the raft and these two people and weighted them down. Coleman flung one arm around Ann, hauling her tightly against him.

They plunged in wheeling, drunken lunges through the wildest stretch of the river. The raft's nose dipped and lodged and the back end rose until Coleman slid forward; it broke free and great layers of water rushed over it. Coleman tightened his grip around Ann. He braced his feet and felt the weariness of his straining go through him, softening his flesh. He had no clear idea of the time they had been running the river; the constant turning and the steady shock of dropping and being thrown up had dizzied him. He had only two fixed impressions—the nearness of Ann to him and the increasing looseness of the logs beneath. Some of the crossboards had worked free. He felt them slide beneath him, and he felt the playing of the board to which his hands clung. One hard jar would tear them all loose, after which nothing held the logs but the rope.

The raft ran momentarily in free

(Continued on page 34)

Is she a Kid...
OR IS SHE KIDDING?
"The Major and the Minor"
UNDER 12

"The Major thinks I'm twelve . . . or under. The Conductor suspects I'm twenty-one. Shall I let the Major 'adopt' me for the ride — or get kicked off the train by the Conductor?"

What hilarious consequences follow when Ginger poses as a Minor and is taken for a ride (to a Military School) by the Major!

As a kid of twelve
. . . she's Terrific!

As a gal of twenty-four
. . . she's GI-amorous!

As a mother of fifty . . .
she'll steal your heart!

ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

GYM FOR HIS MUSCLES

-GYM FOR HIS TEETH!

GOSH, any fellow'd rather "skin the cat" on the old apple tree than do those old drills in school. *They're both "gym"*. . . but Junior never guesses.

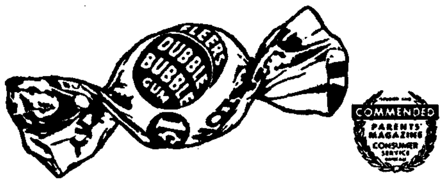
It's the same with teeth. Brushing teeth—what a chore! And just imagine trying to get him to massage his gums.

But Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum—why, *that's* as much fun as the circus. Any chewing gum is swell, but Fleers is special. A big, bulky mass—and chewy! Full of flavor! A treat that lasts and lasts.

Actually, Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum is a close ally of his toothbrush. Its tough, chewy bulk folds over and massages gums, helps to clean teeth.

You may like to know that Fleers is pure, that many dentists recommend it. Junior doesn't know or care. So don't disillusion him. Let him go on thinking that Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum is just one of the joys of being young.

"Some Fun!" No other gum made especially for children compares with Fleers Dubble Bubble in popularity.



Note to Dentists: A more complete statement of the dental advantages of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum for both adults and children appears in the September *Journal of the American Dental Association* and *Oral Hygiene*; also October *Dental Survey*.

FLEERS
DUBBLE BUBBLE
CHEWING GUM

A Pledge: Especially desirable features of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum are its bulk and "chewiness." Should wartime restrictions interfere, we pledge to suspend the manufacture of Fleers Dubble Bubble Gum rather than offer this product without its characteristic bulk, chewiness and quality. Frank H. Fleer Corp., 1000 Diamond St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Axis Stooges in South Africa

Continued from page 16

Smuts' power however is increasing. The Boer general, who fought the British fifty years ago but who recognizes the incalculable service the British navy performed in making possible the Union's growth, sees the hopelessness of the future of South Africa if the Axis wins. His dream of a Pan-African federation and of the creation of a decent world for all men would come to an end.

Up north, as they say here, on the battlefields of Egypt, I met many South African units whose primary language was Afrikaans and who saw the war the Smuts way. South Africa has raised an excellent fighting army of approximately 160,000 men from its white population. The nation could produce a larger, strictly white army through conscription. But here Smuts is up against strong opposition. It derives from one or perhaps two sources.

Conscription is Opposed

Conscription is opposed by the "I didn't raise my boy to be a soldier" element and by the die-hard, anti-British Boers in sufficient numbers who make "No Conscription" one of the planks in the Nationalist platform. But mobilization would mean the reduction of skilled labor employed in the gold mines where at least fifty thousand whites work. It is possible that the ultraconservative elements in the gold-mining industry (who also object to conscription) thus find themselves perhaps unwilling accomplices of the opposition.

Conscription, however, is only one of the thorns of the manpower dilemma that confronts Smuts. The other issue involves arming the natives. The Boers are against drafting the blacks. They remember the wars against the Kaffirs, the Matabele Zulus, the Hottentots and the Griquas; they recall the white man's struggle against the Bushmen, when trekkers pushed the frontiers of what was to become the Union of South Africa to the north, east and west into the African wilderness. Overlooking the enormous contribution the black man has made to the creation of the Union, the Boers consider any move to arm the natives as a dangerous step toward racial equality.

Here the British section of the population, although more war-conscious and more universally aware of the urgency of victory, holds to a considerable extent to the war-party line. Like the Boers, those of British descent find themselves painfully and embarrassingly aware of the white man's numerical inferiority to the black man. However, this is more true among the conservative Britishers who, in contrast to the racial policies of the Nationalists, have been almost liberal in their insistence that the natives be accorded decent living conditions, wage scales and working hours.

Approximately half a million natives work in the gold mines. There is a shortage of native labor. Gold mines are obliged through Witwaters Rand, the native labor association, to recruit yearly one hundred thousand natives from Portuguese East Africa in order to maintain the high production rate which makes South Africa the world's greatest single gold producer. Nearly thirteen million fine ounces a year are mined, representing approximately one third of the entire world output from sixty-six nations. America's production including the output of the Philippines was about five million fine ounces.

It is not unreasonable to suppose that the gold miners consider that any large-scale drafting of native manpower for the armed service would further complicate their labor situation. Obviously, Smuts must tread easily in dealing with the gold miners who control the railroads, the harbors and all the transportation, and who own the controlling interest in the Union's leading newspapers. Smuts, however, is primarily concerned with winning the war. He has committed himself in a recent speech in Parliament to a policy of giving the natives a greater share in the destiny of the nation. He remembers the Philippines where the natives who had been given the promise of and a rendezvous with freedom fought the Japs.

Moreover, Deneys Reitz, cabinet minister, Boer warrior and deputy prime minister, has vigorously campaigned in favor of arming the natives, and the issue has become the most lively one in South African politics, with public clamor in the natives' behalf growing in volume.

The natives already are making an important contribution to South Africa's war effort as unarmed fighters. I saw them building and repairing roads under fire up north, singing in Afrikander and English as they worked. I saw them carry South African wounded and I know of one group of unarmed stretcher-bearers who were mowed down by machine-gun fire when they refused to surrender to the enemy.

In northern Natal, on the borders of Zuzuland, a regiment of gunners is now being trained in which there are four natives to every gun crew of six, the other two being whites. Zulu gunners are extremely happy, for they are doing man's work, not woman's work in the field. They won't work in the mines, so the gold miners can't claim that any drafting of Zulus would cut down their labor supply.

Smuts' opposition is fighting a losing battle, and its only hope for return to power lies in an Axis victory. They have already sufficiently ingratiated themselves with the enemy. After the fall of France they even tried to make a peace with Germany. But despite an almost total lack of counterpropaganda and guided only by instincts which warn them that the enemy would deny them not only their coveted Boer republic but the good life they have known since gold and diamonds were discovered in the Union, the Afrikanders have swung increasingly toward Smuts.

Smuts' Power Increasing

More people appear to believe in him now than I found to be the case here last April, 1941, when the spiritual distance between South Africa and the war was the square of the distance from Cape Town to Cairo. South Africa wasn't 6,000 miles away from war then, but 36,000,000 miles.

Several factors have contributed to strengthening Smuts' political hand. Soldiers returning from the front, whether they are of Boer or English extraction, tell their families what they learned on the hot sands of Egypt. They return filled with a quiet determination to build a new world, with hatred in their hearts for the enemy. Japan's entry into the war, however, provided probably the greatest single impetus to the wheels of Smuts to arouse a sleepy, comfortable and confused nation to fight against Germany. Aside from the fact that the Nazi agent Doctor Manfred Zapp had done his work well among the dissident Afrikanders, this nation of burghers was interested primarily then in trade profits, in digging gold and sloshing up diamonds. Above all, South Africa and South Africans feared change.

Germany's successive assaults on Austria, Czechoslovakia and Poland were many thousands of miles away. But today the land-proud Boers and Afrikanders understand the blood-drenched Japanese menace.

Something else has happened to insure Smuts' survival of the worst political storm since the 1939 crisis. The South Africans have fought side by side with Englishmen, Australians and New Zealanders and in some cases with Americans, too. They have come to realize that their Allies fight for the survival of those rights which will enable them to determine their own destiny. Bred on hatred for the British, antipathy toward the insular Aussies, critical of New Zealanders who "out-British the Britishers," and suspicious of American moneygrubbers (whom they secretly envy), the South Africans have learned that "we're all fighting for the same things, after all."

The soldiers, at least, are beginning to see that through victory they can attain those greener pastures their ancestors dreamed about. This isn't so true of their die-hard parents at home.

Not even the fall of Tobruk, where about 25,000 South African troops were lost, brought the war home to these people. In Cape Town they still fire a cannon at high noon for two minutes' silence to bring the war home to some people. When Smuts asked for seven thousand troops to "avenge Tobruk" he got only a fraction of that number, and when Tobruk fell in mid-June, some *Ossewabrandwag* boys drank beer and heiled Hitler.

In spite of everything, South Africa's war effort is proportionately as great as that of Britain and the United States, if the existing yardstick of comparable white populations is to be taken at its established value.

On the army alone, the nation whose total budget was in peacetime less than $200,000,000 is spending $400,000,000. This is a heavy burden for a country that is vastly rich and desperately poor; where there are only 85,000 taxpayers, individuals and companies, with taxable income of $8,500,000,000; where only 25,000 persons earn more than $5,000 a year; and 650 earn from $25,000 to over $100,000 a year.

Today, more than 600 factories in a country which had neglected all non-gold industry are working and producing small arms, ammunition bombs up to thousand-pounders, hand grenades, armor plate, armored cars, parts for howitzers and antitank guns, ammunition cases and one million bulletproof tires a year. They are making steel rails, simpler machine tools like lathes, grinders and buffers, and electric motors up to 1,000-kilowatt sizes.

Production in High Gear

Spare parts for airplanes and incapacitated tanks which had piled up in Egypt are made here and flown or shipped to American repair shops in Eritrea. They are corning willy and drying fruits. Troop carriers, water tankers, supply trucks, canteens and trailers pile out from assembly shops where homemade bodies are welded to chassis imported from the United States. Bombers, ferried across the South Atlantic, are armed here and flown north along with fighters shipped here from England and the United States.

By the end of 1942, the production of shells will be thirty-seven times greater than it was at the end of 1940. To the United Nations' equipment pool, South Africa has contributed a half million pairs of army boots, a half million blankets, and is producing a million more of each item.

South Africa has inaugurated the commercial production of mercury, one of the scarcest of basic raw materials. It is developing its manganese, chromium, copper and tungsten deposits and is experimenting with the conversion of its abundant coal into oil. But here American capital and American machinery are needed, and Uncle Sam must decide whether we can allocate such money and equipment through Lend-Lease even if the gold mines insist on maintaining production at the present level instead of cutting down production and devoting the labor power thus released to the development of the basic metal industries.

It is a tough decision to make for, whether Uncle Sam likes it or not, South Africa's economic and political structures are balanced as delicately as a jeweler's scales on its gold. Smuts faces an election next year. If he can't keep those scales balanced properly, he might lose the election. The coming to power of the Nationalist opposition might wreck South Africa's oxcart and produce a situation which is tragically parallel to that of India. Jan Smuts might not be able to swing the South African wagon into the United Nations' laager.

This is what the old trekkers called the corrals they used to make of their covered wagons which they swung into close circles linking wagon to wagon with trek chains and stuffing nature's barbed wire, thorn brush, between the wheels to keep out the charges of the Bushmen on the broad veld in the old Commando days.

The United Nations have lost many wagons, and only a few are left to make a strong laager against the enemy. They need South Africa and they might even have to pay a little blackmail to the gold-mining industry to enable Smuts to survive the coming elections. After that, watch South Africa hitch its war effort to a springbok instead of an ox.

THE END

NOT WANTED for the Duration

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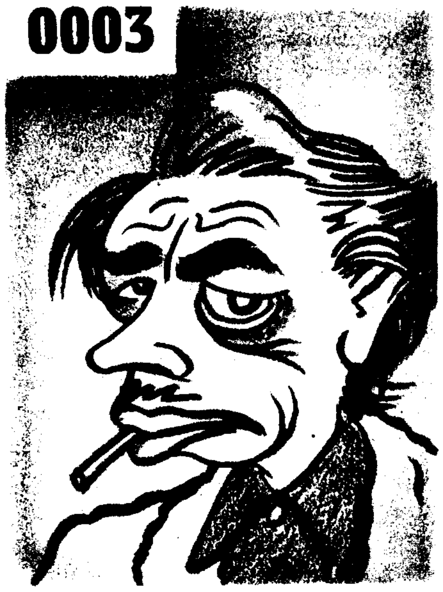
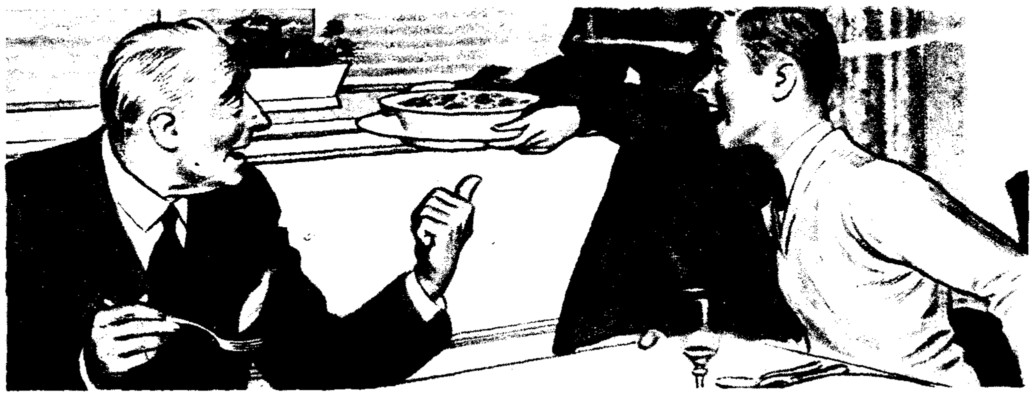


BAD-TASTE SPECIALIST

Tin Pan Alley boy who writes "song" about war and death and democracy in Alley slang causing widespread nausea.

ALAN WOODS

Sweet Summer Succotash ...in OCTOBER!



1. The corn (which carries the flag in any respectable Succotash) is really *something!* Birds Eye, of course. And—with luscious Baby Lima Beans—it offers a *melt-in-your-mouth, out-of-season* treat!

2. Birds Eye corn is *garden-fresh . . . all* whole kernels...with a *sugar-sweet* flavor, a *country-fresh* goodness you can't top with *any other* corn—even in summer! It's Quick-Frozen 4 hours after picking!

3. Baby Limas are *all-green, full-flavored—Quick-Frozen* at peak freshness! A *treasure* to ladies, they come *shelled—ready to cook!* 1 box equals 2 lbs. of *unshelled* Limas—serves 4. Try this succotash—*today!*

Uncle Sam, how's this for NUTRITION?

VITAMIN	A	B_1	C	G	COPPER	PHOSPHORUS	CALCIUM	IRON
THE CORN	1	1	3	1	2	2	1	2
THE LIMAS	1	1	3	1	3	2	1	3

1 (FAIR) 2 (GOOD) 3 (EXCELLENT)

4. For dessert, serve Peach Shortcake! Juicy, *orchard-fresh* Birds Eye Peaches—picked at *peak plumpness* and *Quick-Frozen within 4 hours!* All that *tree-ripened, true* peach flavor is captured!

5. These peaches come *sliced...sweetened* ... ready to serve! And here's real NEWS! Now a *full day's requirements* of Vitamin C has been added to each 4-oz. serving. *Try 'em!* A box serves 4!

BARGAIN SPECIAL!

OCT. 5-10

FOR ONE WEEK!

BABY GREEN LIMA BEANS

Two other Big Values!

CUT CORN · PEACHES

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED or MONEY BACK on all Birds Eye Foods!

BIRDS EYE
BRAND
FROSTED FOODS
FRUITS · VEGETABLES
MEATS · POULTRY
SEAFOODS
BE SURE IT'S BIRDS EYE
Distributed by
FROSTED FOODS SALES CORPORATION
NEW YORK, N.Y.

The Lady's a Soldier

By Octavus Roy Cohen

In dietetics course, Capt. John McSweeny points out to Miss Jenkins and Miss Wolcott, officer candidates, how to hold the knife for cutting a ham

Marjorie Goldman salutes officer as she receives her first pay. Other Waacs wait their turn in doorway as soldier sits on guard at left of paymaster

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ELIZABETH HIBBS

Our new women's army is wasting no time in dispelling doubts about their ability to take it. These girls are real soldiers, and here's how they're proving it

CONSIDER a working day which starts at 5:45 A. M. and ends officially at 7:50 at night. Consider several thousand workers who are so enthusiastic about their jobs that they often leave comfortable beds before they have to in the morning, and who spend much of their leisure time in extra effort.

Consider all of that, plus unflagging enthusiasm and a great pride in what they are doing, and you begin to get a picture of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps in training at Fort Des Moines, Iowa.

A good many people have asked the question, "What are women doing in the Army?" One of the answers is that they're working harder than they ever worked before, and harder than almost any civilian ever works. With certain exceptions, they're doing the same work that the men of the Army are doing. The masculine personnel at Fort Des Moines is sold on this women's army. "They got what it takes," a veteran sergeant said the other day. "In all the years I've been in, I never saw a bunch of men rookies that caught on so quick."

To the male soldier, the sourest moment of the day is First Call, and it is good Army form to greet it with groans and grunts and pungent epithets. The soldier hates to be routed out of a warm bed at fifteen minutes before six o'clock in the morning.

Even so, he's got it over a large percentage of the Waacs. Officially, their first call is at 5:45, Reveille sounds at six o'clock, and Assembly at 6:05. But many hundreds of the girls now in training at Fort Des Moines have discovered that whereas fifteen minutes may be ample time for a man to slip into his clothes and look presentable for his first military formation of the average working day, it isn't quite long enough for most women.

The result is that the barracks of the training center at Fort Des Moines have sprouted alarm clocks. Some ring more or less gently at 5:15, some at 5:30.

The women in training for active Army duty wear more garments than men wear. They have problems of their own, as, for instance, the little matter of tying the khaki tie. A soldier, accustomed to this little ceremony all his life, gives a couple of quick flips and a pull, and presto! there it is.

But the average woman doesn't know how to do this. Not at first, she doesn't. That little ceremony consumes precious extra minutes, and so those who are most anxious to make perfect records take no chances. They wake before they have to, they grope their way to the washrooms and get themselves spick and span in preparation for the shrill bugle notes of Assembly. Those who don't beat the gun also manage to fall in on time, but much of this is due to the consideration of the girls who have risen before they have to, and thus have relieved washroom congestion.

And these mornings it's pretty cool there. Later on, it's going to be downright cold, the winter climate of Iowa being what it is. The other day one of these early birds—a neat and enthusiastic little number from California—was shivering down the long aisle between the precise rows of army cots. "I wish," she whispered to a Waac who was walking with her, "I wish that my boy friend would knit me a sweater."

From early Monday morning until late Friday night, one day is much like another and they're all pretty hard. The woman who is so fortunate as to have her application for the Waacs accepted isn't in for any pink tea stuff.

Except on mornings when the weather is so tough that formation has to be held indoors, each company falls in for reveille in front of its barracks where the roll is called. Then the women go back to their sleeping quarters, and the work of policing the squad rooms starts. There are beds to be made—just so—floors to be swept, lockers and shelves to be dusted, other routine duties to be performed. At 6:35, another bugle sounds, and this time its summons is sweet because it means that company by company, regiment by regiment, the trainees are to be marched to the mess hall for an ample morning meal that includes large quantities of hot coffee and tea.

Blisters—but No Squawks

By the time they're finished with their first chow of the day and have moved back to their barracks Sick Call sounds, but fortunately the early groups of women at Fort Des Moines haven't been concerned much about that. As each new batch arrives and is subjected to the antitetanus and typhoid shots and the smallpox vaccination, there is the customary quota of brief and unhappy reaction which is no greater and no less than that suffered by their brothers-in-uniform. But for the most part the girls are taking their average ailments in stride. It's been rather splendid to see some of them limping about the tree-shaded walks and vast drill ground in their new army shoes. They've got blisters, sure; but they're not squawking. It's part of the game, they argue.

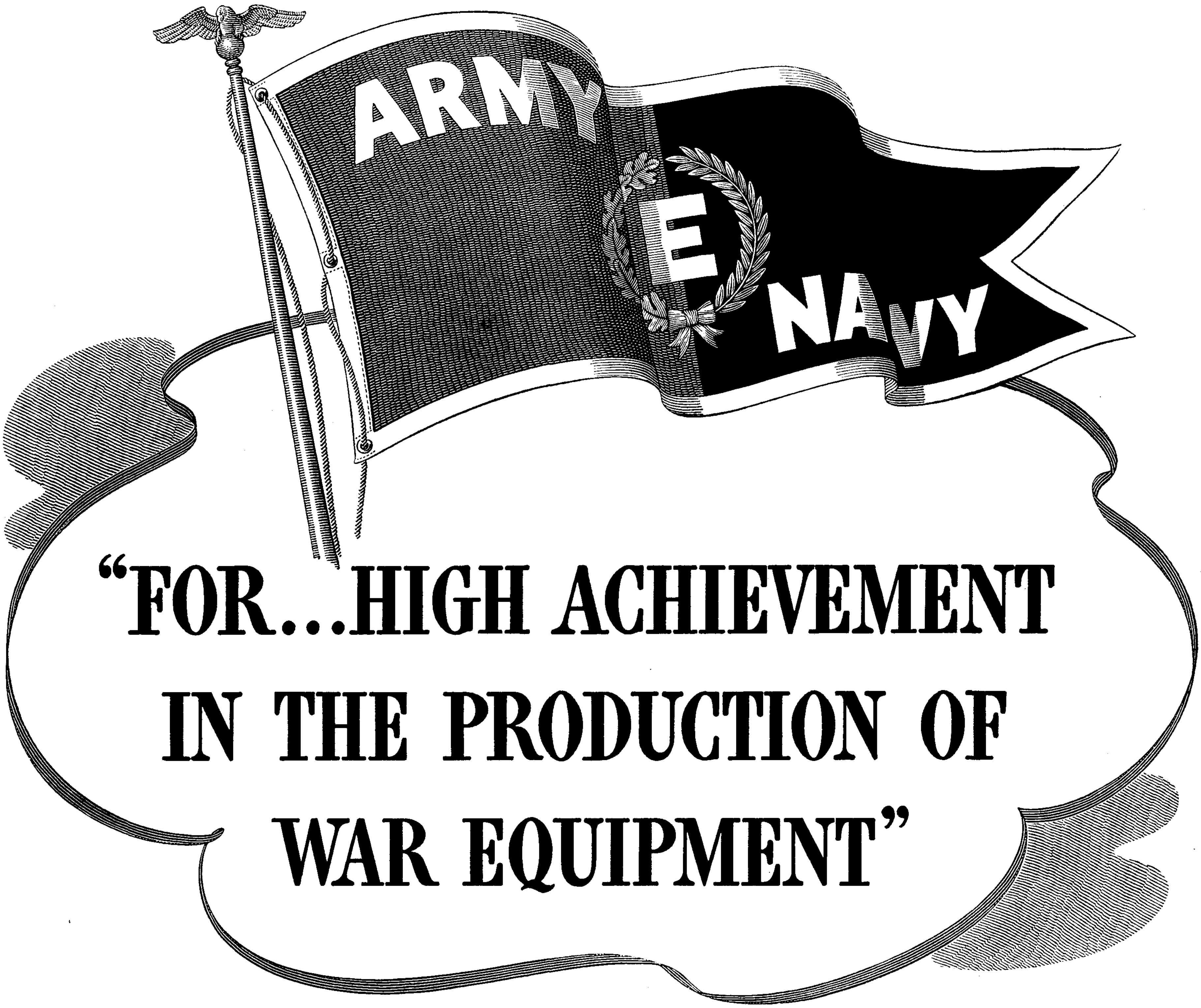
There are two groups of women in training at Fort Des Moines: officer candidates and Auxiliaries, the latter corresponding to the enlisted men of the Army. Their basic training is identical, their routines are the same, and there is only this outstanding difference in their lives at the post: that the officer candidate does a lot more studying and classroom work than the Auxiliary. By way of example, after the evening meal, which comes at about five o'clock, the Auxiliaries—or Basics—are free until tattoo at nine. But the officer candidates are compelled to put in at least fifty minutes of that time studying, and actually they average about two hours.

Save for Saturday and Sunday, there is drill every day, there is compulsory exercise, there are work periods and study periods, and one class after another. The days are full to the brim.

The numerical growth of the training

(Continued on page 54)

Setting-up exercises at Fort Des Moines. Waacs, in fatigue uniforms, get twenty-six hours of this. Mary Foster leads drill; Catherine Van Rensselaer, physical training director, looks on



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Action by Night

Continued from page 28

water and he looked above him and saw the rims and thought they were lower than they had been. Light strengthened in the canyon; when he looked ahead he saw one streak of sunlight. "Ann," he said, "Ann."

The roar was stronger than the sound of her voice. He heard nothing from her; and after that he could not speak again. For the raft struck hard, slowly slid away and fell with a jar that knocked the wind from him. One of his feet slipped from the crossboard and his left leg dropped between logs and he felt a streak of pain as the logs slammed together. He yelled into the water's thunder and he saw the girl's face turn to him, white and solemn. He dragged his leg free and propped it against the crossboard at the same moment the river poured over them.

Strong light played on his eyes and water dripped into them so that he could not see. He felt the raft rock and run into easier water and he thought, "Smooth patch before the next rapids." He relaxed a little and then he stiffened himself, waiting for the rough water to seize them. But they ran on through smoothness, and through a strange quietness, and the raft grated against gravel and stopped. He heard a voice say: "You'll both live forever. Let go the rope, Miss Stuart. Let go and I'll lift you."

There was a little current lifting and rocking the logs, nothing more. Coleman cautiously released his grip on the cross slat and rubbed the water out of his eyes. He opened them and saw Luke Wall standing hip-deep, Ann Stuart in his arms. Luke Wall gave him a close, thoughtful smile. "You see?" said Luke. "You see what I been through? Just the three of us know. Ain't a thing you can ever explain to anybody. Come off the raft before it breaks up and floats away—which it will do in a minute. A drink of whisky and a meal will fix it right. I heard yesterday you had started down the river. I been here sixteen hours, waitin' to haul you out and bury you."

Coleman said, "What time is it?"

Wall looked at him and laughed. "Now ain't it funny what a man will think of? You know what I asked when they fished me out? I wanted to know if it had been rainin'. It is six o'clock in the mornin'—but what is time to you now? Never will mean the same again. You got all the time there is."

"Stuart here—or any of Star Cross—or Drew Trumbo?"

"Trumbo rode through here late last night. Nobody else."

"They'll come," said Coleman.

"You'll be inside my house if they do," said Luke Wall. "And I am with you, son."

Another voice—a woman's voice—called from the bank: "Are you hurt, Tracy?" Looking up from the raft he saw Valencia standing at the edge of the bluff.

RETURNING from the bitter business in the mountains, Stuart passed through Horsehead during the early morning hours and headed for the river crossing. "Tap," he said, "you move to Horsehead with a couple of the crew tomorrow."

"Drew Trumbo will be smellin' around the place."

Stuart let out a grating retort: "Trumbo will be hidin' in the hills, the fear of God in his heart. I am not concerned with him. Horsehead is part of our grass, and I am taking possession."

Tap said nothing, but his silence held dissent, causing Stuart to add a biting opinion: "Everybody in the Basin wanted Horsehead to be cleared off, but nobody had guts to go about it. I did the dirty chore. Now they'll want to share it. They'll get nothing—not one spear of grass. It is mine."

The storm signals were up in Stuart; they showed in the down-angled lines of his mouth corners; in the spotted flush on his face, in the jumpiness of his voice and in the stony way he stared before him. When that temper came upon the Star Cross owner there was nothing to do but be still. Still, certain unfinished pieces of this morning's business displeased him and when they reached the Star Cross yard he ventured to repeat Tap's warning: "Trumbo will be smellin' around."

Stuart had a quick breakfast and went to his room to lay out on the bed. There were a good many things on his mind: one of them was the dully unpleasant knowledge that he was no longer young. The night's riding and the night's cold camp in the hills had taken the starch out of him; he felt the heaviness of his bones, he felt a gnawing exhaustion.

HE RAISED to an elbow, intending to call out to the cook to bring him a glass of water but pride stilled the call. He looked through the open doorway at the room which had been Ann's. He stared at the dresser within his line of vision, at the silver-plated jewel box on it, at the brush and comb, at her mother's picture. Both of those women had hated him, the hands of both had been raised against him. He had tried to smash that resistance down but there was a strange thing in women which could not be beaten—a shadow, a look, a feeling nothing could erase.

"I should have turned them both out years ago. But they stuck—and they've got the last word at last. They can both stand wherever they are and make me feel like it was my fault. Women are clever like that—mean and tricky and full of deceit when they smile." As for Ann, she had deliberately stepped into Coleman's boat. That was her doing; the decision was hers.

He absolved himself of her death, yet the mystery of her act took possession of him. Except for the accident of Luke Wall, no human being had ever survived the river. She knew that—and still she had gone with the man, her body protecting him from the guns on shore. He lay long still, puzzling over it, and the gray ghosts of another philosophy moved vaguely before his mind, to increase his doubt; at last he fell into troubled sleep.

He awoke beyond noon, with a dry throat and a numb weariness all through him. He rose with difficulty and sat on the bed's edge with his head in his hands, everything inside of him burned out. But the terrible march of things kept on in his head. He thought of the other owners on the range—of Gunderson and Bill Yell and Frank DeLeon who had cut him in town. He owed none of these men anything and he needed nothing from them; men came to him, not the other way around. And still his growing isolation troubled him and he thought, "Maybe I just imagined it." The thing to do was to ride to town and try again.

He washed his face, ate a cold dinner and struck out for War Bonnet, reaching there around four. He entered the saloon and stepped to the bar for his drink. Snass Moran pushed bottle and glass at him; he waited for Moran to speak, his own pride insisting that the other man make the first move, but Moran walked away, running his towel casually along the bar. Doc Fallon sat at a near-by table, reading an old

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magazine. Doc Fallon didn't look up.

Stuart stared at the bottle, which was half full; when he next thought to look, it was empty. He had no idea of how long he had been standing at the bar, neither speaking nor being spoken to, but when he turned away he noticed a lamp burning near the door. He walked into the warm twilight and got on his horse, making three tries before reaching the saddle. He drew a long breath, found his reins and started from town.

SOMEWHERE out on the prairie Tap caught up with him and led him home. The last thing he heard Tap say was, "Don't be too sure about Trumbo. You got to put him out of the way."

That was a planted seed which grew while he slept; when he woke the next morning it was a rooted purpose. He rose feeling fresh and hale again. "Big drunk is good for a man once in a while," he thought and ate a tremendous breakfast. He moved to the front room for his belt and gun and for a moment he paused at Ann's bedroom doorway. He went into the room and stood at her dresser. He remembered how close to red her hair had been and as he looked into the mirror above the dresser her face came before him with a realness that shocked him. It was so still at the moment that he felt her presence in the room. Suddenly he swept his hand across the dresser, caught up the brush and comb, the picture and the jewel box and carried them to the kitchen. He said to the cook, "Open the stove lid," and threw everything into the fire. The cook wheeled and put his back to Stuart.

Stuart walked from the house and called to Tap: "Get Niles Peck and come with me." The three men saddled and set out toward the hills westward.

Tap said: "If you're goin' to Trumbo's it would be better to circle south. He's apt to be watchin' us—he'll see us cross the flat."

Stuart's brief flush of good feeling had soon worn out; and now he was in the worst possible humor. "Tap," he said, "you talk too much about the man. He got you buffaloed?"

"No," answered Tap with a soft breathlessness, which revealed how badly the remark hit him.

The thought of his aloneness rode with Stuart; it haunted him, it grew as a fed fire, it unsteadied his mind. He had been cut by his neighbors—he who had the power to crush them individually. They looked at him across the distance of the Alma's dining room and the thing in their eyes went through him and turned like a knife. Because of that he had to strike back to restore his own pride—and the first man in his mind was Drew Trumbo.

They came to the ridge and bore southward through the trees until they reached the slope which fell toward Trumbo's house; and at this point the tumult in Stuart caused him to make a foolish move. "Tap," he said, "take Niles and circle Trumbo's. I'll come up from the back way."

Tap stared at him, trying to fathom the reason for doing so unnecessary a thing. He said quietly: "We're not surroundin' a camp, Mr. Stuart. It is just one man we want."

"Don't argue!" cried Stuart. "If you're workin' for Star Cross, do as I say."

Tap sighed and his thin face grew thinner from the strain of the insult. He spoke very quietly: "Star Cross is all I have got to live for, Mr. Stuart. You ought to know that."

"Go on—go on!" yelled Stuart.

"Just so," murmured Tap and then rode on through the trees with Niles Peck.

The rashness grew; it was a poison irritating Stuart's nerves until they vibrated within him. He turned to the west, traveling a half overgrown trail along the ridge, and came to the main road from Gateway. This he followed until he had gotten within a mile of Trumbo's place. Here he left the road and entered the trees; he had not gone fifty yards when a voice said coolly from some hidden spot before him:

"Now wait."

His horse heard the unexpected noise, and the horse stopped before Stuart thought of checking in. Stuart turned to stone in the saddle. He lifted his reins, ready to charge, and he swept the timber before him and saw nothing. The voice was Trumbo's—easy and insolent—but he could not find Trumbo.

"Come out," Stuart said, "come out and show yourself. You're big enough to face a man without hidin' in the bushes, ain't you?"

Trumbo said, "Your eyes are bad, Dan. Look this way."

He was on Stuart's right flank, standing quietly beside a pine, his clothes blended with the gray-brown bark. He had a shoulder point against the tree and he gave Stuart a starved, bright smile. "Your mistake was in strayin' off from Tap and Niles."

"You been followin' us?"

"Had my eyes on you since you left the Star Cross yard."

"Like a damned Injun prowler. White men don't prowl."

Trumbo's narrowed smile was tight against his teeth. "Now, now, Dan. We know each other too well for that kind of hogwash. You are after me. I am after you. That is all there's to it."

"Is it?" said Stuart and slowly turned his horse head on to Trumbo. He had not been too sure of Trumbo's motive; he was not entirely sure yet. But he saw very clearly the heartlessness of Trumbo's smile and he saw the mockery and the malice in Trumbo's eyes.

"You made a bad mistake," said Trumbo. "There never was a time when we trusted each other. But that was all right. Each man's entitled to watch his own cards. We could have gotten along. Your mistake was tryin' to turn on me and leave me dead with the Horsehead bunch. It was a pretty raw thing."

Stuart said, "You would have done it to me."

"Maybe. Still, there's a difference. I would have done the job. I would not have bungled it and left an enemy behind me. That was your mistake. I won't bungle it, Dan."

STUART remembered that Tap and Peck were not far off. They would be at Trumbo's house now and they would wait a decent interval—and maybe start back to find him. He eased himself on the saddle slightly, made steady by his danger. "Drew," he said, "Hoby Spade is a weak sister, ready to tell the Basin what he knows. He'll crucify the both of us."

"I can manage that later," said Trumbo. "One thing at a time."

"If you're thinkin' of knockin' me out of the saddle, consider what happens next. Tap will hunt you like a dog, the crew with him. You'll run before him, which will be the end of you in the Basin."

"Maybe," agreed Trumbo. He seemed to be impressed with the argument.

"I will make you this deal," said Stuart. "I will drive Spade out of the country. You take his range. I will add a piece from my old range. There's the big outfit you been wantin'."

"That's what I want," said Drew Trumbo.

"Well, then," said Stuart, "it should be a deal."

He saw the frigid grin lengthen. "Like the last deal, Dan?" asked Trumbo.

"My word on it," said Stuart.

Trumbo stared at Stuart with the

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anger of a smart man who had been misjudged. "You ornery old fool, do you think I can believe your word?" He came out from the tree, tall and poised and he watched Dan Stuart so steadily that the older man grunted a gruff question:

"What's in your mind now?"

"I was thinkin'," said Trumbo, "how you tried to break Pairvent and make him crawl. You're the Indian, not me. I was thinkin' if I could string this out and make you die by inches. But it is not in me to kill a man for plain fun." He shrugged his shoulders, said conversationally, "Something to my credit, maybe," and drew and fired before Stuart was able to stir.

The older man gasped when the bullet hit him. He showed vague surprise and he dipped his head and he started to place a hand over his chest; before he had completed the motion he rolled from the saddle, struck on his shoulder and sprawled face-up in the shadowed dust. His hat rolled away and his face showed its red veins and its unlovely lines of age and character through a slow-growing pallor. Trumbo stepped forward to witness this, impersonal and without regret; this whole thing left him without any feeling and he recognized that fact and shook his head. "I'm goin' back to the kind of a man I was before," he thought. "Or else I was always the same man, just foolin' myself I could be better."

He turned to the trees for his horse and got to the saddle; he listened into the late summer's stillness, not yet hearing the approach of Tap or Niles Peck. They would catch the echo of the shot and they would come. Maybe it would be best to stay here and finish up with those two. He debated the idea and rejected it. The better thing was to maneuver around and catch one man at a time, when the chance came. One man at a time until he had settled the argument for good. Horsehead was within his reach now if he did all this carefully. He cut across the road and paralleled it, moving south through timber.

TAP and Niles Peck got back to Stuart half an hour later and Tap sprang from his saddle and ran awkwardly forward, calling, "Mr. Stuart! Mr. Stuart!" Seated on his saddle, Niles Peck watched Tap crouch over the Star Cross owner and sway at the shoulders; presently Tap turned and Peck saw tears in the foreman's eyes.

"Dead?"

"He never drew his gun," said Tap drearily. "Trumbo did that. Trumbo never gave him a chance."

"Well," said Niles Peck, unmoved by it, "you told Stuart not to go it alone."

"He was powerful excited and he wouldn't listen."

"Never listened to nothin' anyhow," commented Peck. "Let's start home."

Tap thrust a hostile stare at Niles Peck. "You take it pretty easy."

"I will not cry for the man. He didn't give a hoot for any livin' soul—not even his daughter."

"She didn't know him," said Tap. "What's any woman know about a man? She had her hand set against him. I didn't like her either."

"You do your grievin'," said Peck. "I'm goin' back to the ranch, get my blanket and keep on movin'. You know what's goin' to happen to Star Cross now? Same thing that happened to Horsehead. Nobody loved Star Cross at all. Everybody hated the ground Stuart walked on. Then there was that Doña Gertrude business. I can smell it all over the Basin. If I rode into War Bonnet they'd point at me and say—'There's one of the men that killed Doña Gertrude.' How long you think we're goin' to be let alone? I'm leavin' now."

Tap growled, "I ought to kill you for talkin' like that about Star Cross."

Niles Peck was a man with a record of his own; he gave Tap a stiff look. "I ain't fightin' a dead man's battle and I know when a deal is dead."

Tap said, "Get out of my sight. Don't let me see you again."

"You won't," said Peck. "Nor any of the crew. When I reach home with the news we'll all be on the road."

He made a gradual turn around Tap in order to keep his right flank to the foreman, and so faded into the timber. Tap swung, again toward Stuart, and he grew still and this stillness was upon him for a quarter hour and tears ran down his cheeks and his face was the face of a lost man; for Star Cross was his life and Stuart was Star Cross, and all that was now destroyed.

He drew Stuart's coat together, and rose. He said aloud: "I will be back to take care of you, Mr. Stuart. But I got to even this thing first." He went to his horse, climbed to the saddle and picked up Trumbo's tracks in the soft carpet of the forest; he followed them to where they reached and crossed the main road, and he continued along with them.

TWO miles or more from Stuart's location, the tracks curved back to the main road and went downgrade through the road's dust. Tap bridled at the thought of Trumbo's brazen assurance and he said to himself: "I will watch him kick and I will watch him yell and I will spit in his face just before he dies!" His lips moved in relish of the thought; he dropped his head to study the pattern of Trumbo's tracks before him. The road at this point came near the rim of the canyon, so near that it reached the very margin of the great, long fall to the river, and made a quick bend away. A careful man in every respect, Tap looked behind him as he started around the bend, to be sure he was not being followed; and thereafter looked ahead—and saw one rider come slowly into sight below.

The rider likewise had his head down and so was not aware of Tap; and the rider was Ben Solvay. Tap pulled in his horse and he held himself quiet, watching Solvay daydream forward. Between them lay two hundred yards of gray road dust glittering in the strong sunlight, so deep and soft that the sound of Solvay's traveling horse sank into it and died. Tap remembered one thing: Solvay had been with Horsehead and even though the distance was too great for a good shot, his jealous loyalty sent his hand down to the gun.

The shout of the bullet was a first warning of Tap's presence to the idle-riding Solvay. He yanked up his head so quickly that his hat fell off, and for an instant he stared at Tap, pulling his mind back to the present moment from the far place it had been. There was a startled break of feeling on his face and then as he grasped the situation he whirled his horse into the trees. Tap's second bullet followed him.

Tap flung his horse around and likewise ran for the trees. Reaching this shelter he started in Solvay's direction. He heard Solvay's horse whip through the pine branches and he had one fugitive view of the man, low-bent, rushing deeper away. He tried a third shot and was disgusted with himself; he changed directions to meet Solvay's slanting course—and suddenly he lost the sound of the horse.

He listened for it as he smashed into the timber; he went a hundred feet or more before his caution stopped him. He heard the blowing of his own horse and, bent forward in his stirrups, he thought he caught the rasp of Solvay's mount. The sound came out of the forward left. Solvay, he decided, was over

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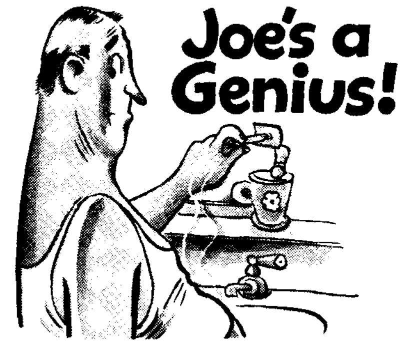

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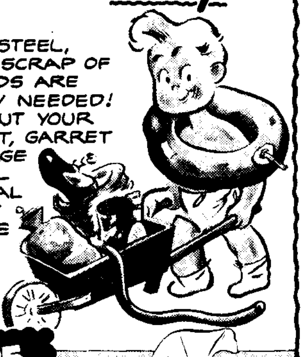

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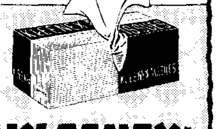

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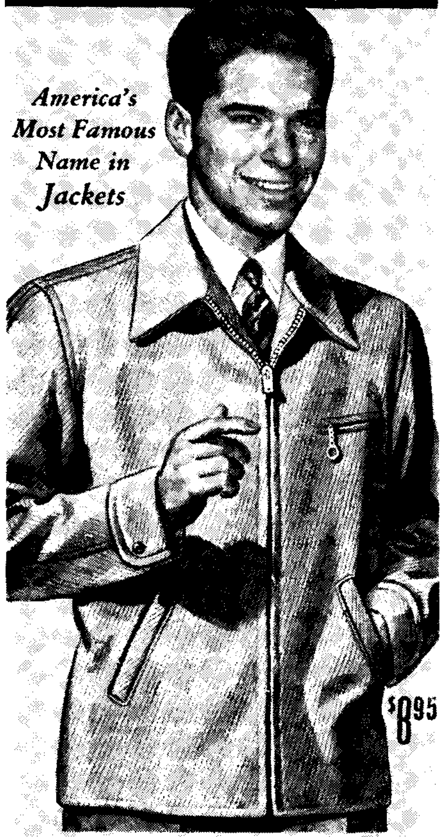

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there playing possum. Thinking it, he rode straight on.

A bullet came through the timber and smashed his arm, driving it up toward his face. This was his right arm. He stopped the horse and looked around him, toward his right, and found Solvay standing no more than twenty feet away. Solvay had tricked him, had left his horse in the thicket and had run back. Solvay said, "So long, Tap," and fired again. His aim was spoiled by Tap's side swing in the saddle, so that the bullet caught Tap high on the shoulder and keeled him against the saddle's horn. Tap fought himself upright, making no sound. He did this with a bitter, careful courage, never for a moment weakening in his hate or his single-minded intent.

Solvay's next shot hit him close to the heart.

THERE were these four around the table at the Gateway stage station—Luke Wall, Valencia, Ann and Tracy Coleman. Luke Wall said: "You need sleep. I remember that I came out of that water and never had my fill of bed for a week. Have no worry about it, Coleman. No enemy of yours will cross this doorsill while you're here. Just tell me one thing. Who are your enemies?"

"My father and my father's outfit," answered Ann, who had said almost nothing until now.

"I knew that already," said Luke Wall. "And who else?"

"Drew Trumbo," added Valencia.

"And I knew that, too. I just wanted to be sure. None of those will pass this door." He was a huge, flabby man with the face of an Oriental god; and his half-hidden eyes made their bland search of these people. "The outbound stage will be comin' down the hill in half an hour." He looked at Coleman. "If it is your intention to leave the country—" He let it ride and he sat gross and wholly comfortable in the chair.

Ann laid a quick glance on Coleman and brought it away; it was Valencia who continued to watch this man, Luke Wall observed, and as she watched him she betrayed herself.

"I'll go back to the Basin," said Coleman. He rose, clapping a hand to his tobacco pocket. He swung on Wall: "Give me something to smoke."

Luke handed him paper and sack and followed him out of the house. The two stood in the yard, under the strong sunshine and now and then their voices came murmuring back. Ann put her hands on the table, her attention falling to them. Suddenly she lifted her eyes and found Valencia Wilder watching. The girl's anxiety and urgent wonder tumbled out of her.

"How did you happen to be with him?"

"I wanted to be," said Ann.

She read the tempest that ran through Valencia Wilder; the girl's hot spirit was roused, she was again fighting the world for what she wanted—the world from which she had never known kindness. "Does he want you?" she asked.

"I don't know."

"You should know when a man wants you. I would know."

"Does he?" asked Ann.

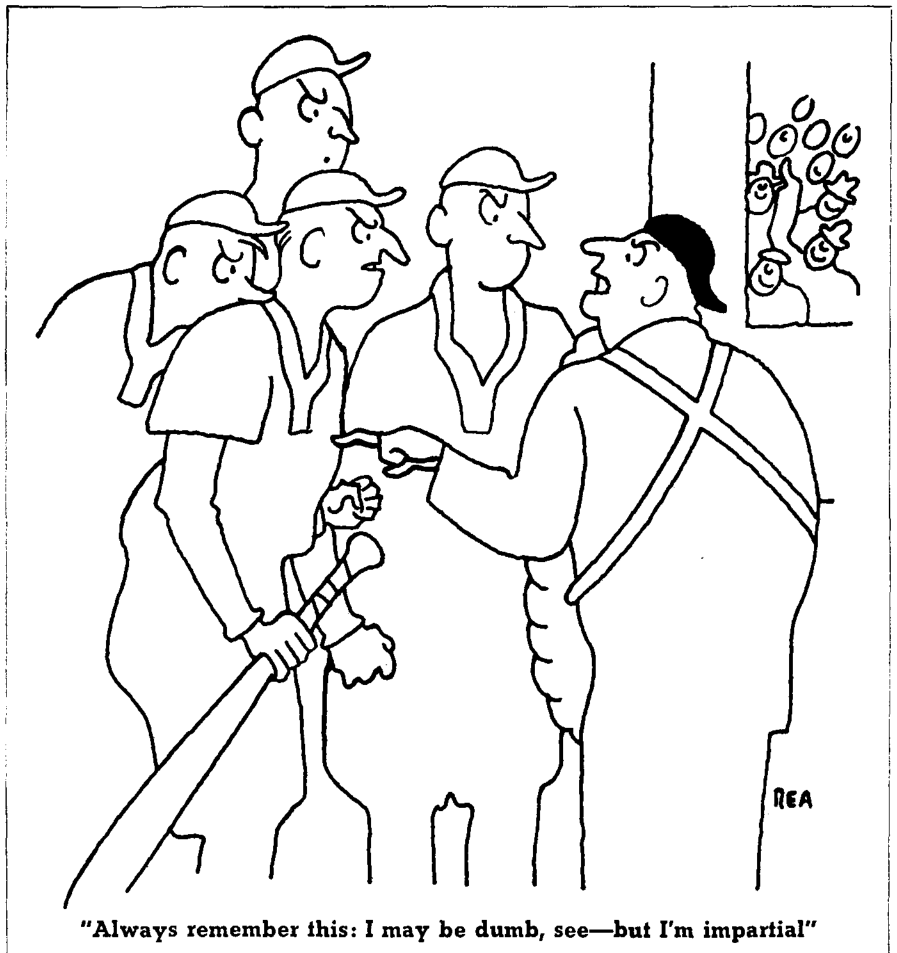
Valencia sighed. "I was not with him long enough," she murmured.

"You were in the Horsehead house with him," pointed out Ann, civil and distant. "You were near him. You made him aware of that, didn't you?"

"I made him see me," said Valencia and was pleased by knowing how that remark would hurt Ann. Then she added in a less lively tone: "I made him want me, which any woman can do to any man. I do not know if it is more than that." She looked long at Ann, unfriendly and yet reluctantly honest. "Want and love are not always the same."

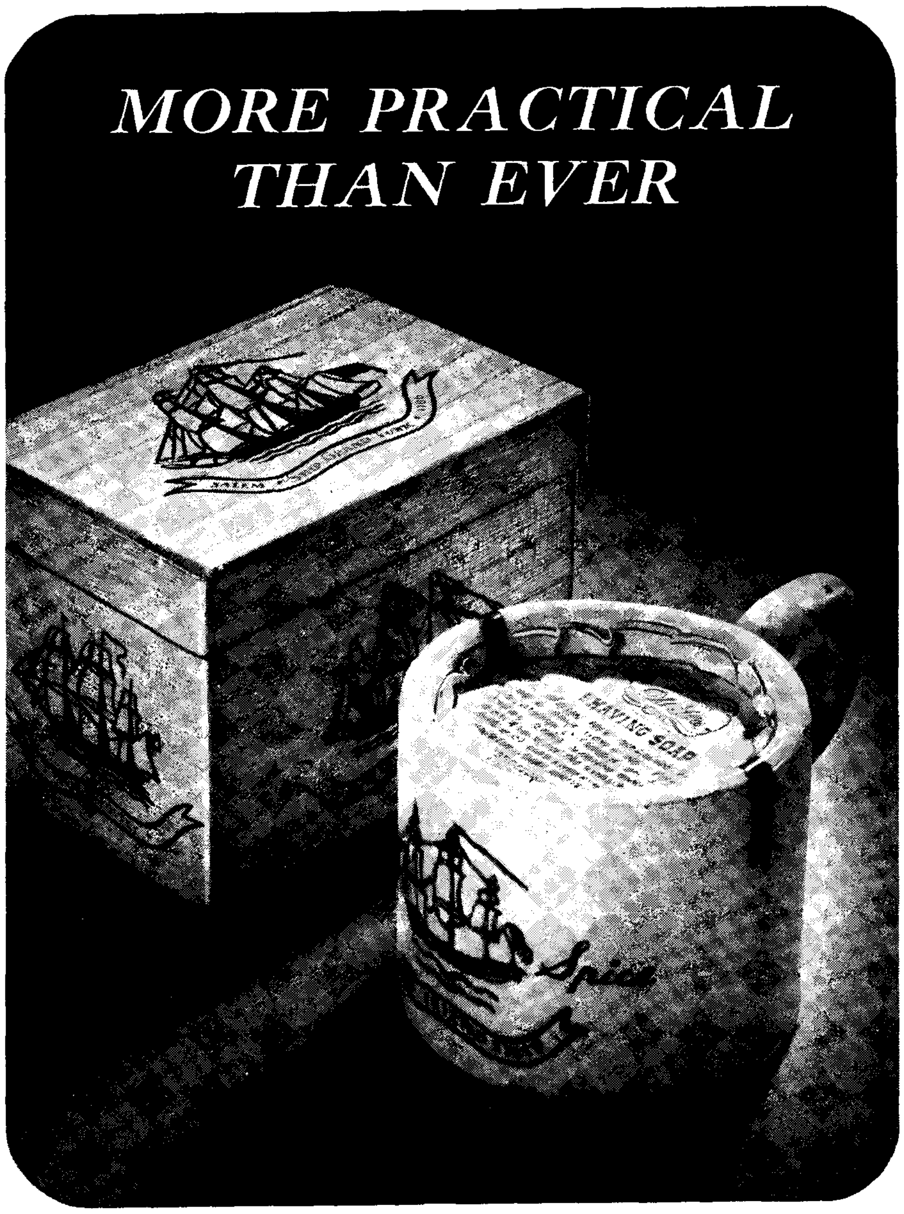
Ann rose from the table. She started toward the stairs. On the first step she paused to look back. "You can try again, perhaps—and perhaps find out," she murmured and went up the stairs.

Valencia feared and hated the other's composure. "She's cold," Valencia thought, but that was only a reflex of her dislike; her realist's mind knew better. She rose from the table as Wall and Coleman came into the room. Wall went on into the kitchen, closing the



"Always remember this: I may be dumb, see—but I'm impartial"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA



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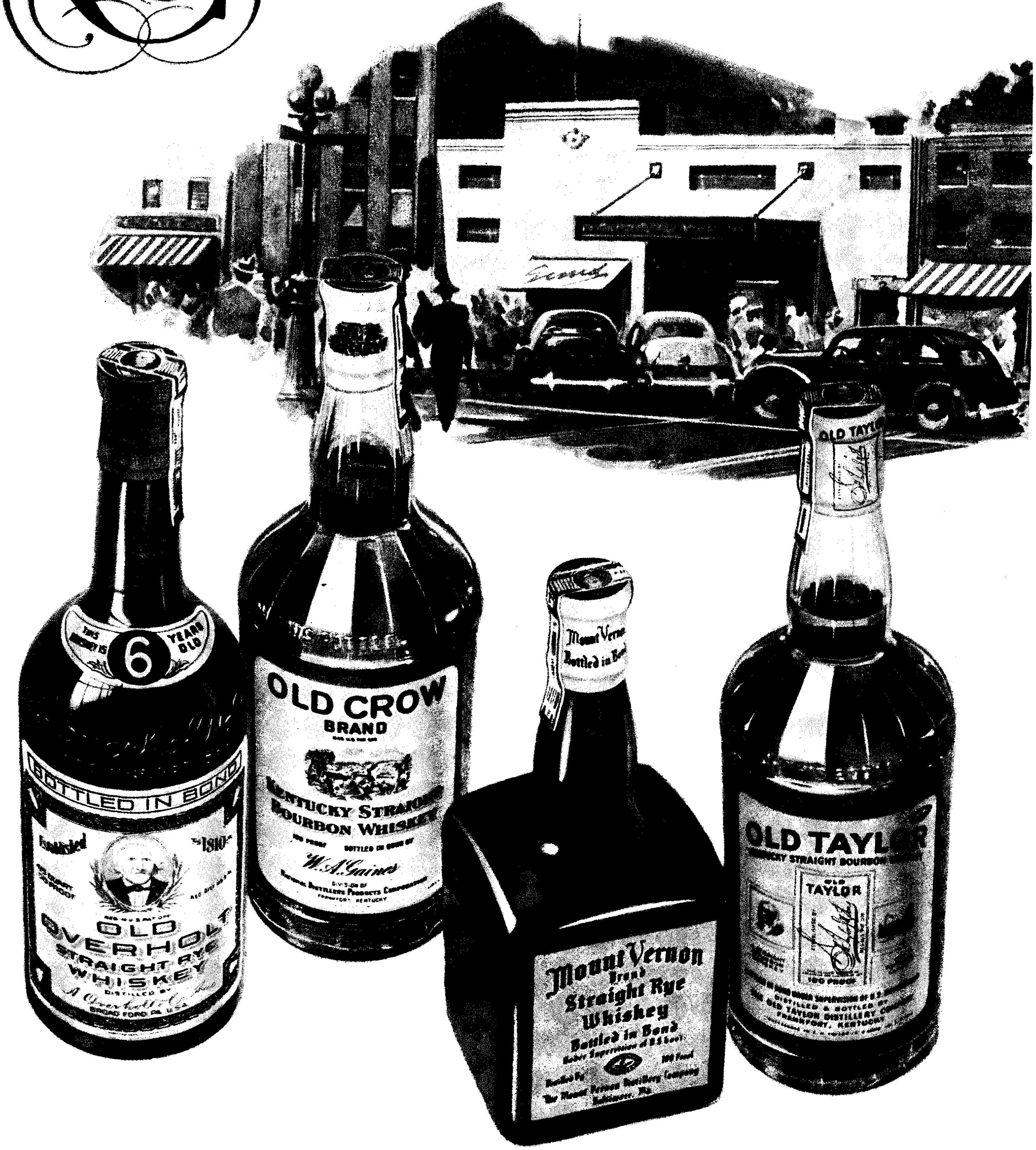
CHANGELESS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- IN A WORLD OF CHANGE

OLD
GRAND-DA

YOU DON'T mind having "cuffless" trousers or "tailless" shirts or cutting down on sugar or Sunday driving . . . *no, sir, not if it helps win the war!*

And if the makers of your pet products have to make a few war-time changes, you'll play ball, just as every other red-blooded American will *for freedom's sake!*

But with all this changing going on, it's good to remember that OLD GRAND-DAD, OLD TAYLOR, OLD CROW, OLD OVERHOLT and MOUNT VERNON are products that needn't be and *won't* be changed as long as they are bonded whiskies! For generations these names have stood for the greatest bonded whiskies in the world.

Bonded whiskies are produced under the strict provisions of the Bottled-In-Bond Act which regulates the details of storage, aging, bottling and labeling to protect the whiskey until it reaches the consumer. The regulations are rigidly enforced and there are just no "cuffs" to trim off a bottle of bonded whiskey.

The only thing that can change is the price, and that only when the Government adds war taxes.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT WHISKEY—RYE OR BOURBON

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STRAIGHT RYE WHISKEY

door behind him. His heavy tread died away. Valencia turned and stepped to the fireplace, holding her back to Coleman, waiting for him to speak. She cried out silently to herself, "Let him come here, let him touch me!" She waited until she knew he wouldn't come to her; and then turned.

He had his eyes on her, he was thinking of her, and he seemed deliberately to be letting all of her into him. He wore a troubled expression, as though he struggled with himself; and thus he stood, a man caught in the contradictions of his own nature, heavy-whiskered and with the punishment of the river showing in him. He was very tired and his clothes were wet and the knuckles of his hands were blood-raw.

She stepped toward him and she thought of him in the unashamed physical way of a woman who wants a man with all her heart. She hoped he would see it, she hoped it would sway him, she hoped he would seize her and end the growing agony of waiting. She never knew what changed him or when the change happened but when he looked down at the floor everything was over and she had lost. The light went out of the room and she stood heavy and helpless before him.

"I thought," he said quietly, "you might have taken the stage out."

"I couldn't go until I found out what had happened to you."

"Will you be goin' now?"

"Yes."

HE SAID, "Solvay thinks a great deal of you."

She remembered Solvay for the first time that day. "Did he go back to you?"

"I didn't see him."

She said, "I sent him back, Tracy."

"He'll be somewhere in the hills. He's a good man."

She said, "I'll take the stage."

"That's goin' to be tough on him."

"People have to break their hearts once in a lifetime, Tracy." She thought steadily of Coleman, even as she tried to think of Solvay. "It will hurt him less to have me go than for me to marry him."

"I would not be surprised if he followed you."

The thought pleased her. "If he wishes me that much—" But she soberly put it aside. "If you see him and if he intends to follow me, try to stop him. He'd never be happy. Nor would I. He would remind me too much of—other things."

He looked at her with a kindness that hurt her terribly. Wanting so much from him, she had only this. He said, "I wish you a better deal, Valencia."

She shrugged her shoulders. "I'll make my way."

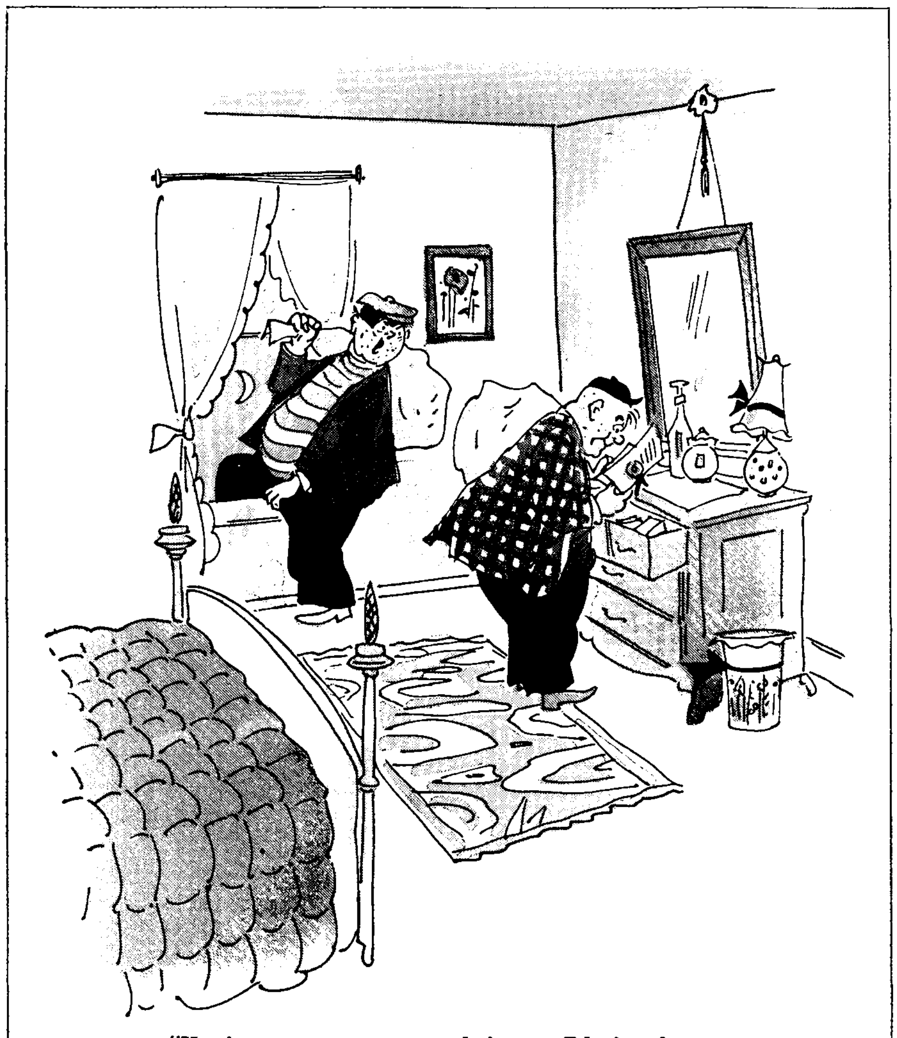
He turned back to the yard, walking slowly beneath the sunshine. He stopped at the corral and laid his shoulders against it. He smoked out his cigarette and rolled four extra ones and laid them carefully on the top bar of the corral; he felt the sun go into him, he felt the water drip down along his body. He began to thaw and grow warm and as he grew warm his bruises increasingly ached; he shifted all weight from his bad leg.

Valencia was on his mind still but he saw her differently now and he was at peace with himself. Coming into the stage house he had faced her and he had deliberately let all the temptation and all the sweetness that she had make its way through him; he wanted to know about the dark, wayward side of him; he wanted to know if the unspoken offers of a woman could so ride and control him as to destroy the other things he felt. He had to know; and he knew now.

The echoes of a rider came down the narrow gorge of the trail. Coleman turned and reached to the top corral bar for a fresh cigarette. He placed the cigarette in his mouth and swung back—to see Drew Trumbo stopped at the mouth of the road, watching him across the width of the yard.

Trumbo had stopped. He sat still and was in hard, deep thought as he looked upon Coleman, and presently shook his head and got off the horse and moved forward, steadily and flat of foot. Coleman watched him come; he had the unlighted cigarette in his mouth. It sagged from the corner of his lip and his eyelids came close together and made pucker lines at the edges, as though actual smoke curled around his eyes. He was half-turned and his head bent somewhat aside, so that he watched Trumbo from a slanted position.

His range of vision ran beyond Trumbo, straight at the house. Luke Wall and Valencia were blurred figures against the wall and he saw Ann looking from an upper window. It occurred to him then that he had thus first seen her, framed between the curtains of that window and with lamplight behind her. She had been smiling and that smile had changed the course of his life, although he had not known it then.



"You've got a mean streak in ya, Edwin—leave that burglary insurance policy in the drawer!"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

HE HELD his slouched, off-balanced position, a heavy man with weariness in his bones. He knew what was coming and he knew Trumbo's character and his skill, and he was wondering how many other meetings like this there were in the book for him, how much hard luck, how much evil and torment. There never had been any smoothness in his life, never a day of golden ease. It had always been a fight—with the wind or the range or the sun, with a man, or with himself. Where was the day of ease?

Trumbo had stopped several moments before, and Trumbo again seemed to be listening to his inner conscience. He seemed to be waiting out Coleman as well, to be trying to break the other's stillness. Behind him was a faint racket in the gorge road, rising above the rush of the river. He heard that—and that apparently pushed him. He had said nothing; he said nothing now.

Coleman, closely watching, saw the man's shoulders lift one slightest moment before his hand dropped; on that signal Coleman drew and fired. He saw his bullet shake Trumbo and he watched Trumbo's gun drop, unused, to the full length of the man's arm, hold there a moment and then go sliding out of his fingers to the ground. Trumbo shook his head; an expression, dumb and dulling, showed on his face as he fell.

Wall came running forward, the lard fat on his body loosely shaking. The racket in the gorge grew and in another quarter minute the War Bonnet stage shot into the meadow, howled on its wheels and stopped before the station. The driver came down from his seat and ran at Trumbo. Halfway over the meadow he halted, turned and went back toward the stage. He clapped his hands against his pockets, stopped and drew out his plug tobacco and bit off a chunk; he circled the stage and leaned against the front wall of the house. Then he slid down on his haunches and began to draw lines in the dust with his forefinger—still watching the shape of Trumbo, dead in the yellow grass beyond him.

Wall slowed to a walk, looked down at Trumbo and came on. Great noises came out of his chest from his running and faint sweat glistened on his forehead; his big mouth hung open, sucking in air. His eyes, bedded back in their pouches, had a black, damp pleasure. He put an arm on the corral and thus supported himself.

"That man was tough before he came here," he said. "He had a record down the trail." He bent his head forward. "Where'd you get your trainin' at this business?"

"Down the trail," said Coleman and returned his gun to its holster. He stepped away from the corral and paused above Trumbo. "He wanted a lot of things. In due time he would have gotten them, but he couldn't wait. He thought the day was too short. Except for one thing, Luke, he was a good man."

"What thing?"

"He had no heart," said Coleman.

Wall said, "In my book a man is bad or he is good. He was just no good at all."

Coleman shrugged his shoulders. "Nothin' in my book is that certain." He lifted his head, facing the mouth of the gorge and the great mountain tiers rising before him, black-covered even with the sun upon them; he stiffened and his chest arched and his eyelids pulled nearer and he looked upon the mountains with a bristling temper. "I wish," he said, "I did not have to sleep out half of this day."

Wall said dryly, "All that will keep. When you turn in you will not rise until mornin'. The river's been at you."

The two walked over the meadow. The stage driver rose up and said: "You goin' to change these horses?"

"Sure," said Wall. "Now."

The driver said, "That Trumbo there?"

"Trumbo," said Wall.

"Change the horses," said the driver. "I want to get down into the clear country. I see Niles Peck on the road, up at the summit. He says Trumbo has just killed Stuart. I come down to Potter's Point and I pass Solvay who says he's just left Tap in the brush. Tap goes after him but is slow. Tap's dead. Change the horses, Luke."

WALL set about unhitching; he led the four horses away toward the barn. Valencia stood in the doorway and watched Coleman and stepped aside to let him pass in. He crossed to the stairs and turned back to look at her; she was still watching him.

"Goodby, Tracy."

"So long," he said and went up the stairs. He followed the short hall and knocked at the door of the front room. He heard Ann's voice and opened the door and stepped in. She stood in the middle of the room. He went toward her and looked down; he saw nothing on her face and he felt afraid.

"You heard that driver?"

"Yes."

"Nothing for me to say about your father. But for you it is hard."

"I could cry very easily. Not for him but for everything nice he threw away." Some thought and some feeling ran behind her gravity. "You are out of trouble. Are you going back to the Basin?"

"Ann," he said, "one thing never changes. What is the need of my tellin' you? You know what it is. It was in your eyes when I saw you here one night, in the barn; it has been there ever since. You could love a man, if you found the man. If I am that man, then I have found what I want."

"You might have said that last night. You knew it then."

"I had to know somethin' about myself. There have been no women before you and none will come after. That is what I had to know."

"You are a faithful man, Tracy."

"Faithful?" he said, and there came into his glance a smile and a warmth. He took her and kissed her and his heavy whiskers stung her and the hardness of his arms hurt her; and she lay in his arms and answered his need with her own. She was smiling with him, and heavy with the goodness that filled her.

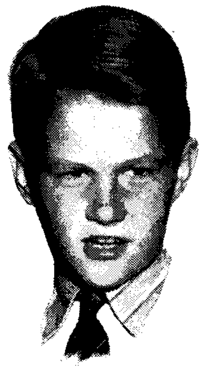
THE END

"Things were tough, 'till Pop and me saw eye-to-eye"

(Perhaps you've got a Sandy Smith problem in your home)

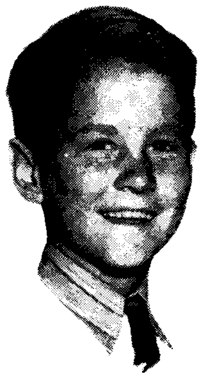
"Gee, I was in a jam! For three nights straight, Pop caught me asleep at my desk when I was supposed to be studyin'. Was he burned up!

"Boy, it was a problem. Then, today the teacher told us that all kids need a good light for studyin' so they won't strain their eyes.



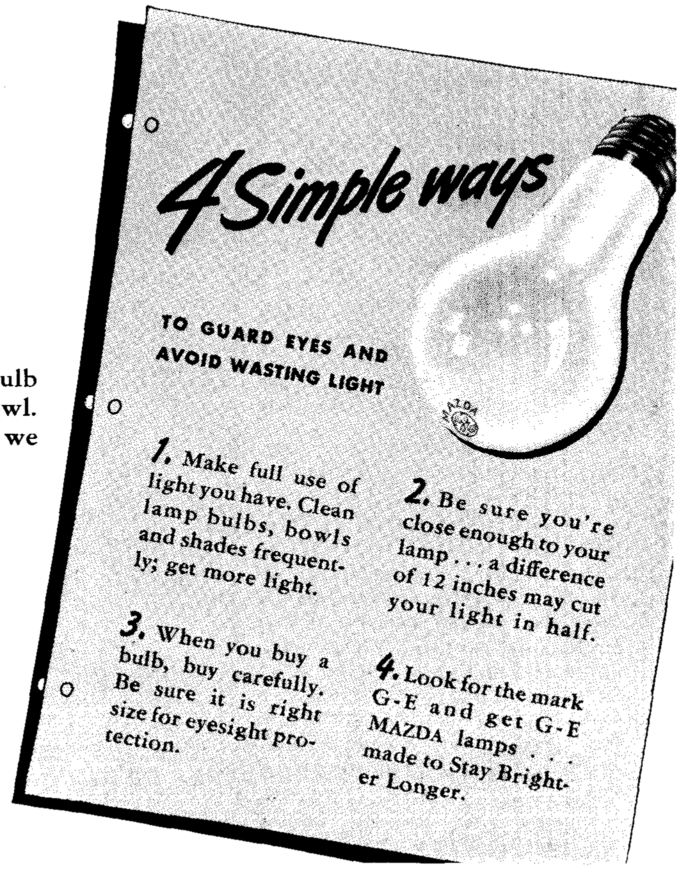
"So I looked at the bulb in my study lamp. It sure was little. I told Pop about it and asked for the bulb from his lamp. 'Nix!' snorts Pop, 'nothing wrong with your lamp. Let's see it.'

"Mom heard the commotion so she came along. Pop sat down and Mom watched. Then she began: 'So there's nothing wrong with Sandy's lamp, eh? Then why are *you* squinting?'



"Pop caught on fast. He put a 100-watt bulb in my lamp. And he even washed the bowl. Now when I ask Pop about arithmetic, we see eye to eye!"

WITH many folks using their eyes as much as one-third more, the right light to protect eyes from strain is important. On the home front, as well as on production lines, remember that electricity and eyesight are both vital. Let's conserve them both. Toward this end, General Electric offers the simple suggestions at the right; and for war plants, large and small, offers a free lighting check-up by G-E engineers.



4 Simple ways

TO GUARD EYES AND AVOID WASTING LIGHT

1. Make full use of light you have. Clean lamp bulbs, bowls and shades frequently; get more light.
2. Be sure you're close enough to your lamp . . . a difference of 12 inches may cut your light in half.
3. When you buy a bulb, buy carefully. Be sure it is right size for eyesight protection.
4. Look for the mark G-E and get G-E MAZDA lamps . . . made to Stay Brighter Longer.

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Duofold Underwear plays a part in the program for national health protection in winter. Its two thin layers aid materially in conserving bodily warmth and energy. On the principle of 2-layer insulation, with air space between, it helps keep resistance *up* without having to be made heavy or bulky.

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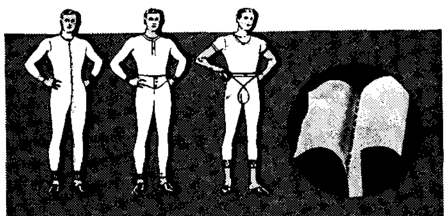

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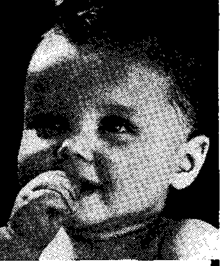
TEETHING PAINS
RELIEVED
QUICKLY



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Dr. Hand's Teething Lotion is the prescription of a famous baby specialist and has been used by mothers for over fifty years. One bottle is usually enough for one baby for the entire teething period.

DR. HAND'S
TEETHING LOTION
Just rub it on the gums
Buy it from your druggist today

Jumping-Horse Man

Continued from page 11

wouldn't've thought so, unless you happen to be a jumping-horse man. He wasn't a sleek-curved fancy-dan horse; he was a big, rawboned brown colt. He had the shoulder, and he had the hindquarters—and the clincher was the mark of a hobble on his hide. I got so excited I forgot to play dumb.

"Look, Farn!" I said, pointing to the hobble rub.

He gave me a look that would have frozen a grapefruit, and then calmly walked over to a chestnut mare near by, and said, "Yep, bub, she's a nice 'un, ain't she?" He walked around and around her. He didn't give the brown colt another glance.

"How much for this mare?" Farn asked, finally.

The farmer pulled at his mustache. "Well, I don't scarcely know what to ask for that horse."

"I couldn't pay a big price."

"It's hard to say," the farmer kept muttering. But finally he said, "I ought not to do it; but if you want that mare you can have her for two hundred dollars."

Farn looked unhappy, and said, "That's too much for a poor man to put into a horse. Much obliged for letting me look. Come on, bub."

The farmer pointed to the brown colt and said, "How you like that 'un?"

"That gawky 'un?" Farn said.

"He'll fill out a right smart. He ain't but four. I got more horses than I can feed, and I'll give you a pretty good price on him, if you can use him."

When it was all settled, and the colt belonged to Farn, we drove off. Farn didn't say a word, and I kept watching him. But watching him didn't help. When he got around a bend, he stopped the old car and gave me a hard one with the back of his hand.

"Next time keep your trap shut," he said quietly.

"Okay," I said, spitting some blood from my mouth.

WHEN Pop had seen he was on his way out, he had called me in and said, "Jerry, kid, I got a couple of things to say. When I'm gone, you stick with Sadie."

"I'm sixteen. I can look out for me."

"Maybe it's her I want looked out for."

"Maybe she don't want me."

"You stick anyway, until you know she can get along."

"One more thing now," he said. "What you want to make out for yourself?"

"I hadn't thought about it."

"I'd like you to be a lawyer, or a radio man, or something like that, if you feel like it. You got no bug to be a chaser jock, have you?"

"I don't know. You never let me jump a horse."

"And with reason. If you ever took four and a half feet on a good strong horse, you'd never be satisfied doing anything that would make you any money. I ain't going to say yes nor no about it, but my advice to you is never ride a jumping horse once. That's all I got to say."

He left me two hundred and fifty bucks at the bank, and told me not to use it until I needed it. He hadn't been long gone before I knew I'd need it soon. Farn, with his flashy show horses, his hundred-dollar coats and deep-shining boots, had taken Sadie over—or at least as much as any man could take Sadie over. It was odd man out, and the odd man was me. I was in Sadie's way, and I was a nuisance to Farn; so I figured I'd be leaving soon.

On Tuesday the brown colt, Benjie, arrived. I was at the barn when he came, and he walked down out of the truck as calm as if he rode trucks all the time. Sadie and Farn came down presently. Sadie stayed sort of near the door, for she did not like stable smells.

"Saddle him," Farn said, "and let's see how much of a jumper we've got."

Farn left the stirrups long, for he was a gaited-horse man, not a jumper really. But he did know enough to trot around a bit to warm up the horse's muscles. At first Benjie was lazy; the only thing he did was throw his head a little after Farn's heavy hands began to hurt his tender mouth.

Meanwhile Perk and I set up the jump. We put the bar at two feet, like we had been told. The jump didn't have any wings. Sadie watched Farn, not the colt.

BENJIE looked at the bar with some curiosity as he trotted toward it, but no fear. Farn tried to make him gallop, but Benjie wouldn't bother. He didn't need to—he went over the bar as pretty as you ever saw.

"So far, so good," grunted Perk.

"Put it up to three," Farn said.

"A whole foot?" I asked.

"You heard me."

Again Benjie came trotting leisurely, his ears forward. He was lazy, all right, or perhaps not feeling very peppy after his truck ride. At any rate, he carelessly struck the bar with his hind foot. When he did it the second time, Farn jerked Benjie's mouth angrily.

"Get my whip," he said.

Perk nodded. "A little slashing is just what that horse needs."

The first time Farn's whip cut into his belly, Benjie jumped in astonishment. Farn kept laying it on. I turned my head away, but I could still hear the *whup, whup, whup.* Sadie called, "I wish you wouldn't do that in your good clothes."

Benjie tried to run, but Farn kept him tight-checked, so that he could only wheel and dance frantically and perhaps wildly wonder what he was being punished for. But, of course, he wasn't being punished; he was simply being given the standard horse-show method for keying up a docile horse. Farn liked keying them up that way.

Then he turned him toward the jump, cut him again sharply with the whip, and loosened the reins. Benjie shot away and cleared the jump by a foot. On landing he tried to bolt, but Farn hit him hard with the curb and brought him around in a circle and stopped him sharply.

He jumped him several times more, even to four feet, and Benjie never touched. But he was scared and nervous and wouldn't be still between jumps. I remember hearing Pop say, one time, that a scared horse isn't a safe one. I don't guess there's anything more scared than a scared horse.

"Well," Farn said to Sadie when he was through, "it looks like I've added a jumper to my string. Let's go to the Palms and get a drink on it."

"With you looking like that?" she said disdainfully. "Not me. I'll see you later."

I cooled Benjie off, and put him up. He wouldn't eat anything at all that night, and drank only in short, nervous draughts. I tried to talk to him and get him calmed down, but he couldn't get used to the strange new and apparently hostile life into which he had been thrust.

"Some day, boy, I'll even up with him for today," I muttered.

Next morning he was better, and he ate. I hung around his stall and gave him a carrot and tried to make him forget the day before. But there didn't seem to be much point to it, for I knew many days like that one were coming for him.

And they did come. Farn would phone down to the stable and tell Perkinson to get the jumping horse ready, and Perk would put a light blanket on Benjie to keep from cutting his hide, and then lay on to him with a rubber hose until the colt was fit to go crazy. Then Farn would arrive, mount, and put him over some jumps.

With Farn in the saddle Benjie was hardly a sane horse. His jumping went from bad to worse. Whenever Farn headed him for a jump, Benjie would bolt wildly toward it; sometimes he would clear by a foot and sometimes he would knock the bars flying.

Perk said, finally, "Looks like we've bought a fool."

"I knew that damned farmer was a crook time I saw him!" Farn said angrily. "Well, keep your mouth shut about this horse and maybe we can unload him on somebody."

Having given up on Benjie, Farn didn't bother with him, and day by day the horse got quieter, and ate better. But all Farn had to do was walk up to the door, and Benjie would start getting jittery. "A fool," Farn said in disgust. "But we'll stick somebody with him."

One moonlight night I led Benjie from his stall and saddled him. He showed some nervousness as I mounted, and if I had raised my hand he'd have tried to bolt. But I sat very quietly paying no attention to his restless turning. After a few minutes I nudged him slightly, and he sprang away in a short, stiff-kneed, sideways gallop. I reined him in to a stop, and then started him again. Finally I was able to get him to walk away, and that was what I wanted. For an hour I walked him, and when I put him in the stall he was as quiet as a kitten.

EVERY night, now, I rode Benjie, and eventually I was convinced that, away from Perk and Farn he would be a quiet and dependable horse. "Before long," I said, "we're going to be checking out of here. And some day we'll come back." I knew that Benjie could be bought, and that he was a good horse. I'd never really thought of jumping him, because I figured that, in his mind, he'd always connect the jumping standard with the pain Farn had inflicted.

But on this night I happened to ride near the jump, and instead of shying from it, he threw his ears forward and seemed waiting to see if I was going to send him into it. I took him around the training ring again, and this time I headed him straight for the jump.

The bar must have been at about four feet, but I was afraid that if I stopped to lower it I'd lose my nerve. I don't remember passing over the bar. I just remember taking off, and a feeling of being way up in the air, and then the ground rushing up in that terrible moment of descent. Even as Benjie's front feet struck, I had a quick fear that the crushing downweight would crack his leg bones. And then we were down, and Benjie was galloping easily around the ring. My hands were still nerveless on the reins. Finally Benjie slowed and stopped, and began grazing at the fringe in the center of the ring. Many minutes passed before my heart stopped pounding. And then a hot fire seemed to grow in my chest, and from that moment on I was a jumping-horse man.

Two days later I waited impatiently at old John Stewart's filling station. What clothes I had were in a bundle inside in the corner by the air compressor. Finally old John drove in and put his car under the greasing shed. He had been a friend of Pop's and now he was being a friend to me.

"You have any customers?" he asked.

"Three. Did you get him?"

"I guess you collected their ration coupons and all."

"Sure I did. Did you get him?" I demanded.

"Yes, I got him," he answered, and handed me a ten-dollar bill. "He's a hard trader. This is all you have coming back."

"That's okay. I still got a bargain."

Presently John's Negro, Robert, came down the street, and he was leading Benjie.

"Well," John said, "There's your horse."

WINDOW PAIN

"YOU," said the sergeant looking over a Camp Roberts (Calif.) platoon and allowing his glance to rest on Pvt. Lloyd Moore, "are about to be honored with a very important assignment. Follow me, chum."

An hour later the sergeant strolled around to see how Private Moore was getting along with his window washing. Private Moore was doing all right.

On one side of him, as he languidly swept the fog from the panes, was an attractive girl happily wringing out cloths and handing them to him. On the other side was another attractive girl, who left the scene only long enough to refill pails of water.

"This is my wife," Private Moore blithely told the sergeant, "and a friend of ours."

As the sergeant walked away Mrs. Moore asked Private Moore: "Do all sergeants walk like that—with their shoulders sort of bowed, and shaking their heads from one side to the other?"

Benjie knew me. He smelled me, gave me a little push with his nose, and then looked indifferently around at the town. *My* horse. My horse Benjie.

"I'm glad to help you, Jerry," old John said. "When you leaving?"

"Now."

"Good luck, son. Find you a good job and stick to it. And listen, there's a lot of stuff behind you now, and you want to forget it."

"No," I answered, "I ain't forgetting a thing."

I stopped at a little crossroads Florida store, for some sardines—with my last dime—and when I came out a car had driven up. It was a coupé not old but pretty well banged up, and the driver was a brown old guy with a big hat, and beside him was a girl, his daughter I figured. She had a flowered handkerchief or something around her hair, and she was sure pretty.

The man said, "Son, will that horse work cattle?"

I said, "Yes, sir, he sure will."

"He's mighty long and gawky-looking for a cow horse," the man said. "You out of work?"

If the girl hadn't been there I guess I'd have told the truth, but I said, "Not exactly. I'm on my way to Miami to enter the horse show."

"I didn't know about any horse show in Miami," the man said, puzzled. Then he seemed to catch on, and he said. "I'm short of hands, and we've got a lot of work coming up. If you got time to stop off a while, and if you think your horse will work cows, I can give you a job."

So that's how I got out to this cattle ranch, and that's how I met Betty, the ranchman's daughter. That's where I first knew Billy O'Day too. Billy was short and tough and simple-minded. He was a little out of shape from getting tossed off bucking horses and Brahmas, for every year he left to travel a couple of months with the rodeo.

It soon was plain that Benjie wasn't a cattle horse. He caught on to chasing steers, and for his size, even got pretty quick at cutting and turning. But when I tried to whirl a rope off him he nearly went out of his head. It was too much like Farn's whip.

They kept me on, though, because they didn't have enough hands as it was. In the afternoons, late, I'd take Benjie out in the pasture and jump him. I've known a lot of jumping horses since then, but honest, there never was another like Benjie. Chasing cows had been good for him, for now all he needed to liven him up was a touch of a spur. And he loved to jump. He tried to jump anything I'd aim him at, no matter how high.

"When they start gitting the rodeo together, Jerry," Billy O'Day said, "you ought to go with me, and take that horse."

"He ain't a rodeo horse."

"They got all kinds of acts, gosh a-mighty. Trick horses and a lot of stuff. We'll git you up an act. I'll tell you what, I'll lay down on top of my horse and let you jump over us. I could lay on my back on the horse like I was a-laying up in my bunk, smoking a cigarette and reading a funny book, and you could come along and jump over us."

"You must be crazy," I said.

Betty must have heard about this, because she was down at the pasture one day watching me jump Benjie, and when I stopped she said, "Are you going away with Billy?"

"I got to make some money someway."

"I wish you didn't have to go," she said. She looked at me, and finally she asked, "What is it you carry on your mind all the time, Jerry?"

"I don't carry anything on my mind."

She said, "If you ever come by this way, stop in to see us. Maybe you might even write us a postcard sometime."

"Sure I will."

"Look," she said suddenly. "Why don't you enter Benjie in the Florida Southern show? Dad says they've got a big jumper stake. He goes down every year to see that show."

"I'll sure try to make it." But I didn't know where I'd be when that show came off.

THE rodeo manager looked at me and then at Benjie, and he said, "A lot of horses can jump."

Billy O'Day said, "Not like this one, Mr. Donly."

Donly nodded at me. "Let me see something special."

I mounted and wondered what I could do that would seem special. Then I noticed his car over by a tree; it was a convertible with the top down. I touched Benjie with the spur, and headed him straight for the automobile. I held him straight, gave him a little more spur, and he surged right over it.

"That's okay," Donly said. "But not new."

"I ain't come to the main part," I said. I dismounted, took off the saddle, bridle and everything, and Benjie didn't have on anything but the shoes on his feet. Then I squirmed up on him, put my belt around his neck to steer him with, and started him toward the car again. He jumped it as slick and as calm as anything you ever saw, and I neck-reined him back to where Donly and Billy O'Day stood.

"Now you're talking!" Donly said, and Billy winked at me.

It wasn't as hard as it looked. A car with the top down, these days, isn't more than about four feet high, and a horse naturally gets some breadth in a four-foot jump. Staying on without a saddle is easy if you've got balance and a little grip in your legs. Of course without a bit, Benjie could have turned out if he'd wanted to, or run away after landing; but jumping was what he liked, and he was too lazy to run away without he had been scared or something.

One night we were in Dothan, Alabama, and it was dusty and those Brahmas were just mean as hell, and Billy O'Day got tossed right quick. It looked to me like the Brahma stepped on him, but in the dust you never can tell. I went around behind the chutes, and they had pulled Billy's boot off. The cowboys and cowgirls were standing around him, bright-colored in their red and yellow silk as they waited for the horseback quadrille and one of the girls spat angrily and said, "That old Brahma stepped on Billy's foot."

THE doctor took us up to his office, and while he worked on Billy I looked at the papers and magazines. Then is when I saw this picture. It was a man and a horse taking a jump, and the words at the bottom read: FAMOUS PAIR TO APPEAR IN JUMPER STAKE AT FLORIDA SOUTHERN SHOW. *Rudolph Farn and his sensational new jumper, Altimeter, will be among the stars performing next week at the horse show which annually attracts horse owners and riders throughout the South.*

The picture of Farn sent a cold shudder of anger over me, and for a moment the picture blurred out. But that horse looked good; he was jumping clean, and clearing by just a fraction the way a good horse does. His mouth was open, and I knew Farn's tight rein was doing that. He looked to be brown and about Benjie's size. I wondered what kind of disposition he had, to survive Farn's training methods.

I took the paper into the office, and Billy was lying on his back with his hands behind his head, telling the doctor how he'd once seen a Brahma tear down a wire fence he'd got hung in. I held the picture in front of Billy.

"I'm going to that show," I said evenly.

"Okay. I might as well go too. I won't be able to do nothing with this foot," Billy said. "Durn, that's some horse, ain't he? Read me what it says—I forgot my glasses."

I read it to him—Billy can't read, but he doesn't like for anybody to know it—and when I got through he said, "You know that feller?"

"Yes, I know him."

"You sort of sounded like you did."

It was sure a spangle of a show. In the stall next to the one they gave me was a golden five-gaited stallion that kept moving about and squealing and occasionally kicking at the boards that separated him from Benjie. On the other side, a woman was washing a pure white walking-horse colt that was entered in the mare-and-colt class. The place was full of horses and horse smells and horse talk. People strolled by the stalls, and they admired the stallion and then the colt, and they stared at Benjie and asked one another what a horse like that was doing at a horse show. From the ring the amplifiers rattled and croaked and finally said something or other. Benjie stood at the doo and looked at the scene with indifference.

But his indifference vanished when

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The pipe in this picture is a "Billiard" shape Kaywoodie, $3.50

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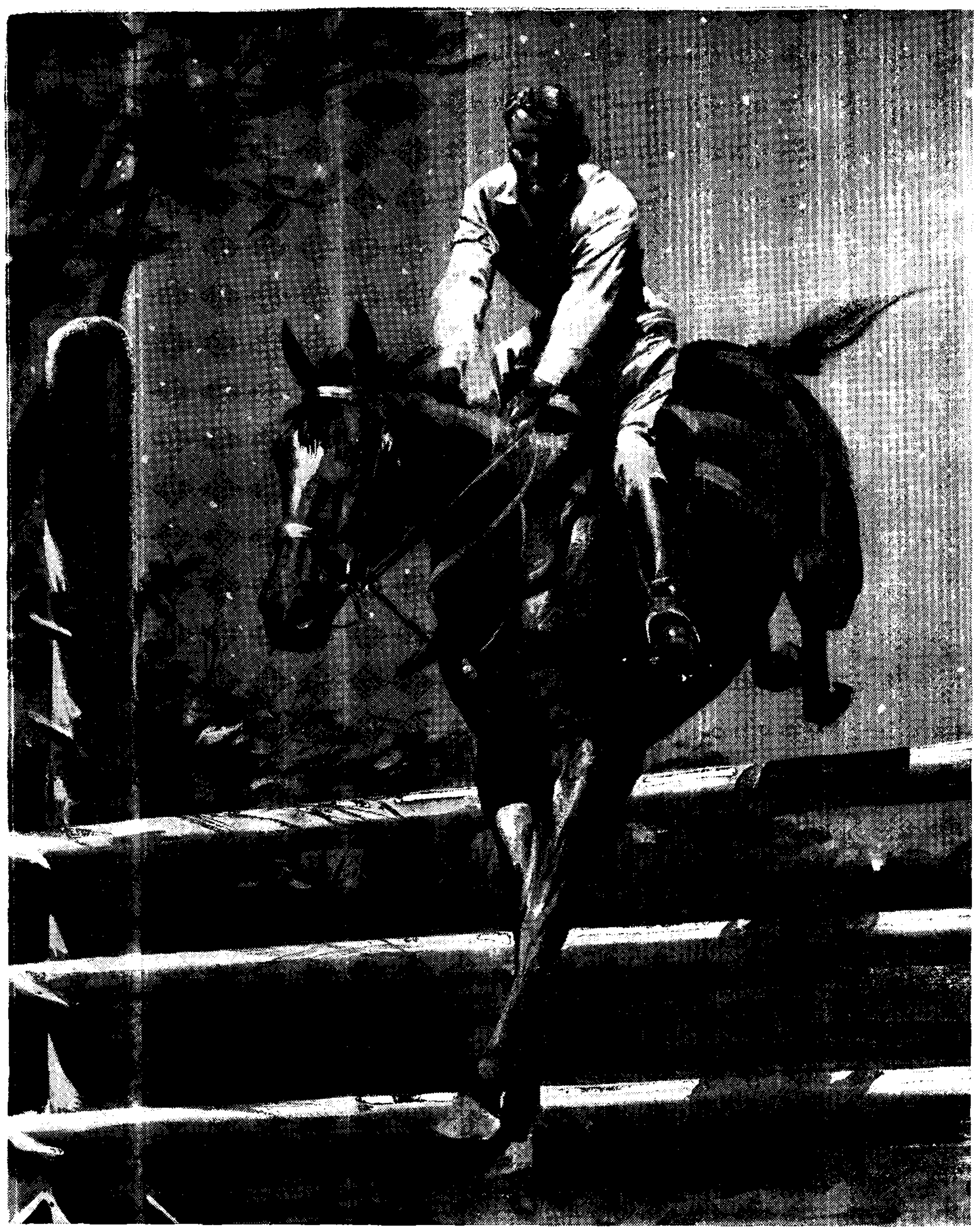


I don't remember taking off—just being way up in the air

Farn appeared. I'll tell the truth—if it had occurred to me that Benjie would have remembered Farn, or that Farn would try to be so clever, I don't believe I'd have come. My only thought had been that I'd show Farn up by jumping so high he'd lose his guts or either bust his neck; but I wasn't even sure of doing this after hearing about that horse, Altimeter.

I was picking Benjie's feet when Farn and Sadie came. Benjie stiffened, and he threw his head up, and stood there like a buck scenting danger, and when I turned around there they were. Sadie looked like a movie actress, and Farn, with his neat-cut blond mustache and his tweed riding coat, had enough front for even Sadie. I later found out they got married two weeks before.

"Hello, Jerry," Sadie said. "Why did you go off without telling anybody?"

"I just left," I said. I was watching Benjie out of the corner of my eye. He still hadn't moved a muscle; I guess he was trying to place Farn.

"It wasn't very grateful of you, after all we'd done for you," Farn said reasonably, tapping his boots with his riding whip. He was watching Benjie, too.

"Such as what?"

Suddenly Farn leaned forward and pointed the whip at Benjie and shook it in his face, and said, "Isn't that the horse I used to own?"

Benjie jumped straight backward, banging a board off the back of the stall, and his eyes rolled white. Quickly I slipped a stirrup iron off a saddle, and holding it by the leather I stepped outside and shut the upper half of the stall door behind me.

"Get away from here," I said.

"Sorry," Farn said smoothly. "I'd forgotten that horse was so—eccentric."

I went back in and began trying to quiet Benjie. He settled down quicker than I did; for I was still sore when somebody else stopped at the door, and I whirled and there was Betty. She wore dark glasses, and that kerchief thing around her hair like when I first saw her, and right away I began to forget about Farn.

"I'm so glad to see you, Jerry!" she said.

I shook her hand and forgot to turn it loose. I hadn't ever had a girl, not a real girl of my own, and now all of a sudden I knew I had one and it was Betty, and the feeling was like that night when I rode Benjie and headed him for the jump for the first time, a sort of choked-up, half-scared excitement. Now she was telling me about coming down with her father and everything, and all I could say was, "Well, I declare. Well, I declare."

FARN'S horse, Altimeter, was everything they had said. I saw that before the bar got to four feet. The crowd had overflowed the bleacher seats and boxes and were packed three deep around the rail, and all of them were keyed up the way a jumper class always gets them.

Altimeter had been talked about a lot, and they gave him a big hand every time he went into the ring. After seeing him jump a few times, I knew why Farn hadn't been able to ruin him. Altimeter was a hot horse—he was born fiery and excited, and instead of needing keying up, he had to be held in. When he saw a jump ahead, he tried to go for it wide open, and it was all Farn's heavy hunting pelham could do to hold him in until he got there. Then Altimeter would sail over as pretty as anything you ever saw.

After the bar got past four feet, horses began dropping out. Each horse had two tries, and then it was goodby. Neither Altimeter nor Benjie had even nicked. Farn had not spoken to me, but I kept my eye on him. As the bar approached five feet, and Benjie was still going over easy as jumping a log, Farn began to look at us like he hadn't noticed we were there.

First thing I had done was to spot Betty, sitting with her father, and every time I finished my jump amid the clapping, it was her smile that was my applause. Benjie had grown applause-conscious long ago, in the rodeo, and he ate it up. He always did better in a performance than in practice. I was sure proud of my horse this day, there seemed no limit to what he could do. Altimeter was going nicely, too.

THE bar had passed six feet before either of us had to use his second jump, and it was Altimeter who missed. He cleared on his second try; and Farn brought him around while they moved the bar up.

I must have been watching Betty when it happened. All of a sudden there Farn was beside me, and Altimeter, whirling and dancing as if unmanageable, crashed into Benjie. Farn shouted at Altimeter, "Here, you, sah!" and while we were jammed up together he struck his spur into Benjie, and swished his whip overhead. At once Benjie reared and fell away in fright, and then bolted toward the rail. I got him turned just before he would have jumped it and landed in a crowded box. I couldn't hold him with that snaffle, but I drew him around in smaller circles until finally he stopped and stood there with feet apart, trembling. There was a hush over the crowd.

"Are you ready, Number Eighteen?" blared the amplifier.

I wasn't near ready, not with my horse half out of his head, but I couldn't wait. It was my time to jump, and I had either to try or get out. So I worked Benjie into the ring and got him headed right. He shot wildly toward the standard, not seeming to feel my sawing at his mouth. There were four bars—he sent the whole bunch of them scattering.

"Now look what you did!" I scolded him. Knocking the bars off seemed to get his mind off Farn's whip for just a moment, because that was a new experience for him. While this was still on his mind I brought him around again and by that time the attendants had put the bars back up. We came in fast—too fast—but this time Benjie was rating himself. I don't know how high that bar was, but it was sure up there. Benjie took off, and the ground seemed miles below. I heard one of his hind feet tick the top bar, but when I looked back it was still there and the crowd let out a roar.

I rode straight to where Betty sat, and I pointed to the kerchief on her head.

"Loan me that," I said, "for luck."

She gave it to me and said, "It should be a glove, really."

I don't know what she meant by that, but I took the kerchief and ran it under Benjie's bridle and over his eyes, so that he was blindfolded, yet with one snatch I could pull it away.

"What's that for?" the ringmaster asked.

"To keep him from getting dust in his eyes," I said. "Monkey dust."

Altimeter ticked the bar and it slid to the edge of the peg and stayed. That's the way the crowd liked them, close. Farn came riding toward me, laughing loudly and talking to me as if we were having the friendliest kind of competition.

"Keep away!" I told him.

But he rode right straight to me and laughed, "They're making us really jump, are they, Jerry?" and slapped his thigh with his hand—the hand that had the whip in it. The whip passed within six inches of Benjie's head. Benjie didn't see it. Benjie didn't move. I walked him out onto the ring, headed him toward the jump, and leaning forward, snatched the blindfold away. Then I saw how high the bar had got, and my throat froze. But rather than let the horse sense how scared I was, I gave him my heel. We took off, and for one long moment seemed to hang over the bar. I felt Benjie's hindquarters turn sideways to clear, and next the ground rushed up like on a roller coaster and we were going down and down and then we landed and when I looked back, not a bar had moved.

"Benjie," I said, all choked up, "My horse Benjie."

Farn had been trying to hold Altimeter and now he eased off and the horse went into the jump. I saw that he was going to miss from the way Farn tried to sort of lift him off, and Altimeter's front hoof struck. It was the first really bad jump he had made, and Farn was furious.

All the way back around for his last try, Farn nagged Altimeter with the bit, and the horse began fighting him and that made Farn madder, and suddenly he cut Altimeter under the belly with his whip. The horse jumped in fright and astonishment, learning for the first time the meaning of the thing his rider carried in his hand. The whip on Altimeter was a mistake, and everybody knew it as soon as they started toward the jump. I remembered what Pop had said, "A scared horse is never a safe one"—and Altimeter was scared.

Let me make one thing clear. I didn't want this. I had plenty against Farn, and I'm sure he had it coming to him, but I hadn't asked for anything like what happened.

What happened was, Altimeter hung his front feet on the top bar, one on each side, scissorslike. Farn went off, sort of sideways, but still holding the reins. They came down in a sprawl. And when they struck, Farn was on the bottom.

A GASP went up from the crowd, and then Altimeter got to his feet and trotted off with the saddle under his belly. Farn lay there on his side, unmoving, and a woman screamed and I knew it was Sadie.

The crowd forgets quickly. The final class had come, the open five-gaited, and the horses were racking around the ring with manes flying when Billy O'Day came to where Betty and I were sitting and said that Farn's pelvis was broken. Betty said that would get well, wouldn't it, and I just told her yes. I didn't tell her that Farn's self-assured walk would now be a more of a sideway shuffle, and I didn't tell her how his wife, Sadie, liked front. I didn't tell her how Sadie had lost interest in Pop when he got his, and how Farn had taken her over.

"Did you notice how much Altimeter and Benjie are of a size and color?" I asked presently.

"Yes," Betty said.

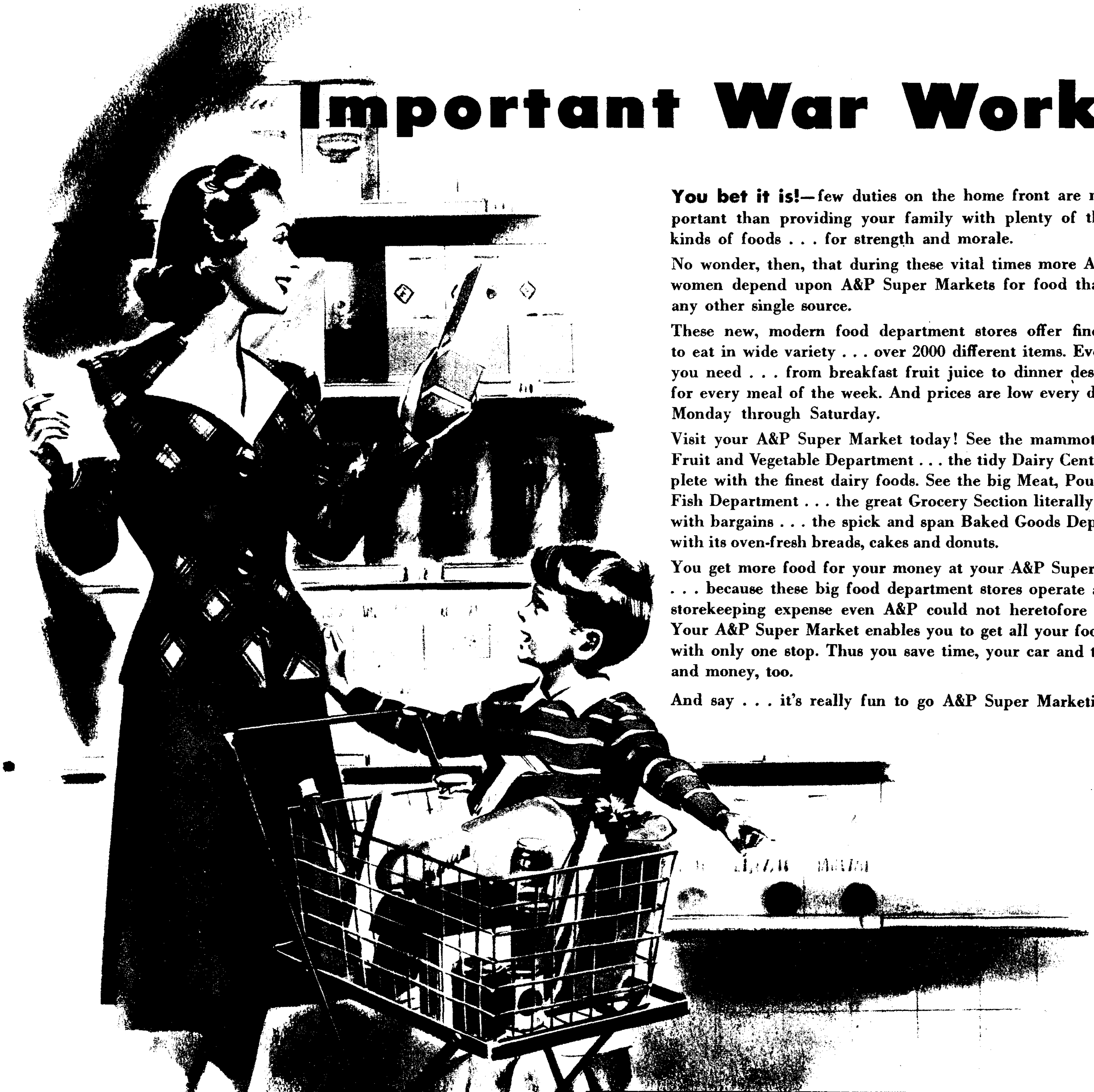
"I guess Altimeter will be for sale," Billy said.

"I might try to buy him," I said finally. This is what I have in mind, and I think it would make a fine act for the rodeo. Instead of jumping the moving car with one horse, suppose I jump it with two horses at one time, standing up with a foot on each one? That would be a real sight, especially with Altimeter and Benjie matched up so well.

I think it would be a fine act. Billy O'Day thinks so too. Betty doesn't think so much of it.

THE END

Important War Work—



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TAKE IT, MISTER!

By Corey Ford and Alastair MacBain

Consider the flight instructor, that unsung hero who with infinite skill and wisdom and patience is building a nation of fighting fliers

STANDING here on the flying line and squinting into the air is like looking up from under water at a swarm of tiny brilliant-colored tropical fish. The white crushed-shell landing strip and the hangars and waving palm trees are the toy garden at the bottom of a big glass aquarium. All around you and above you, the schools of yellow-and-blue training ships are spinning and rolling, basking and playing in the water-blue sky. They circle the rim of the bowl, fin lazily for a moment, dart so swiftly that you wouldn't be surprised to see them leave a wake of bubbles in the air.

One of the yellow-and-blue fish quits the surface of the bowl and reluctantly wriggles down toward you. It banks abruptly to the left, levels off again, so near the ground now that you're conscious for the first time of its speed as the yellow wings race past the treetops. There's a faint screech when the wheels first touch the strip, and the little biplane bounces a couple of times, and halts beside you. The instructor in the front cockpit shoves his goggles up on his forehead and turns to the cadet behind him:

"All right, mister," he says casually as he climbs out, "take it around yourself a couple of times."

They're words to you; but then, of course, you're a mere earthbound creature who couldn't understand. You couldn't know these dozen words will sing in the ears of this cadet all through the rest of his training, and after he gets his wings, and even when he's flying a B-17 or a B-24 over Tokyo or Berlin.

Years later, he'll still recall every detail of the scene: his instructor's face, the sunshine, the hangars, the palm trees, the bright flowers in the grass, yourself standing here beside the strip and watching him. You've achieved immortality. You're part of an ineffable memory he'll carry with him the rest of his life: the moment of his first solo.

For this is Primary School, all-important stage in the Army Air Forces pilot-training program, the nine-week elementary period in which a cadet changes, miraculously, from a land animal to an air animal. He arrives here after a brief conditioning course at Pre-Flight School, a raw recruit who doesn't know the difference between a ground loop and a lazy eight. Here he gets his hand on the throttle and control stick for the first time. Here he learns firsthand the whys and why-nots of aeronautics and forms the deep-seated flying habits that will affect all the rest of his career.

"Seventy-five per cent of avoidable air accidents," says the British Air Ministry, "result from slack habits formed in primary training."

Here he goes through the most crucial moment in his entire six months of instruction and he does it under the persistent, nagging, worried, ruthless, loving guidance of a man who is at once a toughened cloud-buster who could fly the rudder off an old Jenny, a fretting mother hen, a skillful psychoanalyst, a fiend incarnate, and the best friend the cadet will have in all his life.

It's a unique relationship between an instructor and the five or six cadets in his flight. "Pigeons," he calls them. "Shoved another of my pigeons out of the nest today."

You see him hurrying across the apron at the end of a day's work surrounded by an eager knot of cadets who bombard him with questions: "Sir, why did she swoosh out on me today when I was recovering from that slow roll?"

"Sir, why did I have so much trouble trying to hold her on a course?"

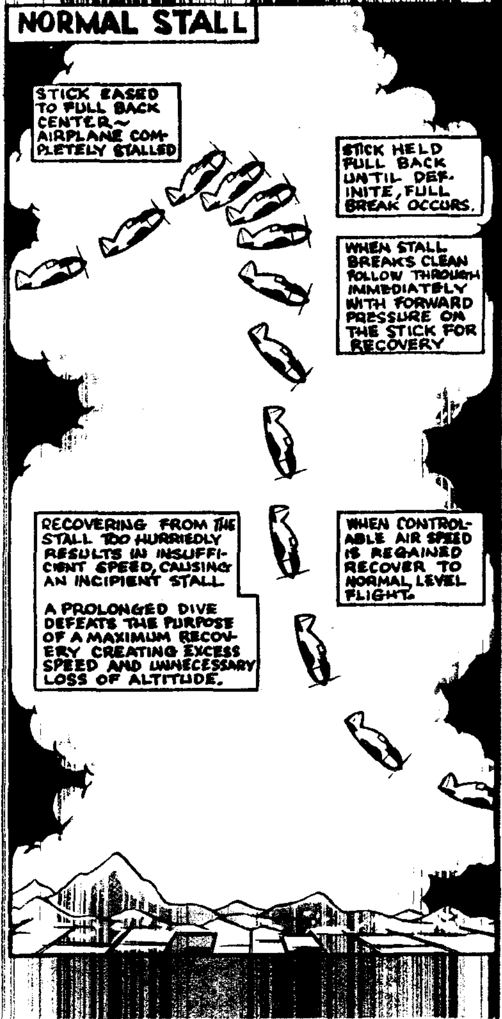
"Sir, what makes it pull to the left every time like it does?"

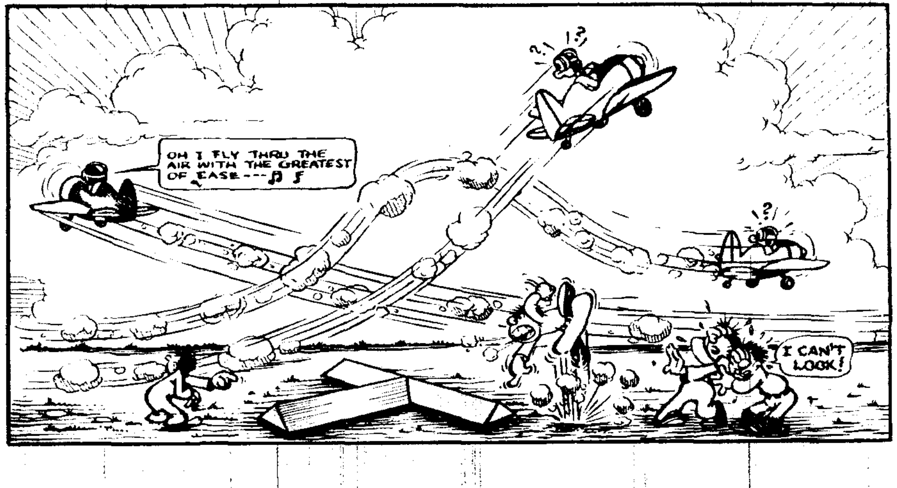
"You've got to learn to use some rudder," the instructor says, over his shoulder, "to correct for torque. Keep working at it. It'll come."

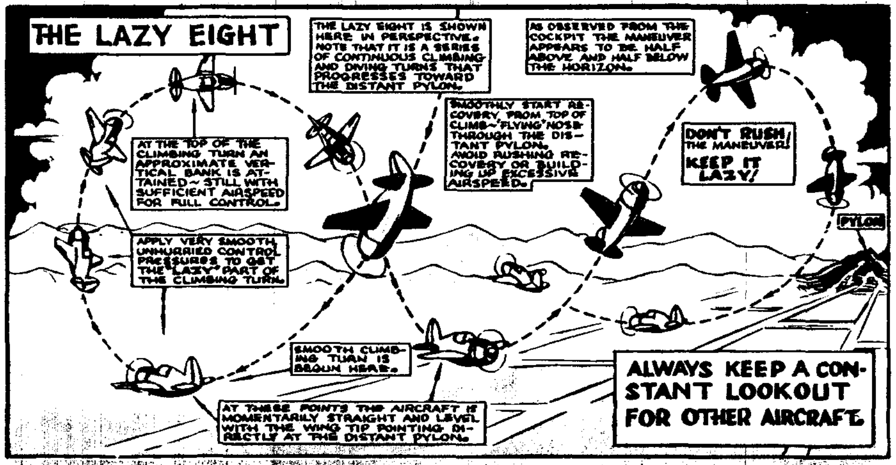
"I guess," a discouraged cadet mumbles, "I just wasn't born to fly."

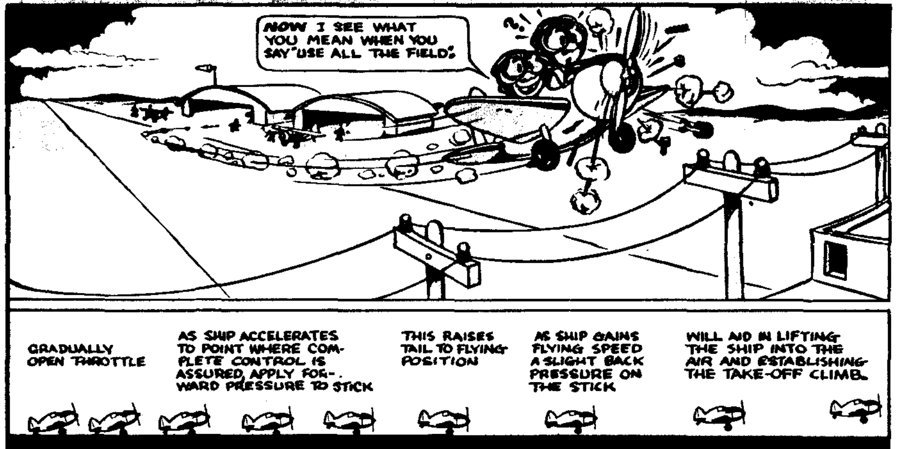
A flight of aviation cadets at Carlstrom Field crouch on the line and listen intently as their instructor demonstrates a new maneuver by means of a model Primary Trainer

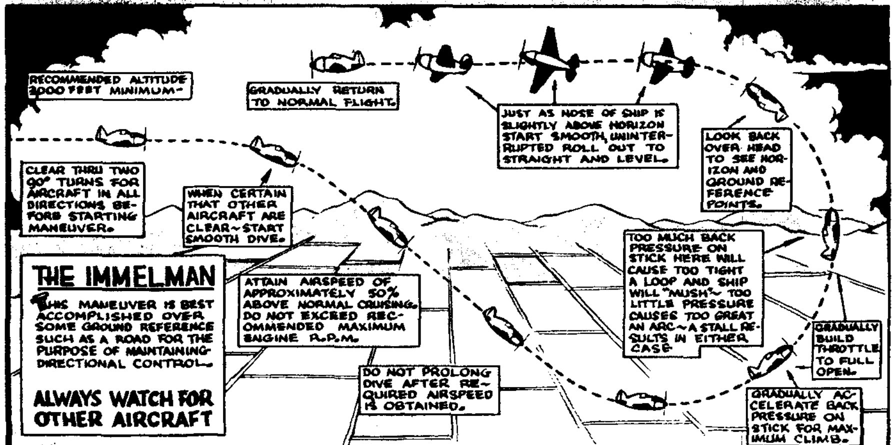
test innovation in the Army's speed- training program of 100,000-pilots- year is the Student Pilot's Handbook use at Carlstrom Field. A collection horse sense and humor, illustrated th incisive cartoons, it has replaced e former wordy textbooks. Authored Jack Hunt, director of flying at rlstrom, and Ray Fahringer, top-flight llywood animator, this modern man- l is so popular it must be printed in se-leaf form and handed out a few ges at a time, to keep the cadets from tting ahead of their instruction. Fahr- ger's pungent caricatures make clear a student at a glance such maneuvers the Normal Stall, the Lazy Eight, and e Immelmann. In addition, he drives me the "don'ts" of elementary flying use of ridicule in his drawings: his ggle-eyed gnome of a pilot, for ex- nple, violates every known rule of fety as he nonchalantly disregards e traffic tee (upper right) or uses too tle field and barely misses a power ne on his take-off (center right). "Stu- nts at this age react instantly to ridi- le," say the authors, "and so they *ork extra hard to keep from look- g like the pilot in the pictures."* ost treasured page in the handbook the Solo Certificate (lower right) hich is filled out by the proud stu- ent's instructor after his pigeon com- etes his first lone flight from the nest.

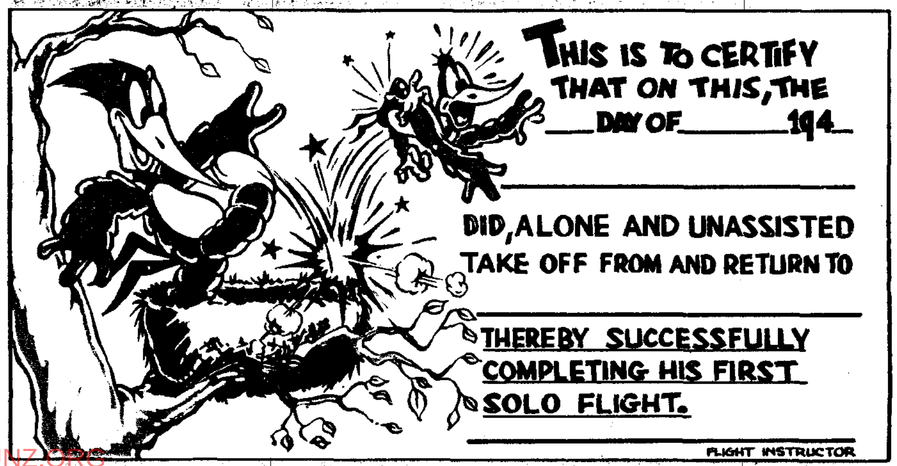

NORMAL STALL
STICK EASED TO FULL BACK CENTER~ AIRPLANE COMPLETELY STALLED
STICK HELD FULL BACK UNTIL DEFINITE, FULL BREAK OCCURS.
WHEN STALL BREAKS CLEAN FOLLOW THROUGH IMMEDIATELY WITH FORWARD PRESSURE ON THE STICK FOR RECOVERY
RECOVERING FROM THE STALL TOO HURRIEDLY RESULTS IN INSUFFICIENT SPEED, CAUSING AN INCIPIENT STALL.
A PROLONGED DIVE DEFEATS THE PURPOSE OF A MAXIMUM RECOVERY CREATING EXCESS SPEED AND UNNECESSARY LOSS OF ALTITUDE.
WHEN CONTROLABLE AIR SPEED IS REGAINED RECOVER TO NORMAL LEVEL FLIGHT.


OH I FLY THRU THE AIR WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE---♫
I CAN'T LOOK!


THE LAZY EIGHT
THE LAZY EIGHT IS SHOWN HERE IN PERSPECTIVE. NOTE THAT IT IS A SERIES OF CONTINUOUS CLIMBING AND DIVING TURNS THAT PROGRESSES TOWARD THE DISTANT PYLON.
AS OBSERVED FROM THE COCKPIT THE MANEUVER APPEARS TO BE HALF ABOVE AND HALF BELOW THE HORIZON.
AT THE TOP OF THE CLIMBING TURN AN APPROXIMATE VERTICAL BANK IS ATTAINED~ STILL WITH SUFFICIENT AIRSPEED FOR FULL CONTROL.
SMOOTHLY START RECOVERY FROM TOP OF CLIMB~"FLYING" NOSE THROUGH THE DISTANT PYLON. AVOID RUSHING RECOVERY OR BUILDING UP EXCESSIVE AIRSPEED.
DON'T RUSH THE MANEUVER! KEEP IT LAZY!
PYLON
APPLY VERY SMOOTH, UNHURRIED CONTROL PRESSURES TO GET THE "LAZY" PART OF THE CLIMBING TURN.
SMOOTH CLIMBING TURN IS BEGUN HERE.
AT THESE POINTS THE AIRCRAFT IS MOMENTARILY STRAIGHT AND LEVEL WITH THE WING TIP POINTING DIRECTLY AT THE DISTANT PYLON.
ALWAYS KEEP A CONSTANT LOOKOUT FOR OTHER AIRCRAFT.


NOW I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY "USE ALL THE FIELD".
GRADUALLY OPEN THROTTLE
AS SHIP ACCELERATES TO POINT WHERE COMPLETE CONTROL IS ASSURED, APPLY FORWARD PRESSURE TO STICK
THIS RAISES TAIL TO FLYING POSITION
AS SHIP GAINS FLYING SPEED A SLIGHT BACK PRESSURE ON THE STICK
WILL AID IN LIFTING THE SHIP INTO THE AIR AND ESTABLISHING THE TAKE-OFF CLIMB.


RECOMMENDED ALTITUDE 2000 FEET MINIMUM-
GRADUALLY RETURN TO NORMAL FLIGHT.
JUST AS NOSE OF SHIP IS SLIGHTLY ABOVE HORIZON START SMOOTH, UNINTERRUPTED ROLL OUT TO STRAIGHT AND LEVEL.
LOOK BACK OVER HEAD TO SEE HORIZON AND GROUND REFERENCE POINTS.
CLEAR THRU TWO 90° TURNS FOR AIRCRAFT IN ALL DIRECTIONS BEFORE STARTING MANEUVER.
WHEN CERTAIN THAT OTHER AIRCRAFT ARE CLEAR~START SMOOTH DIVE.
THE IMMELMAN
THIS MANEUVER IS BEST ACCOMPLISHED OVER SOME GROUND REFERENCE SUCH AS A ROAD FOR THE PURPOSE OF MAINTAINING DIRECTIONAL CONTROL.
ALWAYS WATCH FOR OTHER AIRCRAFT
ATTAIN AIRSPEED OF APPROXIMATELY 50% ABOVE NORMAL CRUISING. DO NOT EXCEED RECOMMENDED MAXIMUM ENGINE R.P.M.
TOO MUCH BACK PRESSURE ON STICK HERE WILL CAUSE TOO TIGHT A LOOP AND SHIP WILL "MUSH"~ TOO LITTLE PRESSURE CAUSES TOO GREAT AN ARC~A STALL RESULTS IN EITHER CASE
GRADUALLY BUILD THROTTLE TO FULL OPEN.
DO NOT PROLONG DIVE AFTER REQUIRED AIRSPEED IS OBTAINED.
GRADUALLY ACCELERATE BACK PRESSURE ON STICK FOR MAXIMUM CLIMB.


THIS IS TO CERTIFY
THAT ON THIS, THE
____ DAY OF ____ 194_

____

DID, ALONE AND UNASSISTED
TAKE OFF FROM AND RETURN TO

____

THEREBY SUCCESSFULLY
COMPLETING HIS FIRST
SOLO FLIGHT.

____
FLIGHT INSTRUCTOR

"Listen, mister." The instructor halts nd faces him. "There's no such thing s being born to fly. That's a lazy man's xcuse. Anybody can learn to be a flier if e'll take instructions and carry them ut."

The instructors try to keep their re- ationship with the students impersonal; hey're training future Army officers and he know they mustn't let sentiment in- luence their judgment. But you fly a ouple of hours a day with an eager, ealthy, willing youngster who would ather be an Army pilot than eat and vho, incidentally, has placed you on a edestal as his pet particular god, and ou'll find that in spite of yourself you ake his personal problems to heart. Be- ides, these Primary School instructors ealize that these youngsters are going hrough the most jittery stage of their ntire training, when a single careless vord or error in psychology could ruin potential military asset.

They must coax, cajole, half kid, half hove their fledgling pigeons off the limb; erret out secret inhibitions, build up a nan who's a little timid, knock down the ears of a man who's too cocky, joke with ne who's tense and overwrought, out- guess him when he starts to read his nstructor's mind, curb him if he gets overconfident: "Any time you think ou're getting hot, mister, set that air- lane right back on the ground and crawl ut. Hot pilots make cold corpses." Above all, *they must teach him to relax n the air.*

That's the first thing, the most impor- ant thing, the hardest thing of all to each a cadet, every instructor tells you: o relax, to ride with the ship, to maneu- er the airplane by feel. "Fly by the seat of your pants." He'll explain what that neans: Too tight a turn causes the blood o drain from a pilot's head, his head eems to sink turtlewise into his shoul- ders, and he feels an increasing pressure against the seat under him.

When he seems to rise out of the seat, on the other hand, it's a sign he's rolling oo fast or shoving the control stick too ar forward—literally pushing the air- plane out from under himself. Too much udder produces a skidding effect, and he pilot slips against the side of the cockpit. Thus the instinctive sense of ightness or heaviness in the seat will tell you, as accurately as your instrument panel, whether you're doing a maneuver correctly.

"A good pilot flies by his head," the instructor says, "but he does a lot of thinking in his butt."

He pauses in the narrow noon shade of the hangar and jerks a thumb at a grinning red-faced youngster walking toward the ready room, dangling his parachute by the straps. "Take that kid, for instance. Three days ago I was about to send him up for elimination; couldn't get him to relax. He'd freeze tight to the stick every time I'd put her into a spin or a roll. I tried to talk him out of it, but no go. I even printed RELAX on the back of my helmet in boxcar letters, so he'd have to see it every time he looked at me. Still no go; his hands would grip that stick like a drowning man and he'd stiffen his legs straight out against the rudders. So I told him to land the ship and take off his shoes and socks and leave them on the ground, and fly the ship barefoot.

After we were up a couple of minutes, I put her in a spin and waited until I felt him tighten. Then I reached down under me and tickled the soles of his feet. Relax? He collapsed all over and he's been flying like a gull ever since."

The Unsung Hero

The instructor grins, taps a cigarette *swiftly on his knuckles,* thrusts it between his lips with nervous fingers. All his movements are deft, swift, agile as a boxer's. He's short, lithe, with black close-cropped hair that has only a glint of gray, a pencil-line mustache, lancing, level blue eyes that go through you; a pilot's eyes. He speaks in the low, distinct voice of a man who's talked into a lot of microphones. He had 200 hours of government-supervised training in his CPT course, before he came here; but when he arrived he was given two flight checks to measure his flying ability and judgment, put through three sweating weeks of ground-school training, and then on a third and final check by an Army official. The Air Forces are taking no chances; an instructor's got to be good.

You wonder why the Army entrusts such a vital job to civilians; for none of these instructors at Primary School has

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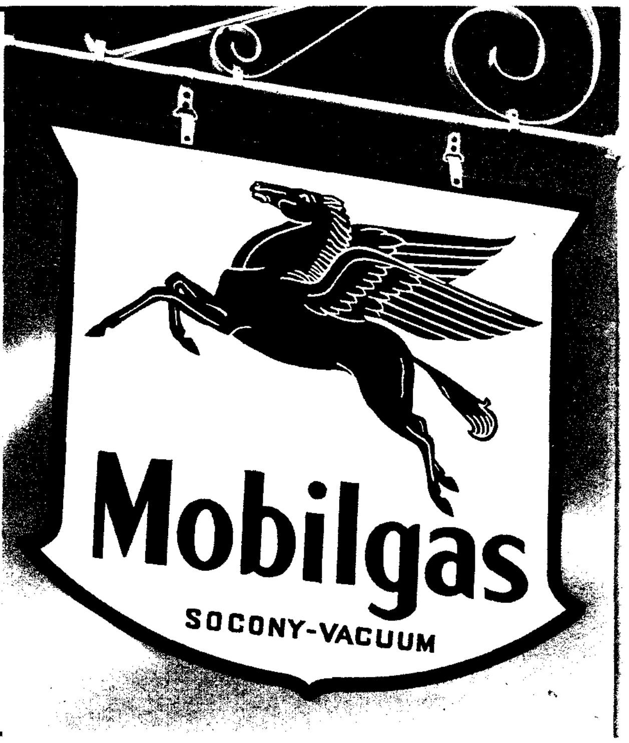

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any actual military connection or rank. The arrangement came about quite by chance, when the Air Forces were handed overnight the staggering task of turning out a hundred thousand pilots a year.

Scattered over the country, they knew, were scores of private civilian flying schools, already established and running. To save time, they contracted with these schools to take on the preliminary phase of pilot-training, while the Army handled Basic and Advanced.

Carlstrom Field at Arcadia in Florida is a good example; the Army leases it from its owner, the Riddle Aeronautical Institute, furnishes planes and installs Air Corps officers to maintain discipline among the cadets. The contractor supplies the field, flying facilities, housing and mess—and the instructors.

"And the system works a hundred per cent," a top Air Forces officer told us. "We wouldn't change a single detail for fear of spoiling it. The only hitch is that some draft boards are beginning to take these invaluable instructors away from us to put them in the regular Army. Which doesn't make much sense, does it? Because anybody who can personally turn out twenty-five pilots a year is certainly doing one of the biggest jobs in this man's war."

Let's have a look here at Carlstrom Field—a typical busy buzzing pilot factory located in the placid center of Florida's Big Prairie; an idyllic green-and-white oasis of neat stucco cadet bungalows, with a blue swimming pool surrounded by leaning palms, lawns, tennis courts, a flower-bordered patio outside the mess hall where the cadets hold weekly dances under strings of colored lights.

Don't Take Anything for Granted

Don't snort and blow out your walrus mustache and growl, "Now in my day when I learned to fly . . ." because this atmosphere of relaxation in the midst of work has paid off in a safety record second to none: in the past fourteen months at Carlstrom there hasn't been so much as a single serious accident.

They make a fetish of safety here. "Don't take anything for granted," they insist. "Look around first; clear the air; play it safe." Instructors din it over and over into the ears of the cadets. A student who neglects to look around in the air is apt to do penance for his carelessness later on the ground.

We remember one forgetful cadet who spent the better part of a broiling hot morning wandering up and down the flight line in full flying togs and helmet, solemnly buttonholing every cadet and mechanic he met and engaging him, like the Ancient Mariner, in a lengthy harangue on the virtue and necessity of clearing the air at all times.

Actually, it isn't so much carelessness as sheer ebullience of spirits that makes for trouble and must be brought up short. These are normal kids, bursting with health and full of beans; and it's only natural that they want to let off steam sometimes. There was the cadet who'd passed his final sixty-hour check and had only a couple of hours to log in the air before his class moved to Basic School. Roaming far out of bounds in search of diversion, he observed in the distance a quiet fishing pond, dotted with rowboats in which portly gentlemen were snoozing in the noonday sun. The temptation was irresistible.

He climbed his PT to several thousand feet, gave her the gun and power-dived onto a group of unsuspecting boats, leveling off at fifty feet with a roar of his motor that caused the startled occupants to bail out head first into the water. Soaring again in search of game, he spotted a solitary rowboat at the far end of the pond. Once more he dived, jazzed his motor just as he swooped over the fisherman's head, and glanced complacently into his rear-vision mirror, only to stare horror-stricken into the apoplectic face of his commanding officer. They say the cadet is doing pretty well as a cavalryman at Fort Riley today.

A student must learn to relax but an instructor never relaxes from the moment the ship takes off until it lands again. He's all over the student while they're in the air, shouting instructions to him through the Gosports, watching his face constantly in the mirror, directing him now and then by a system of prearranged hand signals.

For example, holding up a clenched fist and opening it means to ease off, you're too tense; tapping his right ear means to apply right rudder; slowly revolving an uplifted forefinger means to check the tachometer and throttle-setting; pinching his thumb and forefinger together to form an "O" means "Everything's under control, nice going, okay." His nerves are as sensitized as a safecracker's finger tips; he can tell by the slightest quiver of the ship not only what the cadet is doing but what he's thinking of doing.

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dave gerard

"Now, you take a few years back—before they run the line through here, New York was a pretty inaccessible sort of place"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

He hammers rapid-fire instructions over the speaker: "Hold the controls loose. No, don't grab the stick; just touch it with your two fingers. No, that's still too much. Look, just put the palm of your hand on top of the stick and follow it around. See? This crate is built to fly itself. Here's what I mean."

He takes his own hands and feet off the controls and motions to the cadet to do the same; the wings of the plane dip and straighten again, like a boat righting itself in the water, and it keeps on flying level.

And all the time he's sizing up each student in his flight, figuring out whether he's the kind who thinks of a plane as a means of getting somewhere —that's your bomber type—or whether he thinks of it as a weapon, a winged machine gun roaming the sky with the speed of light.

A medium-sized pugnacious kid, it usually turns out, falls into the latter classification; he reacts more quickly, he has the proper physique for power diving, and he can squeeze his five feet and a half into the cramped cockpit of a modern streamlined fighter plane.

A big methodical easygoing kid, who takes a fraction of a second longer to figure things out, is more or less slated for one of the big jobs, maybe a B-17; a cool head, calculated courage, a sense of responsibility toward the rest of his crew are invaluable assets for the pilot of a Fortress.

"But there's one thing they've all got to have," the instructor tells you, "and that's judgment. Successful flying is ten per cent ability to control the airplane, and ninety per cent judgment."

This Carlstrom Field has quite a history. They made important strides in pilot-training here when it was a primary school back in the first World War; they're still making them today. One recent innovation is their Student Pilot's Handbook, a pocket-size aviation cadet's bible, which is credited with saving a whole week's time in primary course—and that means something when you're talking in terms of a hundred thousand pilots a year. Jack Hunt admits that it's had a lot to do with their safety record, too. Jack's a quiet unassuming Texan who could fly an egg beater if he had enough gas, a former CAA inspector in the Northwest and for seven years an instructor with the Army Air Corps before he became general manager and director of flying here at Carlstrom.

During these years he'd watched instructors wasting invaluable time trying to explain maneuvers and he knew there was a crying need for simplification of the usual stodgy textbooks. So with Ray Fahringer, another old-line instructor-pilot and a top cartoonist in a Hollywood studio, he set to work.

What they turned out is a brief, straight-from-the-shoulder collection of horse sense and humor, studded with hundreds of incisive cartoons that are more eloquent than volumes of prose. You see Fahringer's stubby gnome of a pilot, with oversize goggles and Mickey Mouse grin, violating every known rule as he loops his plane nonchalantly from page to page.

"Students at this age react instantly to ridicule," says Hunt, "so they work extra hard to keep from looking like the pilot in the pictures."

The Handbook's a pretty comprehensive job; but there's one maneuver that's not mentioned in it anywhere. That's the Whifferdill. A Whifferdill, the old-time pilots explain, is something you do that nobody else would want to do. They'll give you further details if you pin them down. "You start a loop, and as you complete it, you roll over on your back and come through another loop underneath, then do an Immelmann, and end up going where you started, only in the opposite direction." Maybe it was a Whifferdill that Captain Ola, commanding officer at the post, was doing over Carlstrom that night in the deserted twilight sky.

The sun was down and long blue shadows lay over the cadet barracks and palms and empty lawns; but the last searching rays of the sun still played on the solitary training ship high above us. Over the night insects and the rasp of bull bats, we could hear the drone of its motor, increasing and fading and increasing again. The ship rolled and plunged luxuriously like a dolphin playing in a phosphorescent sea.

As it played, the sidewalks and verandas and lawns in front of the barracks began to fill with awed and silent cadets, emerging from their rooms with books in hand, hurrying dripping from their showers, piling out of their bunks in undershirts and shorts, breaking up a bull session to join the throng that stood in the dusk with upturned faces, staring at the sky. Two tennis players halted their game, rackets still poised. Six cadets walking off gigs kept their eyes aloft as they marched up and down.

Cadets Are Inspired

You understand why these instructors wouldn't trade their jobs for anything else in the world. These cadets are fanatics; they're inspired. Flying's their new god. When a man displays so much honest devotion he's more than just another pilot steering a crate around. He's part of the plane, he gives it nerves and feelings. The wings are his wings, the motor throbs deep inside of him. That's what happens to him on his first solo flight, when he hears for the first time the echoing words: "Take it around by yourself a couple of times, mister."

He realizes all of a sudden that he's alone; he's more alone than he's ever been in his life . . .

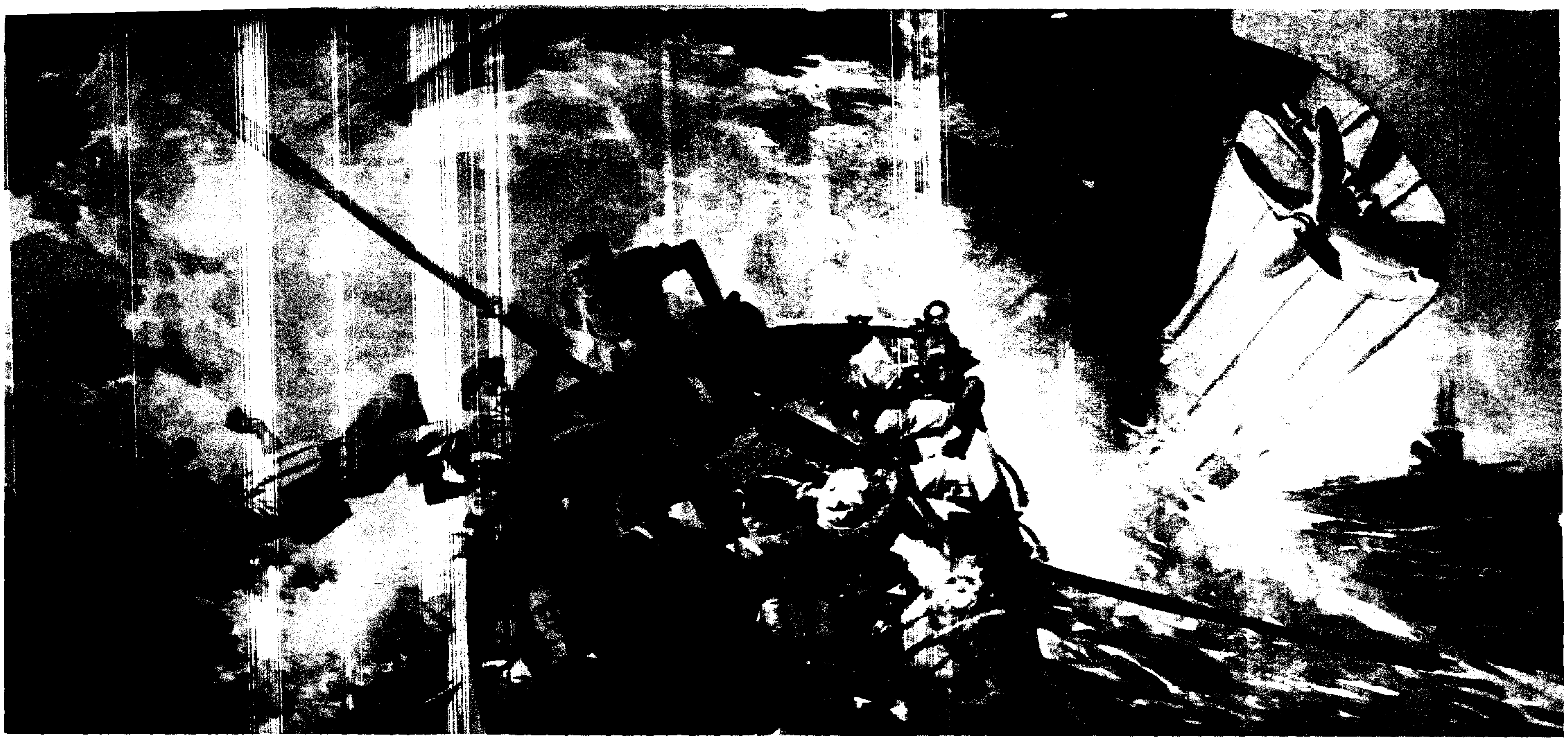
He's flying; he's flying all alone. That take-off was all right; it was perfect. Who said he couldn't fly? Look at the way the ship responds. Look at her climb. He eases the stick over, kicks the rudder pedal gently and banks in a smooth turn to the left. Slick as a kitty's ear, he grins. Just relax, that's all you have to do.

This thing might as well be a P-47. He's diving at 400 miles an hour into a bunch of Heinkels, mowing them down, swooping into a chandelle and getting above them once more and letting them have it again. He looks around to see if anybody else has dared to come into his sky. He's boss of this thing now. He's boss of the air. He's boss of the earth that's getting smaller and smaller below him. Fall away, earth! Roll back, clouds! Get ready, sun! Here I come . . .

Far, far below him, a tiny figure is still standing at the edge of the strip, shading his eyes with his hand. He frowns when the plane teeters once, then his face relaxes and he nods to himself with a slow smile.

"I wonder," the instructor muses, "if that kid's getting any bigger kick out of this than I am."

THE END



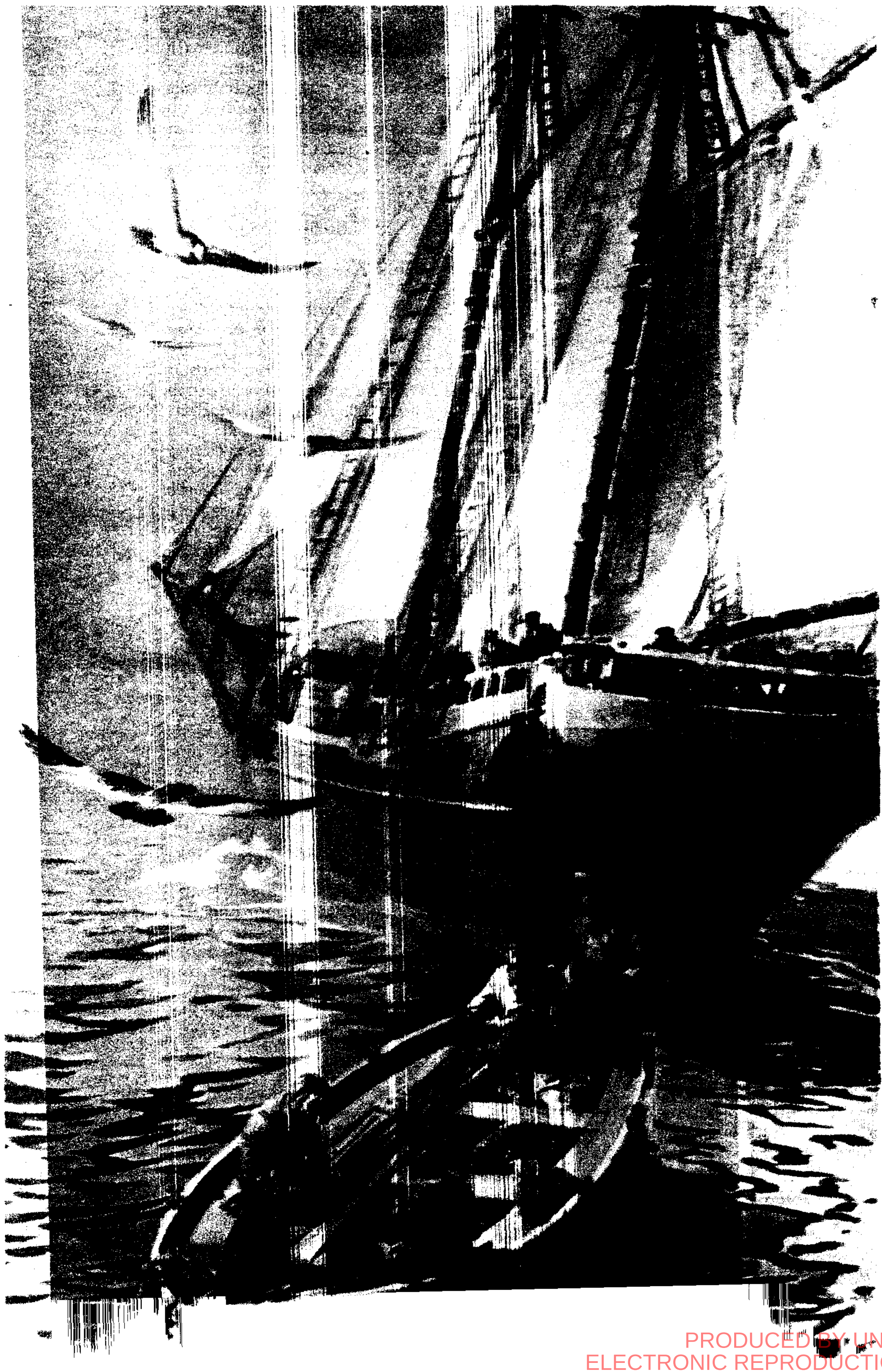
ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

We were about twenty feet away when . . . a tidal wave caused by the sinking ship swept by us, knocking one man out of the boat

Caribbean Casualty

By Captain Roger O'Sullivan

A New England sea captain tells a terse tale of the sinking of his ship by submarine. It's a story that is being repeated every day, but as long as there are ships there will be men to sail them



Four of us stood by Chief Engineer Harper and Restucher, the oiler, as they could not be moved

WE WERE about 100 miles off Curaçao. It was nine-fifteen, on a dark, clear night with little moon, when the lookout on the port side of the bridge reported what looked like a submarine on our port quarter. And a submarine it was, about 300 yards ahead, coming toward us. We were unarmed. I rang full speed ahead on the engines, altering the ship's course about twenty degrees to put the submarine astern, and ordered the general alarm sounded. After picking out my position off the chart, I ordered an SSS sent out by the wireless operator. When I came out of the chartroom the submarine was about 200 yards away and overhauling us.

The first shell fired at us from a large caliber gun carried away the foretopmast and radio antenna. The boat deck and bridge were sprayed with machine-gun bullets.

The submarine was still on our port quarter. Another shell hit us amidships at the port settler tank. I stopped the ship, called all hands out of the engine room and signaled the submarine that we were stopped. I ordered the helm hard to right to put the submarine astern. By now the ship was losing way and swinging slowly until the submarine was on our starboard quarter. I ordered the helm hard left to give the submarine our stern again.

I gave orders to abandon ship and told the chief officer to get the men into the lifeboats while I destroyed my confidential papers.

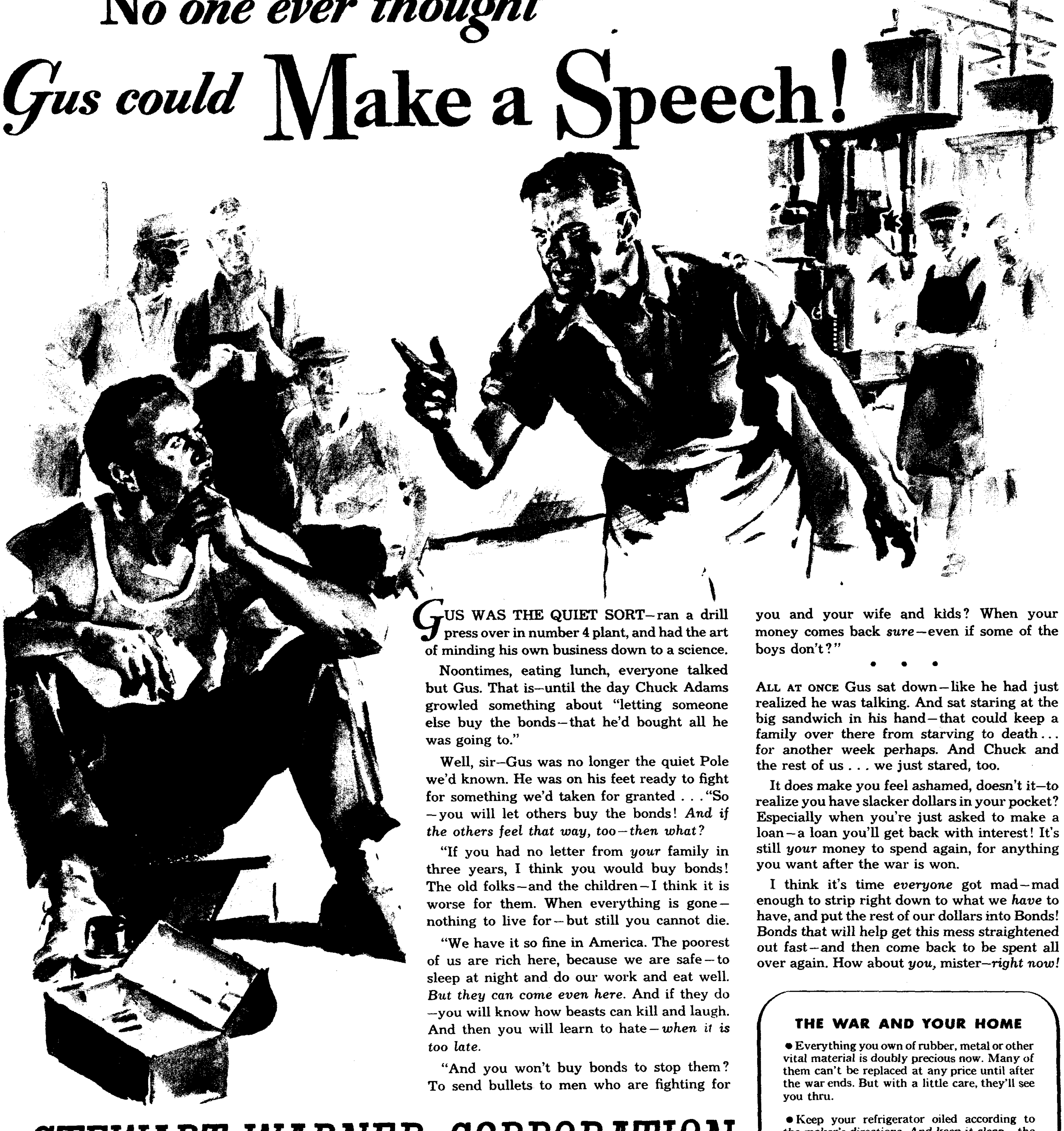
A shell struck the after deck, the spattering shrapnel injuring two men who were getting a life raft over on the starboard side. More machine-gun bullets and shrapnel struck the boat deck and bridge.

It then appeared that we were also being shelled by another submarine from forward. It had gone unobserved, but the men in number one lifeboat saw it later and reported that it was smaller than the one first sighted. Shrapnel was bursting around the saloon and bridge deck. Some of the members of the crew went down the forward ladder to the life raft on the starboard side. Others who were near my cabin and had been lying prone on the deck, launched the starboard lifeboat.

I went into the cabin for my brief case with the ship's papers in it and for a few seconds searched for my pet troupial, a trained South American bird that used to walk the deck with me, open my cigarette packages and occasionally have a small beer. I was sorry to lose that bird.

The port boat was in the water, about eight feet from the ship's side. By this time, the way was off the ship but she hadn't swung quite enough to make a lee for the port lifeboat. I ordered two men who were on the ladder trying to get into the boat to haul the boat alongside. The chief officer said, "I'll go down there and get her in, Captain." He started down the ladder, the first engineer after him. Lind, one of the oilers, and the last man on deck with me, was about to get on the ladder when a shell hit the ship's side, over the lifeboat, throwing the oiler and me on deck. The two officers on the ladder were killed

No one ever thought Gus could Make a Speech!



GUS WAS THE QUIET SORT—ran a drill press over in number 4 plant, and had the art of minding his own business down to a science.

Noontimes, eating lunch, everyone talked but Gus. That is—until the day Chuck Adams growled something about "letting someone else buy the bonds—that he'd bought all he was going to."

Well, sir—Gus was no longer the quiet Pole we'd known. He was on his feet ready to fight for something we'd taken for granted . . . "So—you will let others buy the bonds! *And if the others feel that way, too—then what?*

"If you had no letter from *your* family in three years, I think you would buy bonds! The old folks—and the children—I think it is worse for them. When everything is gone—nothing to live for—but still you cannot die.

"We have it so fine in America. The poorest of us are rich here, because we are safe—to sleep at night and do our work and eat well. *But they can come even here.* And if they do—you will know how beasts can kill and laugh. And then you will learn to hate—*when it is too late.*

"And you won't buy bonds to stop them? To send bullets to men who are fighting for you and your wife and kids? When your money comes back *sure*—even if some of the boys don't?"

• • •

ALL AT ONCE Gus sat down—like he had just realized he was talking. And sat staring at the big sandwich in his hand—that could keep a family over there from starving to death... for another week perhaps. And Chuck and the rest of us . . . we just stared, too.

It does make you feel ashamed, doesn't it—to realize you have slacker dollars in your pocket? Especially when you're just asked to make a loan—a loan you'll get back with interest! It's still *your* money to spend again, for anything you want after the war is won.

I think it's time *everyone* got mad—mad enough to strip right down to what we *have* to have, and put the rest of our dollars into Bonds! Bonds that will help get this mess straightened out fast—and then come back to be spent all over again. How about *you*, mister—*right now!*

THE WAR AND YOUR HOME

- Everything you own of rubber, metal or other vital material is doubly precious now. Many of them can't be replaced at any price until after the war ends. But with a little care, they'll see you thru.
- Keep your refrigerator oiled according to the maker's directions. And keep it clean—the mechanism—the rubber seal around the door—particularly the finned condenser underneath. At any sign of trouble, call your dealer. You may avoid big repairs by early attention.
- And guard the mileage in your car! Whether you prefer Alemite or other lubricants, get them regularly! This is no time to risk vital transportation to save pennies on grease.

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instantly and everyone in the lifeboat was severely injured.

Another shell struck amidships and steam started to escape from the fireroom. I was afraid the boilers would explode and told Lind to follow me to the after well deck. The shelling had stopped. With a torpedo due any minute, oiler Lind, as cool a man as I've ever seen, went below saying, "I'll only be a second, Captain. I'm going down to get some cigarettes."

Number one lifeboat, where we belonged, was about fifteen feet from the ship. I ordered the men to bring her alongside, but they were unable to do so. Lind and I ran across the deck to the port lifeboat which was close to the ship at the break of the well deck.

The oiler jumped into the boat and I followed him. We hauled the steward on board, and managed to row away from the ship.

Torpedoed Amidships

I could see the submarine on our port beam about a hundred yards off. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion when the torpedo struck, and another one when the boilers blew. The tin fish hit fifty feet aft of the fireroom. The ship broke in two, bow and stern going down last as she settled in the water in the shape of a V. It all happened within fifteen seconds.

We were only about twenty feet away when a tremendous gusher of water and fuel oil came down on us. Right afterward, a tidal wave caused by the sinking ship, swept by us, knocking one man out of the boat. He was hauled back on board.

The submarine loomed up ahead, coming for us. It was a large one, about 300 feet long, with an oval conning tower. Riding high out of the water, its sharp bow was very prominent. I showed a light so that they wouldn't run over us. The submarine came very close and the captain, in perfect English, asked me my name. I told him we were the S.S. Norlantic, and the submarine passed out of sight, heading southeast. We could hear loud talk and laughter coming from the U-boat's deck.

There was a lot of water and fuel oil in the lifeboat. At first, I thought it was from the explosion, but discovered water coming in at my feet through a large hole. I tore off my shirt and stuffed the hole with it and Lind began to bail the boat. I explored with my flashlight and found that the plates in the lifeboat were ruptured and full of jagged holes.

The men were unable to move because of their serious wounds. Lind was the only man who was not injured. I had been hit by shrapnel in several places but was not incapacitated.

Right near me was an oiler named Restucher who was heaving up blood, indicating internal injuries. I stretched him out on the oars, made a pillow out of my life preserver and put a blanket over him. On my left Chief Engineer Harper was bleeding profusely from a gaping wound in his leg. He was in great pain.

Forward of them the steward was lying on the thwart, very ill. One of the able-bodied seamen, Mike Miller, who was sitting on the thwart forward was unable to move. His leg was badly hurt, plastered with shrapnel.

Messman Bivins was amidships with a terrible gash in his cheek. He later found that he also had a machine gun bullet through his stomach. Third Officer Peterson was forward, lying in the bottom of the boat, groaning and barely conscious. He died an hour later.

It was quite rough and the chief engineer was suffering from the rolling of the boat. We got the pump working and Mike Miller, although badly wounded, pumped out the water. All this time Lind kept bailing with a bucket. We got the water down to two or three inches in the bottom of the boat but more of it continued to leak in through some small holes. I cut some pieces of wood and hammered them into the holes with a hatchet and reduced the leaks to small trickles. I then got the sea anchor over to keep the boat headed into the wind.

Second Officer Hayden came within hailing distance in number one lifeboat. He came alongside and we took off the bosun to help keep our boat bailed out. I asked Wireless Operator Charles Draper if our message got out all right. He said that the SSS had been picked up by at least four stations. I told the second officer we would stay around all night and that there would probably be a plane out in the morning to locate us.

I took inventory of the men in his boat and they were not as badly off as we were. Of the ten men in it only two were injured, Krzywonos, an oiler, and Walker, a fireman, who had head wounds from shrapnel.

Early in the morning I buried Third Officer Peterson.

At dawn we got our sails up and both boats came together. The radio operator came from the second officer's boat and we transferred the injured steward to it. The operator tried to work a makeshift radio but he was unable to do anything with it.

We could see a life raft about four miles away with what looked like four or five men on it. I gave the second officer my position and told him to pick up the men on the raft while I would start for Curaçao because of the condition of the injured in my boat.

Curaçao bore about west by south of where we were torpedoed. Ascertaining the wind and strong current, speed, drift and leeway of the lifeboat, I told him I was going to steer south by west and would probably make Bonaire, an island to the eastward of Curaçao.

Second Officer Hayden made several tacks in attempting to reach the life raft which was to the windward. He found that he could only sail within five points of the wind and gave up. Assuming that a plane would be out that morning, and knowing my boat was unseaworthy, he decided to follow us.

One Lifeboat Abandoned

After overhauling me, about noon, we stayed close together all day. The wind had freshened and hauled around a little more to the south'ard. My boat was being pounded by the rough, confused sea, causing the rivets to loosen up on the damaged plates and I decided to abandon my lifeboat. With difficulty we transferred the injured men and what equipment we thought we needed to the second officer's boat.

The following morning at seven-twenty A. M. the second officer and I worked out our position on the chart. We had apparently steered too far to the south'ard and had not made the leeway I had anticipated. There was no land in sight. I then set my course west by north, hoping to see Curaçao.

At eleven A. M. I thought I saw land through the haze and sailed north by east for an hour. When the atmosphere appeared clear, there was no land in sight. I then headed west by north again, until two o'clock when I changed my course to north. It proved later that when I saw land, it actually was Bonaire.

At five-thirty A. M. Friday, the second officer plotted my courses on the chart. He assumed that we were ten miles north of Curaçao. The wind had abated during the night and we were not making much speed. I sailed north for two hours more. The atmosphere was rather clear, but there was no land in sight.

I decided to go south and if I missed

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Curaçao, where I knew there was a fine hospital, I would at least hit the Venezuelan coast and get some kind of medical treatment.

The days were very warm, the nights cold. Though my men were suffering and in low spirits we had plenty of water and concentrated foods on board. We lived on vitamin biscuits, chocolate and malted milk tablets.

The wind died down in the afternoon and we were practically drifting. After sundown the wind freshened and we were steering a course south by west. On Saturday, at about 1:30 A. M., the seas calmed down. I could smell land and the oil refinery at Curaçao. I let down my sails and got out my sea anchor.

Schooner to the Rescue

Just before daylight I sent up several parachute flares. When daylight came, I could see no land and decided to head south again. At about seven-thirty in the morning Curaçao showed up very plainly about fifteen miles away. I tacked all day Saturday trying to get us to it, but the wind and tide kept me about the same distance off.

At four-thirty that afternoon we saw a schooner coming from the Venezuelan coast. She passed about a mile ahead of us, heading north. I sent up a flare. She came over to us. She was the Mississippi of Bonaire, on her way from Venezuela to Bonaire. I put most of my men aboard. Four of us stood by Chief Engineer Harper and Restucher, the oiler, as they could not be moved, and we were towed into Bonaire.

We arrived in Bonaire at two-thirty A. M. on Sunday and were fed and clothed by the people of the island. The wounded were tended. I sent a wire to Curaçao, giving the position that the life rafts should be in so that a plane could be sent to find them.

About seven in the morning, a plane took the six badly injured men to the hospital in Curaçao and later returned to pick up the rest of us. When I arrived there, I was met by an officer of the Naval Intelligence, whom I knew, and a captain of the Army Air Squadron. The latter and I plotted the position of the missing life rafts.

I then went to the naval office to make a report on the attack and listed the survivors, known dead and injured. The American consul was also given a report.

Following our arrival in Curaçao, one of the city's well-known merchants and his two attractive daughters came to see us. They showed a great deal of concern over our experience and asked many questions about the attack. Although I knew the man only slightly, he couldn't do enough for us.

Two days later, when the Berlin radio gave a detailed account of the sinking of the Norlantic, the reason for the merchant's generous interest in us became apparent. The German announcer explained that the submarine was forced to shell my ship because we had been the first to fire, adding that U-boats never shell unarmed ships.

For several days I went out with a bomber searching for the rafts. The second officer did likewise but we could not find them. I stayed in Curaçao to do what I could about continuing the search.

A week after we had arrived in Curaçao we had good news. Two of my crew, seamen Hoppe and Svetz, had been picked up from a life raft and were safe in Trinidad.

I left Curaçao for Miami by plane and four days later was followed by nine of my men who had recuperated sufficiently to travel. Thirty-eight days after the sinking of the Norlantic the three men who were in the other life raft, chief cook Lasamana, oiler Inglasias and messman Hatfield, turned up on the Venezuelan coast. They were in good health in spite of their long exposure.

Most of my men, after salting away some of their pay which had accumulated and freely spending what was left, have shipped out on various boats. Outwardly they were all carefree and happy, but inwardly they were mad as hell.

Our bows will cross again.

THE END

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

a stop, with only a bent propeller, every man on that field—two generals, a score of lesser officers, hundreds of soldiers applaud, clap hands. This, in a war! The chunky, pink-cheeked little 27-year-old lieutenant colonel who did the job steps out, grinning. He asks you please not to mention his name. His wife, who lives in New York City, might be worried!

AND the third picture. We're in another B-17, cruising aimlessly over the unbelievably empty never-never land of interior Australia. We're lost. Nightfall is approaching, and you all know—13 passengers and 7 crew—that you've got to make a forced landing in that inhospitable wilderness in the next few minutes. The pilot—a youthful major, veteran of the Philippines and Java; not a day over 25, you'd bet—is scanning the ground. His face is sober. Little beads of sweat on the bridge of his nose betray his feelings. He had a shipful of brass hats to add to his worries. He looks at you, behind the copilot's seat. He looks back into the plane at his passengers; stares down again, at the earth. Then, with a grin that suddenly dissolves the anxiety in his face, and a lilt that reminds you of Gracie Fields and her "aspidistra" song, he leans over to you, indicates all of Australia below us with an inclusive jerk of his head and says: "There's the biggest hunk of nothing in the world!"

COLLISIONS of Yanks with Aussie red tape and labor-union rules have caused what diplomats call "incidents." Each branch of the Yank Army has its favorites. Two of the Air Corps' are:

First, the young pilot who ferried a pursuit from a mainland base depot toward the combat zone, where it was urgently needed. Mechanical trouble developed, and he landed at a small Aussie station for emergency repairs. But no, they couldn't fix it right away. It was time for morning tea. The 21-year-old from Alabama sat on the edge of his cockpit, unholstered and pointed his .45 automatic pistol, and remarked: "Brother, in mah home state, tea is no eme'gency!" The Aussies missed not only tea but lunch.

Second, the Air Corps engineer gang building a new field. There was a row of fine old gum trees on one side. "Too bad," said the engineers; "they must come down—hazards." Oh, said the Aussie local authorities, impossible; those were Commonwealth trees and you'd have to get written permission from Canberra. So the Yanks took down the trees, then wrote a letter to Canberra. That was in March. The treeless field has been in use ever since. The permit has not yet arrived. . . . W. B. C.

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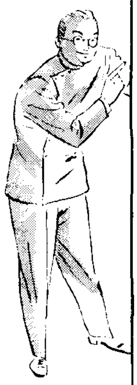

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The Lady's a Soldier

Continued from page 32

center will keep pace with the construction. Eventually, six to seven thousand women will be on duty or in training at Fort Des Moines at all times. As each class of officers graduates, as noncoms are appointed, as Basics complete their training and become full-fledged Auxiliaries, the permanent complement at the post will become more and more feminine.

The present plans—and they're always subject to sudden change in this rapidly growing army of women—call for this military setup:

As in the men's army, the smallest tactical unit will be the squad, which will be composed of from eight to twelve Waacs and will be under the command of a junior leader, whose chevrons will be those of a corporal.

The next larger unit will be the platoon, which will consist of three or four squads and will be under the direct command of a second or third officer, who will be assisted by one or more noncom leaders.

The company will be made up of three or four platoons and will have a first officer as its commander. She will be assisted by a full complement of commissioned officers of lesser rank, plus the necessary noncoms. And beyond that will come the regiment, which, in the case of the officer candidates, will consist of six companies.

The four regiments already planned will be grouped in about this way: The first regiment will consist entirely of Waacs who are candidates for commissions; the second regiment will consist of specialists who have completed their basic training; the third regiment will contain in its ranks only women who are taking their basic training; and the fourth regiment will consist of officers and Auxiliaries who form the school detachment, plus staff, faculty, and companies awaiting orders for transfer to permanent stations away from Fort Des Moines.

A Surprise in Store

At the rate of approximately one thousand per week, officers and Auxiliaries will be sent to Army posts as they are called. They will serve both within and without the borders of continental United States, and the officers and men at the post to which the first groups of Waacs are assigned are in for a pleasant surprise. Any doubts they may have about exchange of military courtesies and Waac knowledge of Army routine will be dissipated in short order.

Saluting will follow the pattern and rules laid down for the Army: Auxiliaries will salute all officers, whether they be men or women. Enlisted men and noncoms will salute women officers. Among officers, whether they be masculine or feminine, there will be the customary exchange of salutes. It isn't a question of looking to see whether the person to be saluted wears skirts; it is sufficient to glance at the shoulder insignia which marks the commissioned rank.

And, brother, these women have learned how to salute. It didn't take the male officers long to get the idea, and now you'll find on this former cavalry post the smartness of West Point.

Those who aspire to commissions get six hours of instruction on military customs and courtesies; four hours on the punitive articles of war; four hours on the wearing of the uniform and the care of clothing and equipment. They have a nine-hour course on military sanitation, first aid and personal hygiene, and then they study and practice things more martial in tone.

Each officer candidate will receive three hours of practice in the use of the gas mask while performing military duties. She will be taught to identify the more common chemical agents and be taught the means of defending against them. Before she finishes she will have received special instruction in first aid for gas casualties, and will also be given a fundamental knowledge of the methods used to decontaminate buildings, motor vehicles, grounds and equipment.

She will have a rudimentary knowledge of the various types of aircraft used by the enemy, and know how to identify them, and she will know quite a bit about cover, concealment and camouflage processes. She will have put in seven classroom hours—not counting her study periods—learning to use and interpret military maps.

Waacs congregate at the PX for refreshment after classes

Twenty-five instructional hours will be devoted to familiarizing the officer candidate with the various problems connected with mess management. This course is highly technical and goes into such strictly Army matters as mess accounting, nutrition, cooking, menu planning, inspection of foods, kitchen personnel and management, and the garrison ration system.

An additional twenty-five hours will be given over to the general study of problems pertaining to accountable and responsible officers which will include the receipt, shipment and issuance of material; records of lost, destroyed, damaged and unserviceable property, and transfer of property accountability. By the time she completes this course, she will know all about how to keep clothing records, supply and procurement records and requisitions.

Thirty-five hours will be given to the study of basic company records and reports, individual personnel records, rations and funds, pay roll and allotment of pay, preparation and maintenance of administration forms and files, and she will be versed in all the little niceties of military correspondence, which in itself is no mean achievement.

Each candidate—whether she has been one of the first group selected or whether she comes in with a later group—will be given twenty-three hours' work in the fundamentals of dismounted drill, without arms. Each officer candidate will have opportunity actually to command platoon and company, in military formations such as parades, drills, reviews and ceremonies.

Twenty-six hours of each woman's time will be devoted to physical exercise for what is gently referred to as "bodily development and muscular and mental co-ordination." She'll put in a couple of hours learning about the importance of guard duty for the protection of the command as a whole, and she will be expected to have a general knowledge of the duties of a sentry. She'll allot twelve study hours to the problems of cleanliness and sanitation of quarters and equipment and the matter of properly fitting uniforms. There will be other study, too: things which are military in nature and highly technical.

During every minute of every day, each woman at Fort Des Moines will be putting to practical use the things she is learning. In this she will be guided by a meticulously selected staff of officers and noncommissioned officers, and by the time she completes her training she'll know how to give orders as well as how to take them. And, what is more important, when Waac units report for duty to post commanders who have put in calls for them, they'll report as military entities and will fit snugly into the martial pattern of the new outfit.

Officers, officer candidates and enlisted personnel will work hard, but ample provision has been made for their pleasure and comfort. On the parade ground, there are two fields where the girls may—and do—play softball. There is a golf course on the post. Saturday afternoons and Sundays, those members of the Corps whose records are good and who have not been assigned to duty will be granted leave, and already the citizens of Des Moines have begun to get accustomed to the sight of slim, trim, military, feminine figures on their streets, in their stores and at their theaters.

To Des Moines was given the privilege of being the first big city to learn how to adjust itself to the problem of large groups of women in uniform, and the city has answered the challenge magnificently. The girls on the streets are treated respectfully and hospitably, and if the Waacs come in for a considerable degree of comment, that is little more than logically should have been expected.

Problems Ironed Out

From the day these first girls donned khaki, most of the anticipated problems ceased to be problems. They learned quickly that less make-up and lipstick is required in uniform than out of uniform. They settled instinctively the matter of what to do with their hats in restaurants: They wear them, just as any other woman wears her hat when she is eating in a public place.

No tiniest detail has been overlooked. With each company and regiment, there is a direct representative of Colonel Don C. Faith, the commandant. When a girl faces a problem of a strictly military nature, she takes it up with her company commander. But if the problem is personal, she talks it over with her company representative. And if she isn't satisfied with that, she can go higher and still higher until she reaches Mrs. Ella N. Putnam, whose title is Resident Counselor.

Mrs. Putnam's position at the post is official but she is a civilian. She wears no uniform and does not have to be approached with military formality. She is a lovely and kindly woman of vast experience in the handling of the problems of other women, and any member of the Corps may go to her. If necessary, a Waac can get to Colonel Faith himself, or to Lieutenant Colonel Albert Morgan, the assistant commandant, for a discussion of anything of real importance.

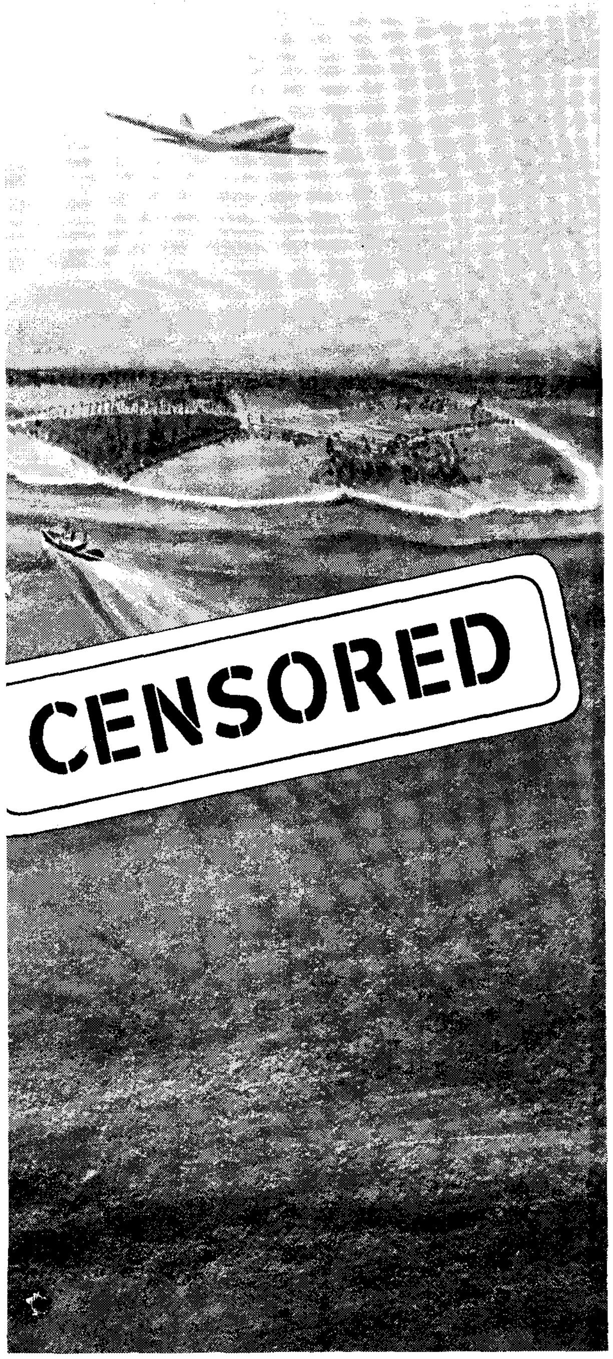
Already a fine *esprit de corps* is noticeable. You can't make them complain. Many of the officers try it—not because they want to hear complaints but because they sincerely want to learn what if anything is out of gear. The answer is grooved, invariable: "Everything is fine, sir. . . . No, sir, I haven't any suggestions to make." And I've been told by a score of Waacs that the same rule applies in the intimacy of barracks life.

If there was ever any doubt as to how these women would fit into the military picture, that doubt has been dispelled in the minds of every officer and soldier who has come in contact with them.

True, you never forget that they are women.

But you never forget, either, that they are soldiers!

THE END



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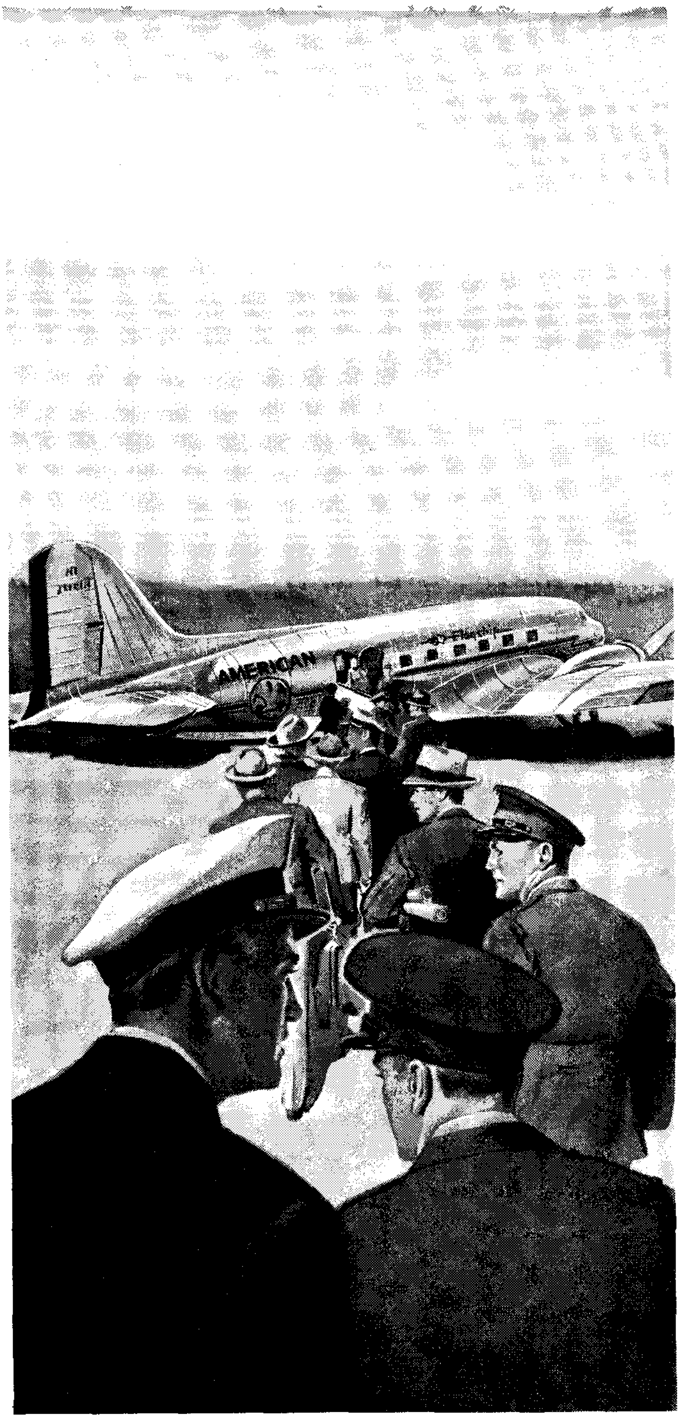

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ROUTE OF THE FLAGSHIPS

First Lap on Tokyo

Continued from page 17

signalmen in our battle station, as we watched them fly over us on their way back to our carriers to reload their racks.

Flight-deck crews earned a year's pay that day. As soon as the wheels of the bombers and fighters had touched, they swarmed about like flies. They rolled out of the way of other incoming planes and set new records for refueling and rearming. Working tirelessly under the relentless equatorial sun, they kept a shuttle service of planes operating in high between carrier and target.

In midmorning, that target was the Jap troop concentrations in the wooded areas of the islands. Simultaneously with their retreat to the golf course on Florida Island, the Jap forces stationed on Lunga Field on Guadalcanal Island were being forced back by our landing parties into dense forests where they tried to reorganize their defense lines.

As they took to the woods, our planes took to the air above the woods, bombing troop concentrations wherever they found them and strafing stragglers. A column of trucks crossing the pontoon bridge over the Lunga River was bombed and strafed by machine guns into a confused mass of men and machines. A field-artillery battery, set up hastily by the Japs on the west bank of the Lunga River, was given the same treatment until it was silenced. This was no hit-or-miss attack. There was no waste of bombs and ammunition. Our fire-control system was simple, economical and effective.

"Stand by to repel air attack!" The first warning of a counterattack came over the ship's loud-speaker system just before noon. All through the surface fleet word was flashed and most of our pilots caught it on the wing: "Eighteen long-range enemy bombers are headed this way from Rabaul, a Japanese base on New Britain some six hundred miles distant."

This announcement electrified the ship to a new high voltage. For months the boys had been oiling, polishing and nursing those antiaircraft guns for some legitimate target practice and this seemed to be it. Dozens of unnecessary last-minute checks were made as though the enemy were thirty seconds away. The entire ship was so quietly alert that you could hear a firing pin drop; and that's precisely the sound the gun crews were waiting for.

Enemy aircraft were now only a few miles north of Tulagi, at a high altitude. Our fighter planes were ready for them.

Decoy Becomes a Dead Duck

The tacklines' groan came all the way up from their toes: "Why can't those fighters mind their own business? This is our meat."

But the Marines at the AA mounts on deck ignored the reference to our fighter planes, classifying it as irrelevant and immaterial. Two of them in fact were lying flat on their backs on the fo'c'sle, apparently asleep. They were wide awake, however. We discovered that Sergeant Gallagher, the gun captain, had ordered them to take that position with their sunglasses trained straight up in search of enemy planes flying at high altitude. Unfortunately their vigil was vain. All but one of the approaching Jap bombers veered off before they came within range of our reception committee.

A majority of them just decided that it would be unhealthy, but they did send one plane flying in very high, apparently to act as a decoy and draw our own planes away from their carrier bases into a more vulnerable position. Their decoy however soon became a dead duck. His minute of glory ended when one of our air-group commanders reported by radio: "There's one Rising Sun setting right now! Look at those flames!"

Release from General Quarters aboard our ship was sounded in the late afternoon. For more than twelve hours, the officers and men had stuck to their battle stations eating hurriedly from buckets of sandwiches and huge pots of coffee. Then the exhaustion that comes from the tense waiting rather than physical exertion sent them to their bunks for a quick nap before supper. Many of them skipped the meal entirely and slept through until morning. Just how much sleep the carrier-plane pilots got that night after they had fought the battle over with gestures instead of planes has not been recorded, but they were up before dawn next day, waiting for round two.

Mopping Up on Tulagi

When they made their early morning visit to the islands, they found that Marine ground troops were still pushing the Japanese back into the interior. The last remnants of the enemy's occupation of Tulagi were being mopped up, and reinforcements were being landed from transports in the harbor to help dig out the small bands of Japs holed in at Gavutu and on other small islands near by. Meanwhile Marine casualties were being removed by boat to transports.

Japanese losses were heavy in killed and wounded. For an attacking force, our losses were comparatively slight.

The fiercest fighting at this point was raging at Guadalcanal Island where the Japs were reluctant to give up the nice new airport they had labored so long to build. The island is about ninety miles long and has about the same area as New York's Long Island—which gave the Japs plenty of room to operate in. Its mountains and jungles offered them temporary sanctuary and bases for whatever antiaircraft guns and field pieces they had salvaged in their re-

Who killed Laura Hunt?

Congratulate yourself, if you can answer the question before the finale of

Vera Caspary's

brilliant murder-mystery:

Ring Twice for Laura

Beginning in Next Week's Collier's

"Just let me take two more rolls of you in that Arrow Tie!"

• We hope she's using color film, because the new Arrow Ties for Fall have many, many rich colors in them. In addition, of course, they have smart designs, a lining that sends wrinkles scurrying, and an uncanny ability to tie into perfect knots. We suggest you see them at once. $1, $1.50, $2, $2.50.

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treat. Inch by inch, the Leathernecks fought them back, equally determined to retain control of the airport prize. Again the carrier planes acted as aerial artillery to support the ground attack, but this time their troop targets were harder to find in the dense undergrowth.

In the late morning forty Mitsubishi bombers were reported headed their way with an escort of Zero fighters. Immediately, we saw reserve squadrons of our own fighters taking to the air from carriers.

When the action was over, our surface ships' AA guns had knocked thirteen enemy planes out of the air, and the rest had been dispersed.

Tokyo's Extravagant Claims

They had inflicted little damage on our vessels. For such a bold invasion action on a large scale, the Navy high command had expected to suffer considerable losses, but the only major losses of the campaign to date are one cruiser sunk, and two others damaged. Two destroyers and one transport were damaged. Most of the crews manning these ships escaped injury.

At this writing, the Navy lists these as our red-ink entries on the Tulagi ledger, despite extravagant claims made by Tokyo that they had destroyed thirteen cruisers, nine destroyers, three submarines, ten transports, forty-nine fighter planes and nine bombers.

As this is being dispatched to Collier's, we are more than holding our own in the Solomons. Several major islands in the group have been completely taken over by the Marines whose strength is now increased by the recent arrival of supplies, additional planes and other fighting equipment. Our boys are steadily pushing back the enemy troops cornered on Guadalcanal, and frantic attempts by the Japs to save them with reinforcements landing at night have been squelched.

In one recent night landing, 700 Jap troops were put ashore on remote beaches. Before morning, 670 of these had been killed and thirty taken prisoners. Those Marines don't fool around.

One of our carrier groups out on a morning patrol encountered a superior force of Japanese planes rashly moving in on the Tulagi-Guadalcanal area. Within a few minutes, eight of the Japs were shot down in flames, and the remainder turned tail. Some days later, a lone fighter plane, sent out to investigate a Japanese aircraft reported approaching our ships, radioed back to his carrier that he had met the enemy and had downed same—one four-engine flying boat patrol bomber.

We may have a long hard climb back to control of the Pacific, but our Marines, Navy and Air Forces seem now to have a firm foothold in the Solomons. As soon as they are able to take further steps just as secure, we may look forward to several heartening results. The invasion of Australia and New Zealand will no longer be a threat to the supply lines of the United Nations. In those two places, planes will be safely established, we shall have vital bases for ships and aircraft. In that area, our winning of the war will be simplified accordingly.

THE END

This Wondrous Symbol

Continued from page 14

on the gate, red wings spread wide—that would persuade the gods!

Raki caught up the bamboo knife, going down the steps. She circled the cage, made to lift it. But, somehow in that moment, she saw her small hands with blood on them, saw the dull film of death spread over this glossy iridescent life. She shuddered—and knew she couldn't do it. Sighing gently, apologetically, she tossed the knife back on her veranda, and went to find Alu. Alu would make her forget these things.

Raki lay on the veranda mats. Her arms were heavy, her legs were heavy, and this thing inside her chest was a stone now. How could this have happened? How could . . . She turned, wearily, to look at the two babies that were hers.

Low frightened sobs came from the courtyard: wails rose, were stifled, and rose again. That moaning would be the elder aunts, sorrowing over the houses to be burned. Those high, wild sobs would be Ara's—sister Ara who could not marry now until this pollution was wiped from the family and from the village. Raki looked again at those petal faces beside her.

The alarm drum started—a grumbling rumble that might have come straight from the pit of Fire Mountain itself. It climbed the scale to a staccato terror, shrieking in and out of every house in the village.

"Holla! Holla!" the elder cried from the drum tower. "There has been a child blunder! The village is polluted!"

Alu came across the courtyard. Not the gay, singing, teasing Alu, who walked like a dancer and danced like a breeze, but a silent suffering Alu, clad only in a headcloth and knee skirt.

Raki's eyes went back to the babies, and lingered. Such soft honey-skinned morsels! She felt something tear apart in her chest, and break. How could two such exquisite beings be a crime?

Alu strode into their bedroom. There was a cracking, splintering sound of bamboo being wrenched from the wall. He brought the piece to the veranda, hacked a top section off with his kris. Then he was pouring out the *guilders* he had banked there.

"—eighteen, nineteen, twenty gold," he counted, catching them as they fell in his hand, giving them to the priest who waited there. He gave the jeweled scabbard of his kris, the ten-generation old silver bowl, the ring and gold earplugs a raja's wife always wears. It would take these and more to pay for forty-two days of purification rites.

ALU turned to Raki. "The exile cart is ready to take us. You must contrive to walk to it now," he said with the helpless misery of an old man.

"Yes, Lord-of-my-World," Raki said, only looking at him.

"The axmen are here to chop our thatch," Alu said, still in that dreary stranger's voice. "The torches are lit to burn it."

"Yes, lord," she said. She gripped her hands to keep from crying as she pulled herself up on the mats. She cushioned the boy baby in one arm: she gathered the sleeping girl in her other, spreading her scarf over and around them.

"Not the scarf, Miserable Raki!" Sister Ara screamed harshly. "It is part of this house! It must be burned!"

"Burn to cleanse!" the aunts moaned. "Burn to purify!"

"Burn! Burn!" a wailing chorus mouthed.

Raki let the scarf slide to the floor. The babies had no covering now, only the warmth of the sun upon them. The work skirt she wore was all she had.

The alarm drum boomed again. "A

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Between letters from us at home and letters from Sally, I'm sure you don't suffer from lack of mail. Jimmie thinks he's going to follow you into the army—at the age of fifteen!
...gotten to be a regular

Promise yourself that you will write to some boy in the service tonight, and keep writing. It seems little enough to do.

If you could be there when the mail is passed around ...you'd get a real idea of how much a letter means. You wouldn't have to be father or mother or sweetheart to write regularly. Your letters to a friend or former co-worker will keep him in close touch with the places and people that mean most to him.

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child blunder!" the shouting voice broke out.

Raki stepped down from the veranda, and crossed the yard behind Alu in an agony of time. They passed through the high carved gate, these guilty parents, and down the smooth stone steps. In the road Alu stooped, gathering dust in his hand. He threw it at the old gate, saying without conviction, "You are no longer home. I leave you."

At that moment there was a magenta flutter at the gate across the street, and Lia stood there. She stood proud and precious and beautiful, untouched by ugly disaster, looking sideways out of those talking eyes of hers. It was Alu she looked at, saying here was another love and comfort and diversion, abundant diversion.

Alu glanced up at Lia—to stay looking as though she were food he could eat and drink he could drink.

Then he moved into the cart, and the burdened Raki with him; and Regog, the driver who would also be watchman with them, was whipping at the little short-legged pony. They went flying through the long street.

"*Aie! Aie!*" the women in the street cried, turning their eyes from such a sight.

"Save us! Save us!" the sibilant summons went up.

"Belike the Japanese come now!" an old man cried out. "Mixed twins are disaster's sign!"

The alarm drum rolled on, faintly now, as faint as its hundred echoes.

Where the road turned beyond the village, Raki looked back. A pillar of yellow smoke stood up against the hollow blue, and she closed her eyes, thinking of the things that fed that fire.

She sat for an interval, drenched with guilt, knowing nothing that her eyes saw along the road, knowing only that Alu had spoke no husband's word to her since this thing had happened. Suddenly she looked up to see low clouds, black and heavy with rain. Then something stirred in her lap—one of the sleeping infants.

In that moment Raki became aware. Rain would come—fever rain at this time of year. The babies would sicken. And there were no aunts now, no old wives, to brew herbs, heat stones, and chant the fever prayer.

Raki turned to the driver. "Regog," she said, "drive faster. You do not drive fast enough."

Regog whipped the horse, as her voice whipped him; and the cart flew down through a crowded green valley and up again to the level green of the Rock.

LONG ROCK is a basalt finger dangling out from the land for no other reason, the elders say, than to confuse the fast water in the channel, to divide that green foam into a dozen whirling currents that double back on the shore, assaulting, spuming, but never reaching the level green crest. That is Long Rock—near the sea, and yet not of it: unblessed land, and yet not cemetery either.

Regog pulled the pony in under the tree ferns. Before he had tied it, Raki said to Alu: "We must run for the roof. Here, your son for you to carry. I'll manage with the girl."

She held the boy for Alu to take. Alu did, flushing that he, a raja, should carry a child: constrained that he did it so awkwardly: resenting a wife who did not try to charm him into giving his help.

Raki pointed to the fan palm. "Those lontar leaves for parasols. Quickly!"

Then the downpour came. They ran close in under the camphor trees, dodging from one canopy of matted lianas to another, out into that thrusting rain again, for half the length of Long Rock, until they came to the new shelter.

Raki darted in under it, grateful for its wide stretch. She looked quickly at the two thatched sides, at the bamboo platform that would be a bed for the four of them, and at the new food baskets stacked in the center with uncooked food and unused skirt cloth in them. Panting still, Raki said, "This has the feel of fever rain. Alu, nipa leaves are needed for the third side to keep us dry. Regog, stones are wanted for a stove, and fresh water for the rice pot."

RAKI hurried a little with the soap berries. She had taken too long gathering them. If one of Alu's restless moods came on, Alu would be irritable, having to sit watching sleeping children as though he were a woman. Even now, on the fortieth day, Alu looked at the babies with a resentful look. He could not see, even yet, that the faces they bore were his.

Regog had gone back to the road to meet the village elders and hear their decision. Would he bring good news? Forty days of purification had been purchased. Would the elders say that was enough, that they could return in two more days? Would Alu and she and the sweet, sweet morsels go back and become people again? Or would other expiating days be needed? And what of Lia—waiting Lia?

Raki quickened her long, half-running step. The clearing was just beyond. But what was this stillness? Where was the clack of Alu's mallet tapping the chisel? Had he stopped carving the expiatory panel? Then wouldn't he be beating bark from the paper tree into prayer squares? Raki pushed through.

Alu wasn't there. No one was. Only the babies lying on the bare bamboo platform, quite alone.

Raki dropped her basket, and ran to the babies. It was then she heard the flute off in the forest—weak, exploratory, not quite true. Again it sounded: clearer, truer. Again; and this time it was sweetly melancholy, plaintive, the song of a lonely man. And she knew then Alu had gone off to cut a bamboo flute. . . . Alu, so young, so unwilling to stop being a boy.

Regog came brushing under the leaves, carrying food for them on the shoulder pole.

"Just returned!" Raki managed to greet him, standing with the one baby in her arms.

"Just returned," he answered, easing the pole from his shoulder, wiping his face with his arm.

Raki handed him coconut juice, saying, "And the news, Regog. Tell me."

Regog looked at her solemnly. "The elders," he said carefully, "feel the gods are appeased. No further purification rites will be required."

Raki's sigh was a gust of thanksgiving.

Regog went on: "A new house stands ready for Alu, and for Alu's family when"—he gulped for breath—"when that time shall come."

He was holding something back. Raki stiffened.

"The elders cannot name the returning day now," he said as gently as he could.

"Cannot name it!" Raki tried to understand these words.

"The village thinks to have a new symbol first," he tried to explain. "They would have it to pray to before you and the twins return."

"But where to find it?" Raki gasped. "The symbol is a precious thing."

"They search for it," Regog said, comfortably. "Five youths of the village are climbing Fire Mountain this morning. They go to the very pit edge to search out a lucky stone of the symbol's shape. . . . They *may* find it."

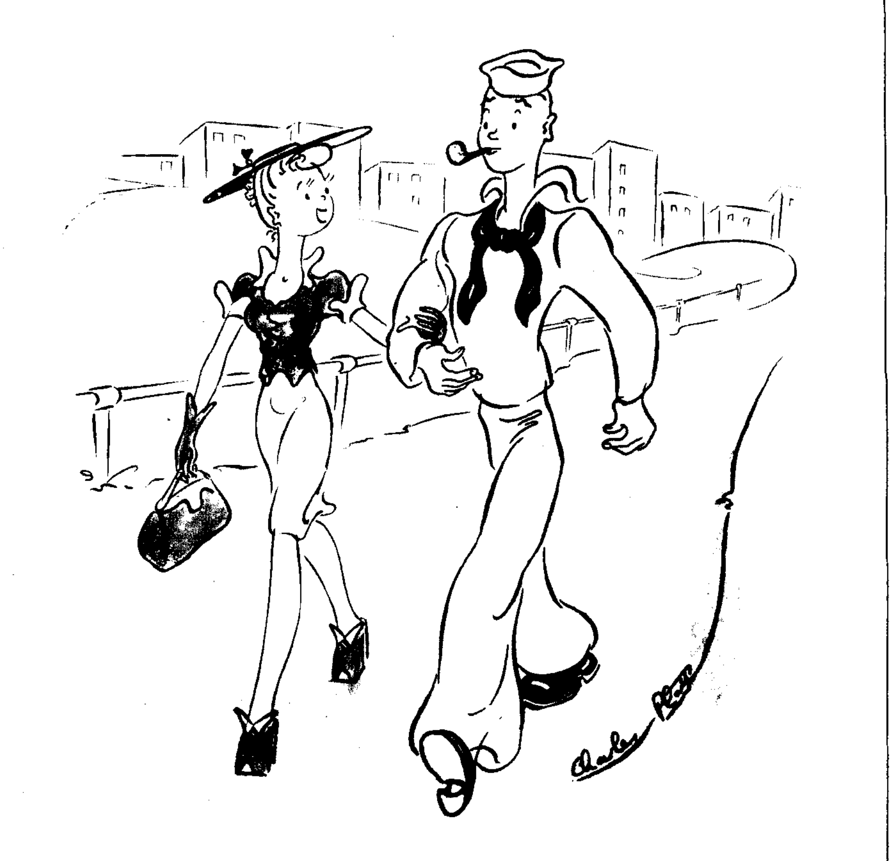
"You said"—Raki went back to words that had jarred in her mind—"*before the twins and I return*. Does that mean Alu may return? Alone?"

REGOG closed his lips. But her eyes drew the words from him. "Yes," he said, "Lia's father, the elder raja, has urged it."

"Oh!" Raki said, reaching for a handful of soap berries. "Oh!" she said, crushing them, rubbing them to a lather, and then upsetting the whole basket in the brook.

There was a numb interval before Raki got herself up from the brook moss. She motioned Regog to sit by the babies, and went to pick more soap berries. The skirt cloths had to be washed: Alu would want soap for his bath.

She followed her own path out on



"How in the world do you manage to kill all the time between shore leaves?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PLATT

Long Rock again, but where she had gone straight before, she turned right now, seeing there, almost at the cliff edge, an even bigger soap tree. Below was the water like a blue sash; and all about was the silken sound of it sliding on sand.

Suddenly, straight below, she saw a gray and rusty blot riding on the blue, coming for the shore. She leaned farther out between the leaves. It was a boat. A strange boat of metal, scooped out like the lid of a box, and low in the water. There was little in it except a man and a black-snouted gun on three legs. Raki could see he was a man blown about by many winds, a man who had come a long way.

WAVES carried the strange craft up on the sand. The man did something to the front, and it swung down to let him walk ashore. He walked steadily enough—though cautiously, looking about—carrying the gun up out of reach of the spray. He returned to the boat: he appeared to search for something. Finally, after a long time, he came ashore again. In his hand he carried a lone object—a cylinder thing, the length of a man's hand, and bright, shining. He set it beside the gun on the cliff ledge.

Raki's eyes grew big. It was a symbol!

Blood pounded in her ears: a mist of longing gathered in her eyes. And in that mist she saw two baby faces: saw herself an honored wife: saw a village with peace of mind again.

Raki began crawling down the cliff through the vines.

On the sand it was easy to creep, to keep behind rocks, coming closer and closer. She watched the man. He was yellow-skinned, stocky, with heavy shoulders, wearing the pants of some uniform. She guessed he was a Japanese, and she looked at him curiously, without resentment. She wondered how a woman could take treasure from a fighting man.

The soldier sat chewing on something he had brought from the boat. Twice he raised his head to scan the beach, to scan the cliff edge above him. Then he went on with his eating.

Raki stepped on a shell: it broke. The soldier whirled, and then relaxed seeing it was only a girl in a sarong who smiled and was friendly.

"Just arrived!" Raki greeted pleasantly, bowing to him, bowing to the symbol.

The soldier murmured stiff words Raki had never heard. She smiled back, embarrassed, bewildered. She hadn't thought of such a thing as not being able to talk to him.

He pointed suspiciously up the beach, to the trees, to the cliff path, plainly asking if others were there.

Raki shook her head quickly. "No," she said pointing to her nose. "Just me." and was glad to see his relief. He held the eating thing in his hand—dried fish, it was.

"You're hungry," she said, pointing to the pemmican. She turned and ran to the banana tree, pulled a handful of the fat little red bananas, and heaped them in the soldier's hands. She took his water bottle to the brook beyond and filled it.

He was smiling when she came back, smiling at her eagerness, smiling at the way she ran, at her long black hair, at her red lips, at her soft sweetness.

Raki put the bottle down beside him, and straightening, gazed adoringly at the symbol—so shining, so silvery bright in the sunlight. "O, wondrous symbol!" she murmured devoutly.

The soldier laughed, a grunting chuckle, amused by her awe of the machine gun shell. He pointed, negligently, to the black-snouted gun. But Raki didn't care about the gun.

The soldier came close. He was murmuring something. Raki couldn't keep her mind on his queer sounds. Her eyes went back to the symbol; and she took a step toward it.

The soldier was at her side again. His hand tugged on her arm. Raki turned, surprised, and saw he was motioning toward the shining thing, motioning toward her, giving it. Raki stood smiling incredulously. She tried, breathlessly, to thank him, clasping her hands, lisping soft words—and then she was running toward the symbol.

She didn't lift it down from the ledge immediately. It was a precious thing: it must be carried so. She tore a banana leaf into soft strips, gathered *bintara* grass, and with these fashioned a cushion. She made a garland of frangipani and sweet mimosa. Only then did she put hands to it, cradling it on the cushion and draping it with fragrance. The soldier watched, chuckling, humoring . . . this child's play.

Carrying it thus reverently with her two hands, Raki started back to Alu. But, curiously, the soldier followed along the flat curve of the beach, up the cliff path, a step behind her. Twice Raki turned to motion him back. At the top she stopped. He came close, grinning insistently. It was then Raki looked into his eyes and saw the thing that was in them.

She stooped quickly to lay the symbol safely away in the grass. Fear swelled to suffocate her.

As she straightened, the soldier was at her side, murmuring, pawing at her. Raki didn't pull away. She smiled a heavy-lidded smile, leaned closer, putting her two hands on his chest—and then straightened her arms in a swift, fierce shove. And in that second his body was caught off-balance, was arching out from the cliff edge, was falling to the frothing rocks below.

IT WAS the time before evening when Raki came hurrying along the village street, bowing to women, bowing to elders, bowing to empty gates. Her skirt was purple, a flaming proud purple, and her head-tray was heaped. She walked the length of the evening line to step into first place there ahead of Lia.

Raki swayed, setting the rhythm; and all those others carefully matched their long steps with hers. Raki was raja caste now, raised this week to the rank of her husband—as an adored wife should be.

She led the line up the peaceful, happy village street, into the square where the elders sat chuckling over little stories, stroking cocks, chuckling, telling each other with glances, "Our raja's wife is a dancer, isn't she? Such fine dignity. Graces the village, doesn't she?"

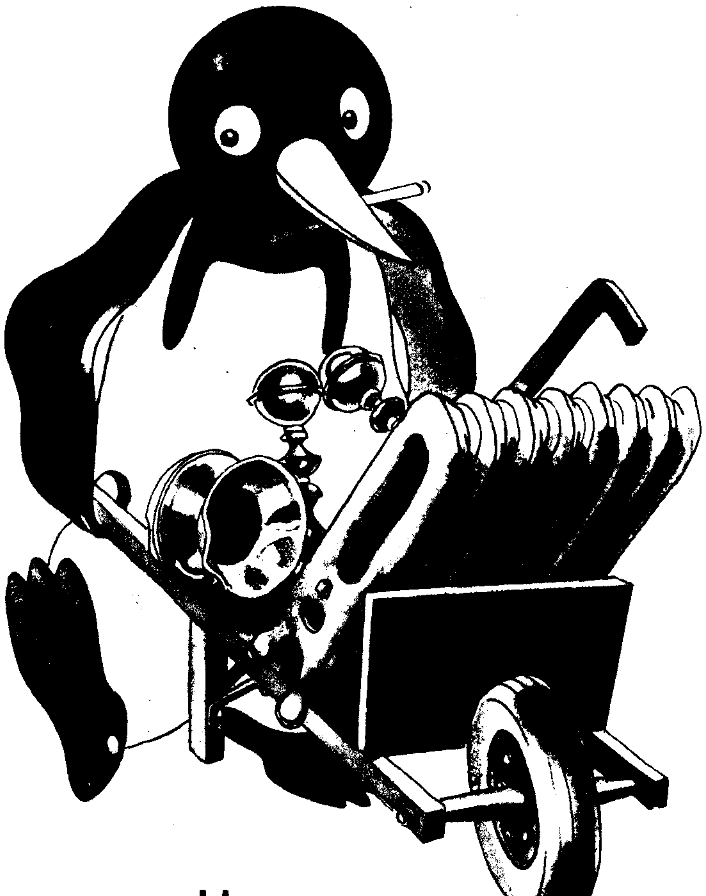
Raki passed the scarred banyan decorously enough, only smiling at it as a happy woman smiles at any tree. But when she led the line through the forked cleft of the shrine gate she moved with a sort of prancing piety and a rapt eagerness. She was to see the symbol again.

Swaying and stepping, Raki moved around the inner square, around the second, the third side. Her hands trembled as she knelt at the offering stones, heaping cakes and loaves there. Then was the time. Then she could feast her eyes on that slender polished cylinder standing there on the new altar.

"O Symbol!" she adored. "O wondrous Symbol! You have accomplished this!"

She swung her purple skirt far, far out in the happy rhythm, swung it ten steps more to the gate, swung it through the gate. . . . And then she was running, laughing at herself, but running home to Alu and those enchanting two.

THE END



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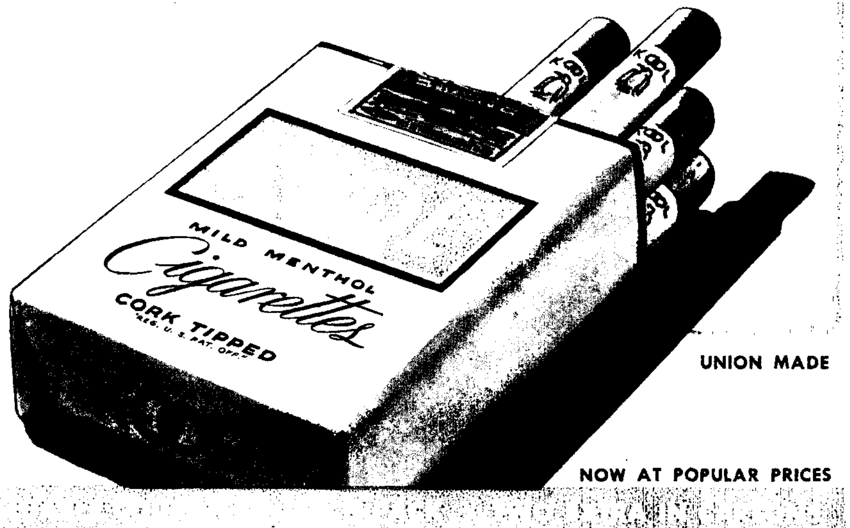

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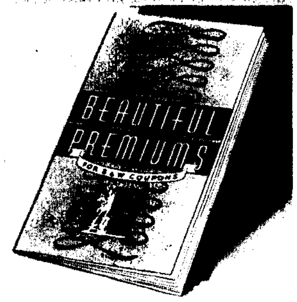

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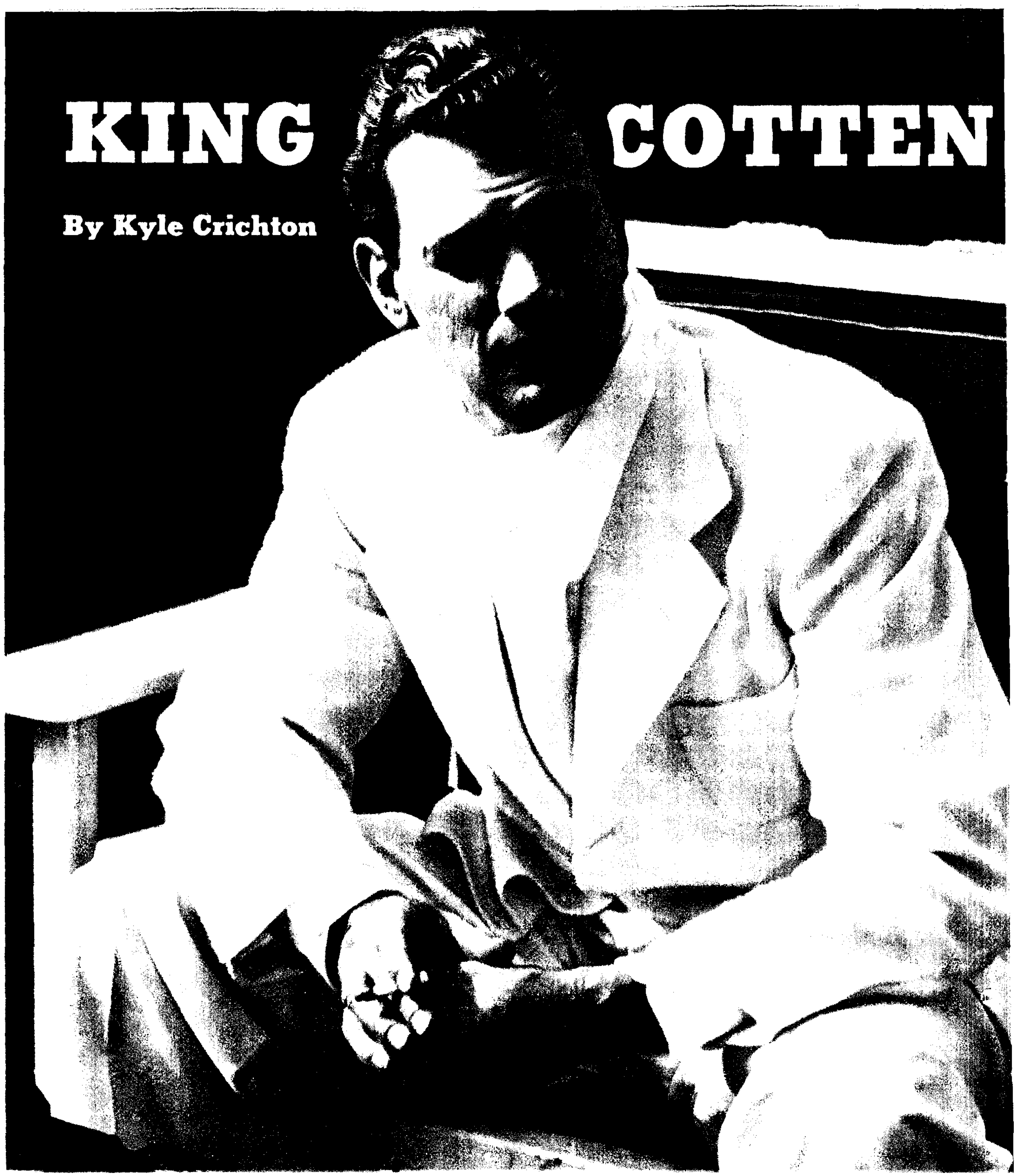
Joseph Cotten is one of Hollywood's reigning stars. He's tops with Orson Welles and Alexander Korda—but he still looks back with longing on his impecunious days in Miami

KING COTTEN

By Kyle Crichton



KERLEE

WHENEVER Joe Cotten sits down and becomes reflective, he comes to the conclusion that it may have been a mistake to leave Miami. Since Mr. Cotten engages in such philosophizing in the garden of his home near Santa Monica, between chores with Mr. Orson Welles, this may be regarded either as treason or supererogation. In a sense Mr. Cotten is at his peak. His motion picture work is successful; he is in the dough; the colleens admire him; the box office finds him interesting. And then he starts thinking about Miami.

"It couldn't be better than Miami," says Mr. Cotten flatly. "Nothing could be better."

The man speaks with authority. He started in Miami as an advertising salesman on the Herald during the great boom. He lived through the crash and came out on the other side. He literally had a roadster blown out from under him in the famous hurricane. He saw it all.

"Boom, Bust and Blow," says Mr. Cotten.

When it was all over and the suckers had withdrawn in agony, licking their wounds and hastening their step like the Italian army in Greece, the place was a paradise. Rents had gone down to nothing; merchants clamored for the opportunity of providing provisions on a lease-lend basis; Cotten had an advertising job that took only a few hours' work a week; days he spent on the beach getting a sun tan; nights he worked with the Civic Theater.

"Like a beachcomber," says Joe.

Hollywood Producers Pick Cotten

This is strange talk from an actor who was a hit in Citizen Kane, managed to get through Lydia with Merle Oberon, has lately been featured in Welles' production of The Magnificent Ambersons, and is now being starred in Journey into Fear by the same great Balto. In addition to all this, he will appear in the new Universal picture of Alfred Hitchcock's, Shadow of a Doubt, with Teresa Wright. When he is not working for Welles, he is working for Alexander Korda. RKO has an option on additional services. And yet he gets spells of doubt.

"I even used to save money in Miami," he says mournfully.

The idea of Cotten being an actor is somewhat fabulous because he really started out to be a special-delivery expert. His father was and is superintendent of mails in Petersburg, Virginia. Joe took the special deliveries out on a bicycle.

"Best pair of legs in the world, I'll bet anybody on it," he declares. "I pedaled a million miles if I pedaled a yard."

There was some thought that he might try engineering at the University of Virginia after his high-school days, but he had been stung by the acting thing in school and prevailed on his old man to give him a year in Washington at an acting school. He borrowed some money from the bank, went up to our nation's capital and found that Washington wasn't Petersburg in a financial way.

He went to school steadily for a while but the money ran out and then he got a job selling vacuum cleaners. That took up the day and at night he attended classes. His real money, however, came from professional football.

He got himself a handsome sock on the puss in one game with the result that he still wears a bridge on one side of his mouth containing various teeth that were never there before. In the summer he would come up to New York less with the notion of getting work in the theater than of being around in case lightning struck.

"I'd make a few mousy gestures just for the record," says Cotten.

He went through the usual tortures of sitting in agents' and managers' offices but soon tired of that and decided to get a real job. He ended up as a salesman in a paint store and held the fort there for two years. On a visit home one Christmas he decided that the South was calling him and thought he ought to see it before returning to New York. There was an excursion to Miami at a good round-trip rate, day coach all the way, but cheap. He bought a round-trip ticket and was just preparing to contemplate his good fortune when a friend on a mail route said:

"In case you get down there and find you want to stay, I'll buy that return half of the ticket from you. I've been trying to get my daughter back from there and it costs too much."

It happens that at just this historical moment Mr. Cotten was in a low mood by reason of reverses at poker. He needed money for meals on the way down; he made a decision.

"Give me the money now," he said. "I'll give her the ticket."

The mail carrier handed over the money, gave Joe an addressed envelope with the location of his daughter on it and shook hands formally. Mr. Cotten was to mail the letter and ticket to the Miami address when he arrived. If he had reservations about the affair they were dissipated by the fact that on the way down he got in another poker game and lost the mailman's money.

Broke in Boom Town

"Not only was I in Miami," says Joe, "but I was stuck in Miami. I gave up all idea of buying the ticket back. I just dumped the letter in the box and turned my face to the future."

It was the days of the boom and Miami had discovered gold. Everybody bought and sold, including Cotten, who got a job on the Herald, but kept his head above water by his wits. His salary was $35 a week and the only place he could rent cost $150 a month. He made up the difference by barter.

"In the morning, pick up an old wreck of a typewriter; sell it by afternoon for fifteen bucks profit. . . . Otherwise you would starve in the midst of fantasy."

As has been said, the bursting of the boom left him there. The town was definitely changed; Joe wasn't changed at all. For five happy years he lived the life of Cotten. It couldn't have been softer but about that time he met Lenore Kipp, who was eventually to be his wife, and they felt that Joe should make something of the reputation he was creating at the Little Theater. Joe got letters to people in New York, fighting against the idea to the end.

"What do you do when a stranger turns up with a letter of introduction?" asks Joe. "You run. I run. Everybody runs."

But he had met Daniel Frohman in Miami and now ventured to brace him for a job. The best he could do was halt Mr. Frohman on his way to the elevator. Having a letter to everybody in New York, he also had one to Frohman, which he now presented hesitantly.

"A letter from a mutual friend, Mr. Frohman," he said.

"Yes, yes, I know," said Frohman, pushing it away. "You want to be an actor. . . . They all do." He paused, looked at Cotten grimly and then said in a hasty, confidential tone: "I tell you what you do, young man; you go around and sit in the agents' and managers' offices. That's what you do, young man."

(Continued on page 67)

CREDENTIALS

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY PERCY LEASON

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

OSVALDO, hearing the echoes on the cobblestones, looked up from the launch's engines. Frowning, he sought to pierce the heavy clingings of the night. The Santos basin had long since been dark, given over to the stark silhouettes of the loading cranes and the stumpy blackness of the customhouse. With midnight it was a lone, friendless place and the coffee city's lights but a distant murk behind the looming shadow of a battered freighter. Osvaldo, reflecting this was not a place for a family man, let his hand linger on a wrench. The footsteps were louder now, separate and distinct.

"You have the petrol?" the man asked, a sudden stocky figure in a white tropic suit. He had a handbag in his hand and Osvaldo, smiling, let his fingers slide from the wrench.

"*Sim,* Senhor Porter," he said. "With some little persuasion"—his fingers moved suggestively—"I secured enough to take us there and back. Even with the rationing in Brazil there are ways, *compreende?*"

"Good," Porter said tightly, dropping his grip aboard. With the cabin's one bulb flickering over his sandy hair, soiled white suit and strange blue eyes, he lacked the friendliness that Osvaldo had always remarked in Americanos. "We must make Hajahy at dawn." His voice, guttural on some vowels, jarred Osvaldo. "There can be no excuses, my *companheiro.*"

Osvaldo nodded, and with a roar, the engines were suddenly thrashing in the night. Then, with the roar gentling to a steady throb and the running lights on, the launch was sliding through the basin. Osvaldo glanced over his shoulder. "You have the passport? With the submarine sinkings there is much activity among our gunboats. If they cast the light upon us they will demand your papers."

Porter reached into his breast pocket. Smiling, he again showed Osvaldo the American passport with its great gold seal on the green cover. "You don't think I would lose it since this morning?" he demanded. "American passports are too valuable these days."

Osvaldo nodded, bringing the launch through the choppy waters that marked their entry into the South Atlantic. "Especially in the state of São Paulo," he said. "After their great war between states many of their people came to Brazil. To São Paulo, where they establish this town they called Villa Americana."

"I know," Porter said shortly. Throughout São Paulo he had encountered Brazilian-American descendants of those Southern rebels. Scowling, he recalled their leadership in the anti-Axis forces. They, whose very grandfathers had fled the United States rather than submit to its capitalistic democracy.

"Have the Nazis sunk any more boats?" he asked idly, watching Osvaldo's slenderness balanced before the wheel. "I heard they got a troop transport the other day."

"Of that I do not know. In our village there are not the newspapers and the tongue is unreliable." Osvaldo brought the wheel around. "Until today I am seldom even in Santos."

Porter shifted in the chair behind him, seeking a position where the Luger would not push into his shoulder muscles. Waiting, "You must have been surprised when I hired you today. I couldn't find a decent launch in all Santos."

Osvaldo shrugged. "Nor is mine too good but the poor man risks the night seas," he said without bitterness. "Then also I was *simpatico* with your sudden need. Have you learned if your daughter is improved?"

"No," Porter said, watching the slender taper of his back.

Osvaldo, looking into the breaking ribbons of the whitecaps, recalled that the senhor's distress had been great that morning. He had, in much detail, explained why the trip must be made at once and by launch. With the petrol rationing and the poor roads one could no longer drive so far, and his daughter waned. So ill was she that for a few days he must leave his coffee-buying in Santos. For Osvaldo there would be much money and a father's thanks.

"When I came into the basin I learned of much excitement," he said, slowing the engines to accommodate a wallowing trough. "This day the *policia* discovered a Nazi radio station in Santos. From this place, they say, the Germans told their submarines of our shipping."

The boat lurched but Porter's gaze remained hooded in the night shadows. "Let us hope they arrested the swine."

"Not all," said Osvaldo, wrenching the wheel again. The launch shuddered and not until it had righted itself did he add, "It was said that the most important escaped. The *policia* are seeking him in the hills."

Porter was smiling. "They should find him in the hills. The Brazilian police are most efficient."

Osvaldo nodded, and made a reckoning from the Southern Cross. "Almost two hours we have before the dawn," he estimated, "and then yet another hour to the harbor of Hajahy. Perhaps now we should have the sandwich, no? They are in the basket my *esposa* prepares for me."

Porter ate slowly, his jaws working in audible rhythm, and his eyes scanning the moon-ridden sea. Far to port there might be gunboats but none too near. "Then you wish to be home soon, eh?"

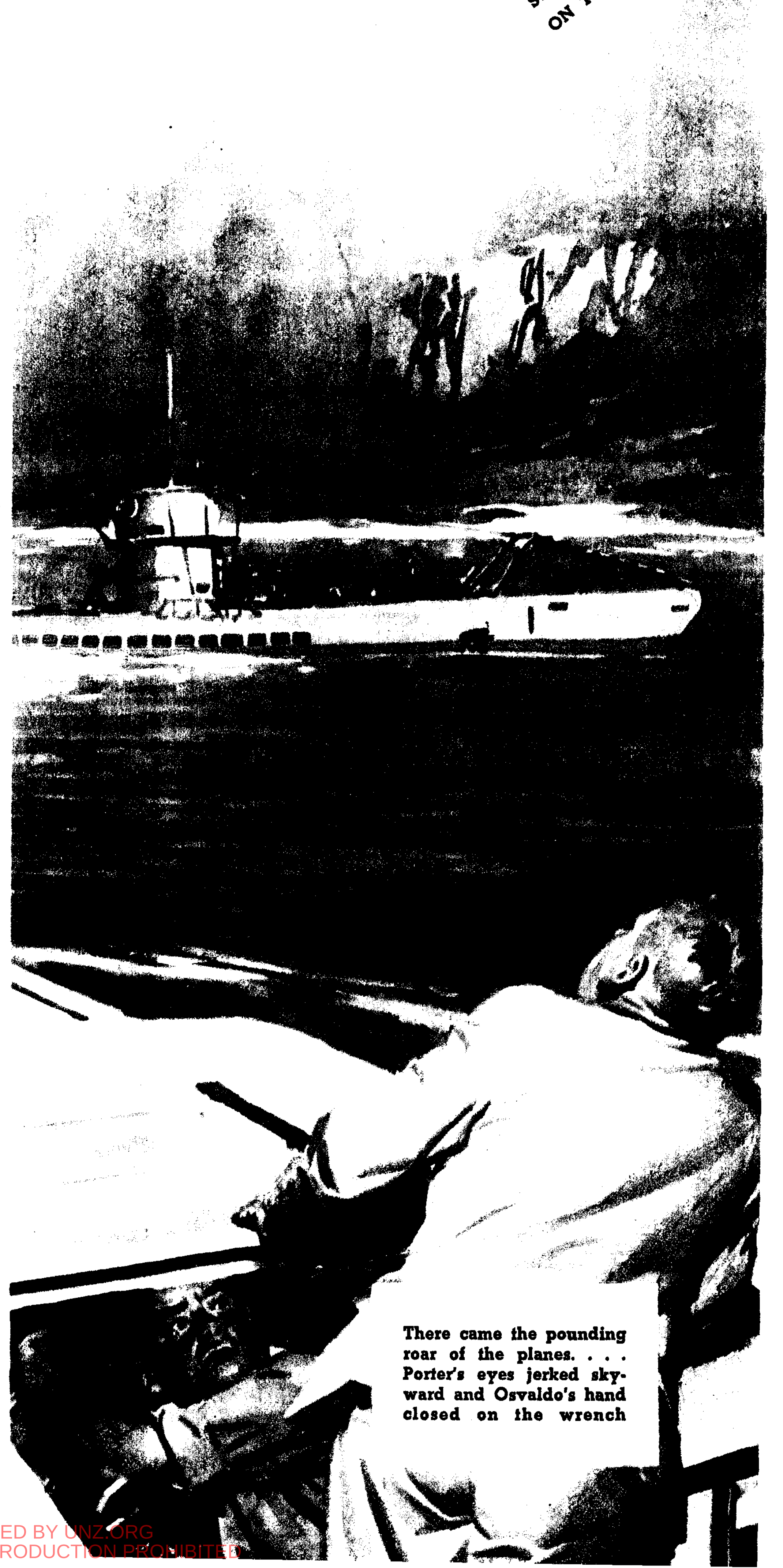
"I am a bridegroom," Osvaldo said simply, and Porter, chafing at the weight under his arm, moved again in his seat. He ate the last sandwich without watching the sea, letting his gaze dwell on the young man's back.

WHEN the dawn came the steady chugging of the engines had brought them along the bleakness of the coast until their destination could be reckoned in minutes. Then it was that scanning the simple chart on the cabin wall, Porter's eyes sought a certain bay. It came, a wide cleft in the ragged coast line, and the Luger was no longer under his shoulder.

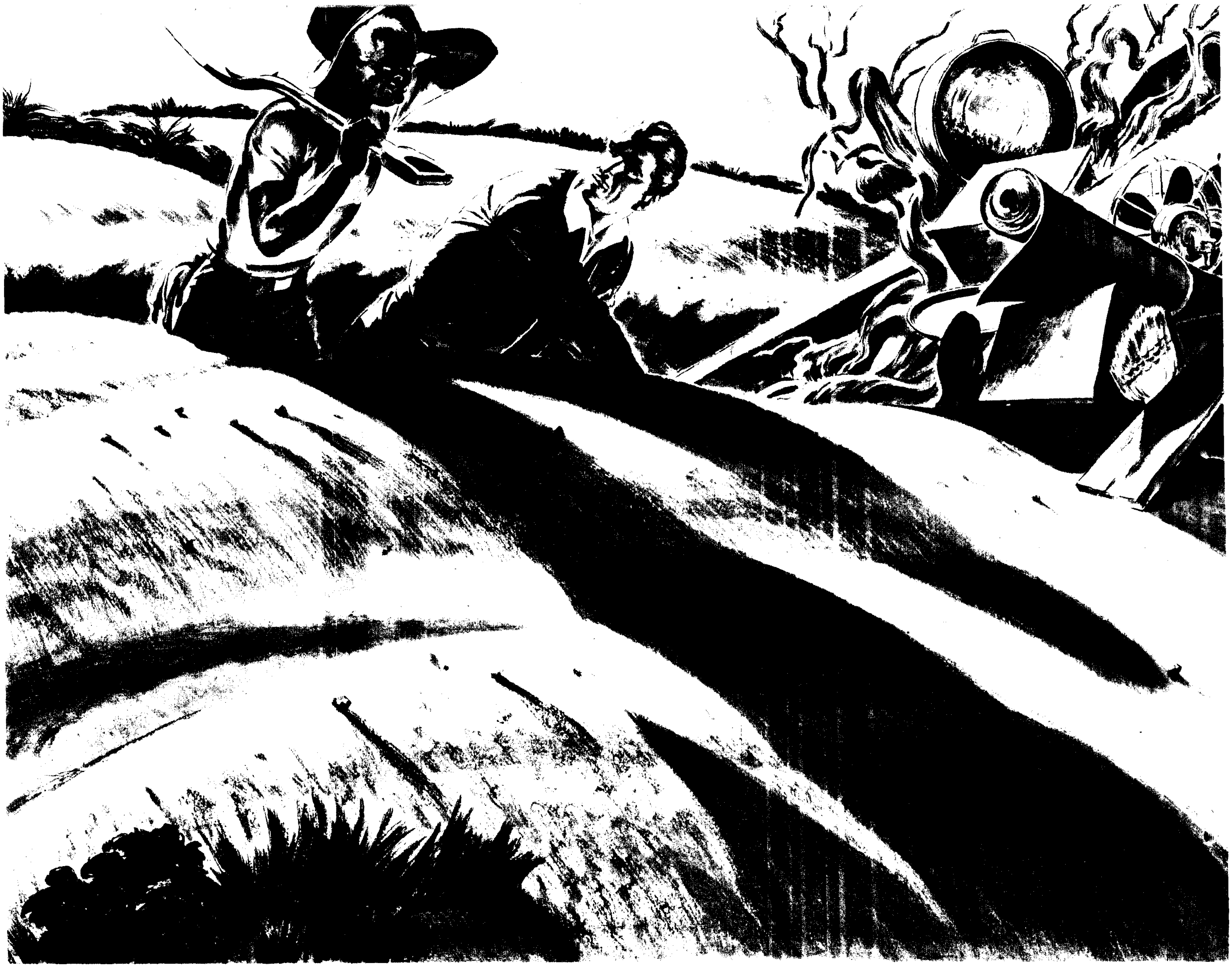
"Put in there," he said. Osvaldo started to explain that this was not yet Hajahy, and then he felt the Luger digging in his back. The gray mist was lifting, lifting, and on entering the bay, it was a gossamer veil barely concealing an ugly face. The sun came through, revealing the waiting submarine that had surfaced, the open conning tower and the drab and tiny figures on its deck. Then, in this moment of discovery, there came the pounding roar of the planes that since the first hint of day had been circling the coast line. Porter's eyes jerked skyward and Osvaldo's hand closed on the wrench as he heard that first swishing sound that came shrieking from the heavens.

When the submarine was only an oily splotch on the ragged waters one of the flying boats came alongside the little launch. A grinning Americano pilot helped Osvaldo lift Porter aboard. "Nice work, pal," he said. "We've been staked out in this area since you turned in the tip. What gave you the idea anyhow?"

Osvaldo beamed. "The seal on his passport was not Americano." The pilot stared and Osvaldo shrugged. "Was not my own grandfather an American—one of those Confederate founders of Villa Americana who came here after beating the Yankees in the great Civil War? Many of his possessions I still have and I know the seal of my grandfather's country did not say E Pluribus Unum."



There came the pounding roar of the planes. . . . Porter's eyes jerked skyward and Osvaldo's hand closed on the wrench



ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

Henry was helping Gene now. By noon they had two pretty good-sized piles of stuff in the ditch

LAWD! LAWD!

By John Faulkner

A day in the life of Henry, who shrank not from the pursuit of inspiration to its natural end, nor spared his loved ones on the way

HENRY MOORE sat staring at the blank sheet of paper in his typewriter. It was well after midnight and he had been staring at it since ten o'clock. He was trying to write the ending of a short story, but so far he had been unable to figure out anything that seemed to fit.

"I seem to have gotten all the characters in one room," he was saying to himself, "and now, what can I do with them? Let's see how many words I've got left."

He looked at the last sheet of manuscript in the pile beside his typewriter. "Thirteen pages so far," he said. "Thirteen pages at two hundred and fifty words to the page is thirty-two hundred and fifty. That from thirty-three hundred and sixty-two leaves one hundred and twelve words that I've got to wind this story up in. I don't see how I can get four people out of a small-town hotel after twelve o'clock on a rainy night in a hundred and twelve words. If the boy and girl were married, I could leave them in the hotel room. If the man was a preacher instead of a night marshal, I could let the boy and girl get married. But I never have been able to marry anybody in less than two pages. Anyhow, I can't use a preacher in this. No one but a night marshal would be out after dark with an old maid moral uplifter. . . .

"By George, I've got it. I'll just get rid of all four of 'em. . . . A fire! Takes too much space. A bomb? That's it. I'll let the Japs drop a bomb on the hotel and blow 'em all up."

Henry squared away from the typewriter and wrote the finale to his story: "The sound of an airplane motor drifted down through the wet night. The hero said, 'Hush. It's an airplane. An enemy airplane. I can tell by the sound of its motors.'

"'Nonsense,' the president of the Moral Uplift Society sniffed. 'The enemy only kill people. No one would be out on a night like this except we who consider it our duty to protect the lily-white virtue of our young girls.'

"'They are coming from Cuba to bomb Memphis,' the hero insisted. 'They will pass over this hotel. Listen. I hear a bomb falling.'

"'Let the bombs fall where they may,' the heroine said as she walked into the hero's arms."

Henry said, "There! An even thirty-three hundred and sixty-two. I can't write 'The End' on account of I've used up the full number of words, but I guess they will know to stop reading."

Henry worked in his bedroom and the clatter of his typewriter waked Mrs. Moore. As soon as the noise stopped, she said, "Did you know it's late?"

Henry raised one finger at her and wigwagged for silence. He re-counted the words he had just written, then turned to Mrs. Moore. "What was it you said?"

"Did you know it was after one?" Mrs. Moore repeated.

"It is? Why, it was only ten just a few minutes ago."

"Are you coming to bed now?" Mrs. Moore asked.

"Yes. Sure. Of course. I've finished my story. Listen."

Henry picked up the manuscript, came over to the bed, and put the reading light on. He sat down on the edge of the bed then and Mrs. Moore sighed and folded her pillows to prop her head higher as she reached for a magazine in the stand.

"Are you good and awake?" Henry

said. "Or would you rather wait until morning to hear this?"

"No. You might as well go ahead now."

Henry read the entire manuscript.

"How do you like it now?" he said. "Did you notice where I had changed those two words back in the beginning of it? Smooths it out, doesn't it?"

"Yes," his wife said, marking her place in the magazine and glancing up at him, then back at the magazine.

Henry rose and put the manuscript back on the typewriter table and stood there a moment patting it lightly with his hand.

"That ought to suit 'em," he said. "But I doubt if it will because I think it's pretty good." He turned back to the bed. "I wonder if I could find anything to eat in the icebox?"

"There's your thermos bottle of coffee on your table by the typewriter, and some sandwiches and pie wrapped in that napkin," Mrs. Moore said without even raising her eyes from her magazine.

WHEN Henry finally got to bed that night, Mrs. Moore had finished her magazine and was asleep again. When he woke late the next morning, she was well on her way to Memphis for a day's shopping. He put his dressing gown on over his pajamas and went down to breakfast. All the while he ate he kept thinking about the ending of his story. The more he thought about it the more reasonable it seemed. Take this very town he was living in. It was between Cuba and Memphis. The Japs could take a notion to bomb Memphis some time, sure enough. And if they did, they could come from Cuba as well as any other place. Why, they might even pass right over this very house he was sitting in. Without even finishing his breakfast he called to Minnie, the Negro cook, "Minnie."

"Yassuh," Minnie answered, coming to the door between the kitchen and dining room.

"Where is Gene?"

Gene was the gray-haired, sixty-year-old Negro yard boy.

"Miss Annie lef' 'im workin' de flower garden," Minnie said.

"Tell him to get the shovel from the buggy house and wait for me at the back door."

"You go'n' take 'im out de garden after Miss Annie done tol' 'im to work hit?"

"What I'm fixing to do is a whole lot more important for all of us than growing flowers," Henry said.

He rose from the table and Minnie watched him hurry from the dining room; then she went slowly to the back door, shaking her head.

"Gene," she called out into the flower garden. "You, Gene. Mist' Henry said fuh you to come 'ere."

Gene stopped his hoeing and looked up at Minnie. "Whut he want?" he said.

"Say fuh you to git de shovel an' wait fuh 'im at de back do'."

Gene leaned on his hoe and looked down at the ground around the rose bush where he had been working. He raised his hat and scratched up under it, then let it back in place and turned slowly from the rose bush. As he came past the kitchen door on his way to the buggy house to get the shovel he was saying to himself, "Lawd, Lawd. Whut Miss Annie go'n' say when she git home dis evenin'?"

When Henry, with his clothes hastily flung on and his hair still uncombed, came down to the kitchen from his room, Gene was waiting at the door with the shovel. Minnie was busy over the stove but she raised her head and followed Henry with her eyes as he crossed the kitchen and went on out the door. He said, "Come on," to Gene, and Gene lifted the shovel and placed it on his shoulder. Minnie came to the door and watched them, Henry leading and Gene trailing behind him, as they followed the path across the yard, on around the corner of the coalhouse, and on across the barn lot. She returned to her stove then, shaking her head and mumbling to herself.

Henry led the way through the back lot to the gully behind the cow pasture. He scrambled down into the sand ditch in the bottom of the gully and looked back up at Gene who had come to a halt on the edge of the bank above him.

"Come on," Henry said.

"Whut Miss Annie go'n' say 'bout me leavin' dat garden after she done tol' me to work hit?"

"You come on down here," Henry said.

"Yassuh, but whut—"

"You do as I say. Who do you think you are working for anyhow?"

"Miss Annie," Gene said promptly.

"You get down in this ditch at once," Henry sputtered. "Miss Annie, Miss Annie. All I ever hear from you and Minnie is 'Miss Annie' . . . Well, are you coming down here or not?"

"Lawd! Lawd!" Gene said, lowering himself into the ditch.

"Now," Henry said. "We want to dig a cave back into the bank of this ditch."

Gene stood behind him, holding the shovel in his hands, without moving.

"Well, are you going to dig that cave, or are you just going to stand there holding that shovel until the Japs drop something on you?"

Gene looked up at the top of the bank, then up into the oak limbs above them.

"Whar dis Yap?" he said.

"Jap—Jap," Henry said. "Not Yap. And he's not up there . . . yet. He's coming."

"Whut he go'n' drop sump'm on us fuh?"

"Why, to kill us."

"Whut he want to kill us fuh?"

"Because—because—you go ahead and dig that cave. Then there can't anybody drop anything on us."

"Does Miss Annie know 'bout some'un go'n' drop sump'm on us?"

Henry couldn't talk. He only sputtered. Gene lifted his shovel and sidled over to the bank without taking his eyes from Henry.

"Yassuh. Yassuh," he said. "Whar you want to dig hit?"

Henry finally managed to say, "Not there. Not there. That's too sandy. Go farther up the ditch."

GENE walked ahead up the ditch and Henry came along behind him. Henry was examining the bank as they moved along now, but no place seemed exactly what he had in mind until they came to the head of the ditch where Gene dumped all the trash that accumulated around the place.

"Now," Henry said, coming up beside Gene who was stopped at the edge of the trash pile. "This looks more like it. Try this spot right here by the side of this dump heap."

Gene scooped a few shovelfuls from the bank and held them for Henry to examine.

"Now, that's getting more like it. There's more clay in it than there was back yonder. I believe we'll find just what we want under this trash pile. Take this trash along the edge here and throw it back in the ditch."

"Miss Annie had me put dis stuff heah to stop dis ditch fum washing up into de cow pasture," Gene said.

"What's the matter—"

"Mist' Henry, I sho do wush you'd git some'un else to dig dis cave."

"Listen, you—"

"Yassuh. Yassuh. I dig hit."

"You move that stuff like I just told

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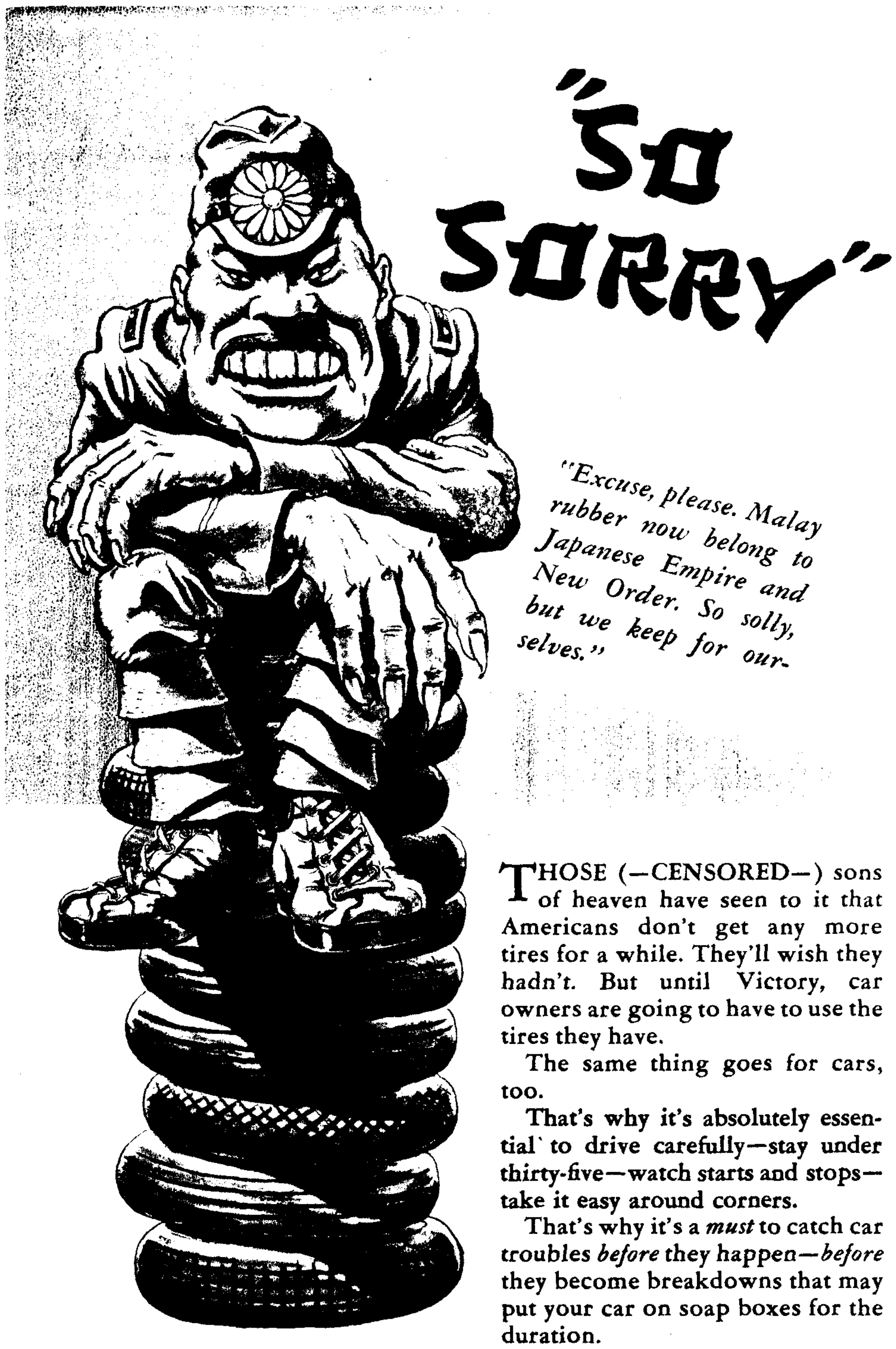

"SO SORRY"
"Excuse, please. Malay rubber now belong to Japanese Empire and New Order. So solly, but we keep for ourselves."

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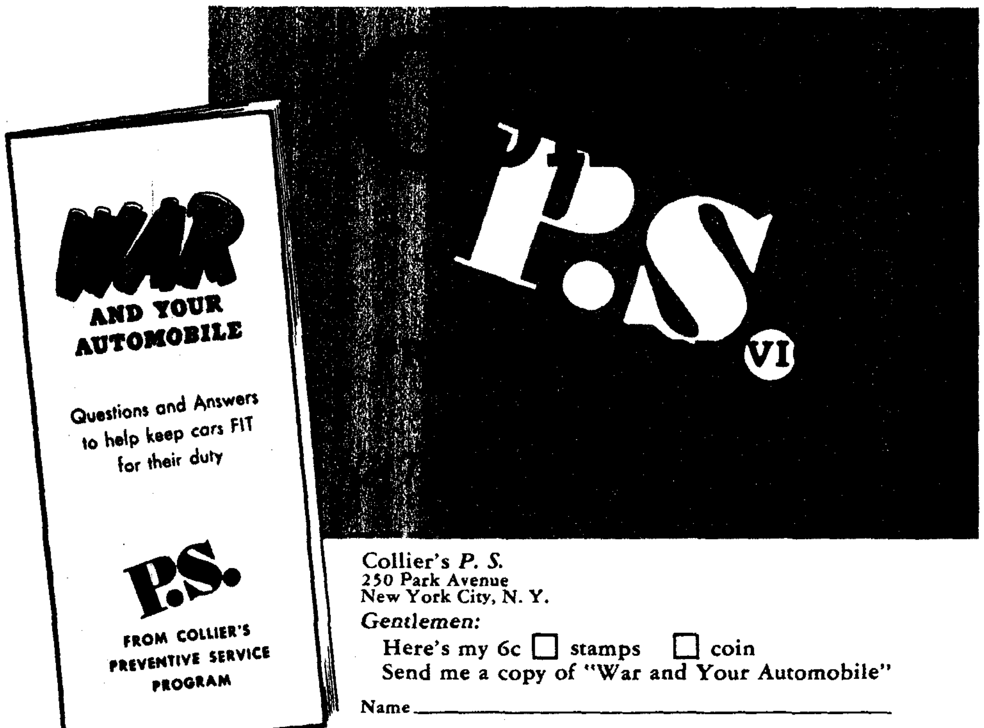

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you. Miss Annie will thank us for this when she gets home."

"Lawd! Lawd!" Gene said. "When she git home."

He began moving the trash and as he worked he said, "Who dis Yap anyhow?"

"Jap," Henry said. "Jap. Not Yap. A Jap is just like—just like—you know that Chinese laundryman uptown?"

"Yassuh."

"Well, he's just exactly like a Jap. You can't tell them apart unless you can see their toes."

"Yassuh."

"What's that you've got in your hand? Don't throw it away. That looks like my old fan."

Henry stepped in close to Gene and took the bent-up electric fan from him. "Why, it is my old fan," he said. "I've been wondering what became of it. That can be fixed up. All it needs is a new motor and new blades and a new blade guard. Put it over there to one side."

Gene took the fan and placed it to one side in the ditch.

"And look there," Henry said, pointing. "That looks like the end of my fly rod that I broke, let me see, three years ago this summer. No. It was four years ago. I can have that fixed. Get it out and put it by my fan."

THEY found other things that Henry had been saving. There was an old desk stool that he had used at his typewriter table. The legs were always coming out and Mrs. Moore had gotten him a new one, but this one could be fixed. Then there was a pair of rubber boots, waders, that the heat of the attic had cracked, but he was sure he could fix them with some patching and glue. Henry was helping Gene now.

By noon they had two pretty good-sized piles of stuff in the ditch behind them. One pile was old pieces of roofing, and some dead limbs, and a few cans, things that were really no good. But the other was things that Henry had been saving to fix some day when he got around to it.

Gene was slightly deaf and Henry was absorbed in the remainder of the dump heap, and they didn't hear Minnie when she rang the dinner bell from the kitchen door. They didn't have any idea dinner was ready until Minnie appeared on the ditch bank at the head of the dump and said, "Ain't you-all coming to dinner?"

"Is it dinnertime?" Henry said in surprise. "I didn't realize it was that late." He looked at the pile of stuff he wanted to save. "We'll go eat and bring the wheelbarrow back with us after dinner."

"You go'n' take all dat stuff back to de house?" Minnie said.

"Why, of course," Henry said. "It should never have been thrown down here in the first place."

After dinner Gene brought the wheelbarrow back to the edge of the bank above the dump heap. He and Henry carried the stuff Henry wanted to save up the bank and built a new pile with it beside the wheelbarrow. When they had the stuff all piled on top of the bank, Henry said, "You start taking that to the house and I'll go through the rest of the trash pile. As soon as you get that first load to the house, come right back. I want to get all this stuff in before night. It shouldn't be left out in the weather."

"Whut I'm go'n' do wid dis when I git hit to de house?"

"Why, put it on the back porch," Henry said. "Put my fan and my fishing rod and my boots in the front hall on the floor by the stairs. I'll take them up to my room when I come in. Hurry back now, so we can get the rest of this stuff in out of the weather."

Gene started off with his first load, saying to himself, "Lawd! Lawd! Whut Miss Annie go'n' say when she come home?"

By late evening Gene had all the stuff moved back to the house. The back porch couldn't hold all of it, so he had to pile some of it in the kitchen on the floor and some in the back hall. And too, Henry had found some more pieces to add to the fan and boots and fishing rod in the front hall.

When Gene came back with the empty wheelbarrow the last time, Henry had only a few pieces on the bank, so Gene sat down on the wheelbarrow handles to wait. He was sitting there resting with his head bowed and his hands hanging limp between his knees when Henry saw the edge of a book sticking out of the dump and pried it out. He took the book and examined the cover but the weather had faded both the title and the color so he couldn't tell what it was. He opened the cover and there on the flyleaf he could make out the tracings of what had once been his own name.

"By George!" he said, seating himself on the dump and holding the book open across his lap. "This is my old geography book. The one I had when I was in the fourth grade."

He sat there leafing through the pages until he came to the New England group of states. Before he could read the names of all the states in the group he shut the book and tried to say them from memory.

"The New England states: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, and one more. Let's see now."

He named them over again. Still one short. He looked in the book.

"Connecticut, of course."

He looked up at Gene sitting on the wheelbarrow handles.

"Gene, I bet you don't know the states in the Southeastern group."

"Nawsuh," Gene said, without looking up.

"I bet I can name them," Henry said.

He named them over and the group seemed smaller than he remembered. He tried again, and then opened the book and turned to the map that showed them. The same map showed Cuba, too. Henry looked at the map.

"Why, we are not on a line between Cuba and Memphis. We are not even close to a line between Cuba and Memphis. What do you know about that? Now I've got to do the end of that story again."

HE ROSE from the dump and looked up at Gene.

"Why did you have to start digging in this dump anyway?"

He threw the book back on the dump and climbed up on the bank beside Gene. Once on top he straightened up and walked past the wheelbarrow on his way to the house without a word.

"Whut you want me to do?" Gene called after him. "Bring dis little stuff on or dig some mo' on dat cave?"

"You needn't bother about that cave," Henry said without turning. "We'll never need an air-raid shelter in this part of the United States."

"Whut you want me to do den?"

"I don't care what you do," Henry said. Then he stopped and turned back to Gene. "Say—you better get back to work in that garden like Miss Annie told you before she left and where you were supposed to be all day. I'm going to tell her you haven't been in it since early this morning."

As Gene rolled the wheelbarrow up to the kitchen, Miss Annie was just coming in the front door. She was tired from her day in Memphis and already had her hat half off as she came into the hall. Then her eyes fell on the pile of dirty, rusty objects by the stairs. She recognized them, and let her hat go as she rushed on through the hall toward the kitchen, calling, "Minnie, Minnie."

Minnie heard her coming and said, "Oh, Lawd! Oh, Lawd!" as the door flew open and Miss Annie entered the kitchen.

"Minnie, what in the world is all that junk doing in the front hall? The back hall's full, too. And look on this floor."

"Yassum," Minnie said. "An' de back po'ch, too."

Mrs. Moore spied Gene at the back door.

"And what are you doing there with that wheelbarrow? Did you finish that flower garden?"

"No'm," Gene said, taking his head in his hands again.

"Well, why didn't you? What have you been doing all day?"

"We been diggin' a cave," Gene mumbled.

"A cave?"

"Yassum. To hide fum de Chinaman in."

"What in the world are you going to hide from the Chinaman for?"

"He fixin' to drop sump'm on us."

"Oh, for heaven's sake. Why in the world did you bring all this junk back to the house?"

"Mist' Henry said me an' you never had no business th'ow'in hit in dat ditch in de fust place."

Mrs. Moore whirled on Minnie. "Where is Mr. Moore?" she said.

"He come th'ough heah, ain't been long since, an' went on upstairs."

WITHOUT another word, Mrs. Moore swept out of the kitchen, through the hall, and on upstairs.

When she entered their bedroom, Henry was sitting at his typewriter staring at a blank piece of paper racked in it. The Japanese raid was in the wastebasket beside the table.

"Henry," Mrs. Moore said, coming to a stop across the typewriter from him.

Henry looked up. "Hullo," he said. "Did you know we are not on a line between Cuba and Memphis? I didn't until Gene started digging in that trash pile. Now I'm in the same place I was last night at ten o'clock. I've got to begin all over again."

"You've got to begin all over again?" Mrs. Moore said. "What about me? I spent ten years collecting that junk and carting it to that ditch, and you move it back into the house the minute my back is turned."

"Why, that stuff I brought back from down there is not junk. I've always intended fixing those things up as soon as I could get around to it."

"I intend to take every piece of it back to that ditch this very evening, and you're going to help."

"Why, I can't. I've got to change this story again. The Japs would never get far enough off course between Cuba and Memphis to come by here."

"You needn't bother to rewrite your story on that account. If the Japs ever find out there's as much junk anywhere in the world as you and Gene have piled in this house today, you can rest assured they'll send a special expedition to get it."

"You think so?" Henry said, his face brightening.

He reached into the wastebasket and took the last page of his story out and clipped it back to the rest of the manuscript.

"I must have a pretty good story after all," he said. "But what about that air-raid shelter we were building? In case they find out about the stuff in the hall. Do you think Gene and I had better finish it?"

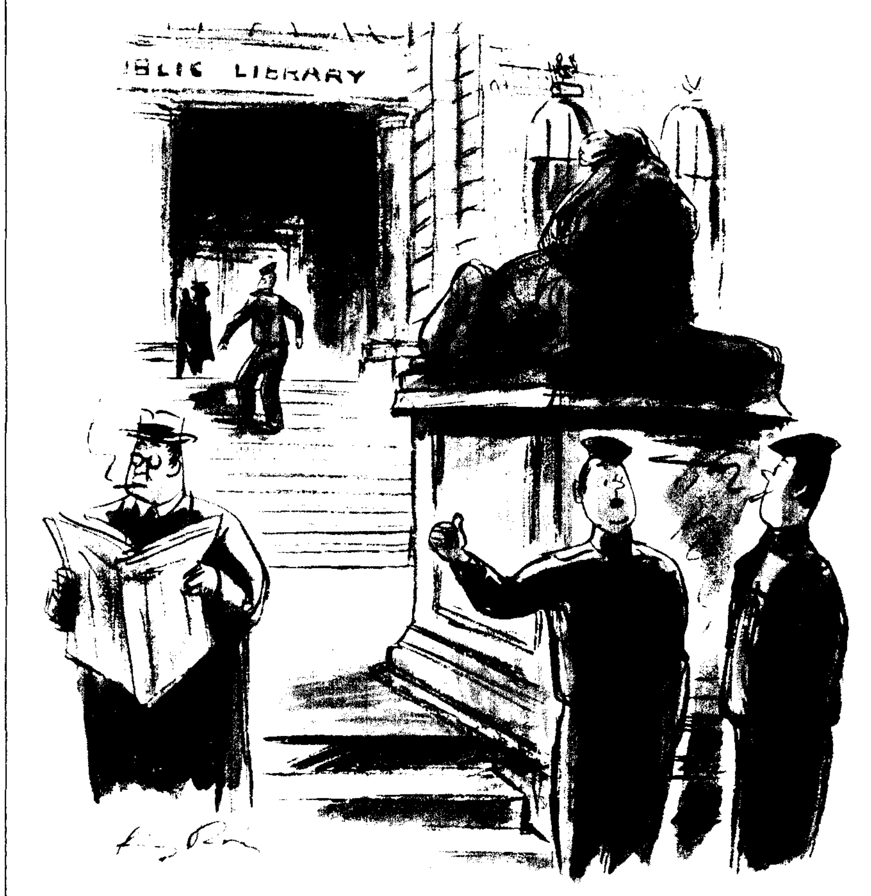
"No," Mrs. Moore said. "If the Chinaman comes to drop something on you and Gene I'll let you know in time and you can hide in the basement."

"The Chinaman?"

"Yes. Gene said you and he were building a cave to hide from the Chinaman in."

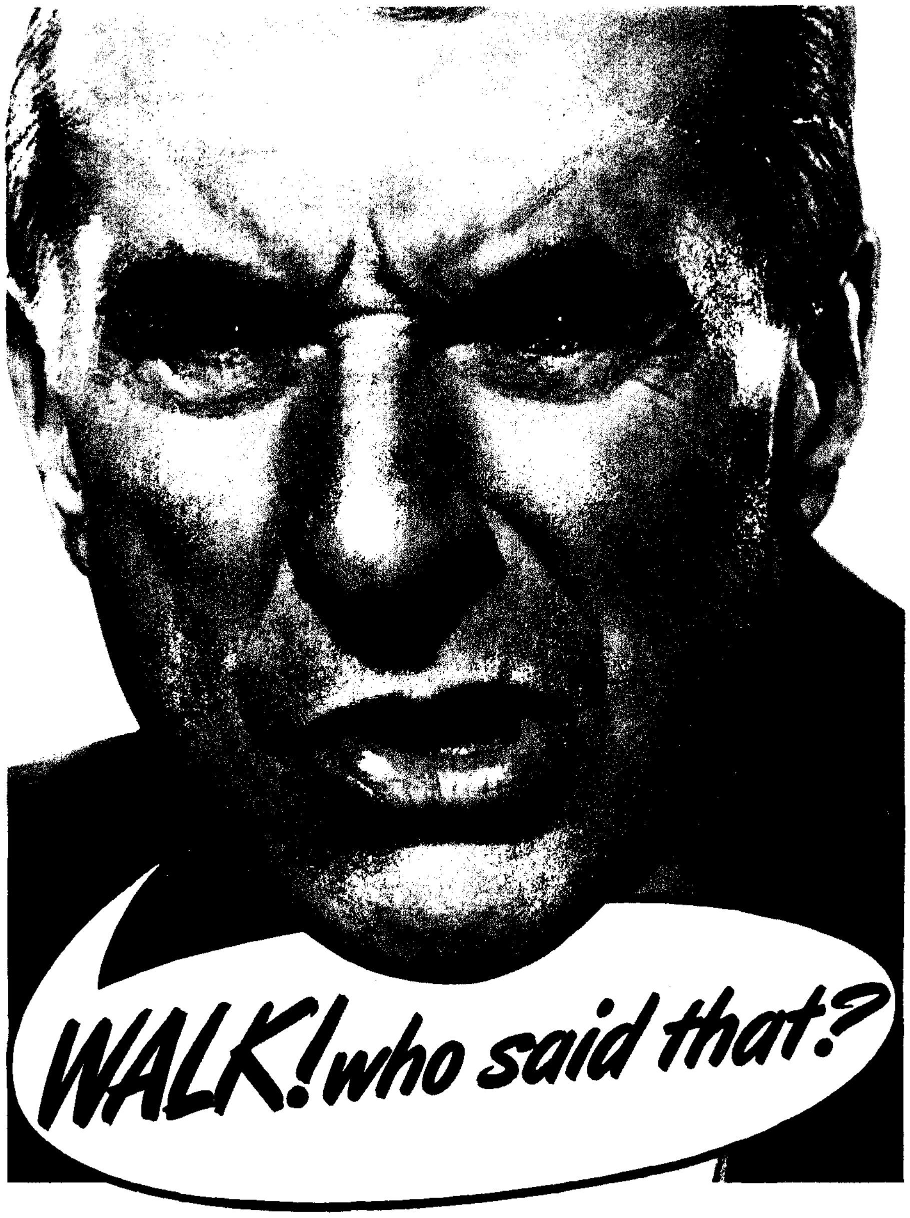
"Oh, that," Henry said. "I was explaining to Gene what a Jap looked like. I told him the Chinaman uptown was just like a Jap except for the toes. He got all mixed just like he always does. Gene amuses me. I never saw anyone that came as near staying mixed up all the time as he does."

THE END



"You can laugh, but I've seen him do a few minutes' research in there and come out with some very smooth dame"

COLLIER'S IRVING ROIR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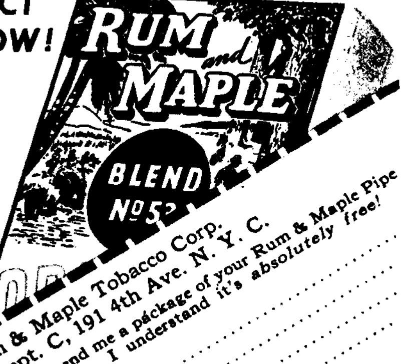

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Letter to a Man with a Boy in Ireland

Continued from page 12

He went off, and the boys roared with laughter as they watched him bent over with the weight of his kit.

"What did you do?" I asked the boys. "Fill it up with rocks?"

"Not exactly," one of them explained a little sheepishly. "He was telling us about his old man in London. Said the old man was so broke he couldn't afford cigarettes or beer, even. So we saved up our rations of canned beer and cigarettes, and when he wasn't looking, I filled his duffel bag with them to give to his old man. What a joke it'll be on him when he opens up the bag!"

Great practical jokers, these American troops! Great kids, too, believe me! They hear the fifth-column stories of dissension between them and their British comrades, stories that originate in Dublin and Berlin. They laugh at the ridiculous stories, and then go off arm in arm to the local pub for a pint of bitter.

The boys haven't become accustomed to the Irish beer yet. They are allowed five cans of beer and five packages of cigarettes a week from their own commissary. Barter has become the order of the day in Northern Ireland. Troopers who don't smoke but who drink beer exchange with men who do not drink beer but who do smoke. A can of beer will bring two bars of chocolate or one pack of cigarettes.

Ulster's Hospitality

General Hartle had to issue one strict order to his armored troops. He told them never to park their tanks near farmhouses. It wasn't because the farmers or their wives objected; it was because every time a tank did stop near a farmhouse, someone would immediately run out to give the boys hot tea or milk, and Hartle didn't want the local farmers to go short. The co-operation between our troops and the people of Ulster is like that.

The Army has made Belfast its port of leave. At best, Belfast is a rather dreary town, and I defy any Ulsterman to say otherwise. In fact, Ulstermen are the first to admit it. Our boys are sight-seers at heart, and at first they swarmed all over Belfast, looking at such architectural atrocities as the Albert Memorial clock at the foot of High Street, which rivals the Albert Memorial in Kensington Gardens in London for ugliness.

During the London blitz, London citizens would run hopefully toward this tribute to ugly mediocrity each morning. But, alas, it was never hit and still stands. The boys trooped hopefully into the Belfast Museum and were mildly intrigued to find there the pictures of thirteen former Presidents of the United States in whose veins there ran Ulster blood. If you care for details, the Presidents were Adams, Monroe, Jackson, Polk, Buchanan, Johnson, Grant, Arthur, Cleveland, Harrison, McKinley, Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson.

The Grand Central Hotel in Belfast is the headquarters for American, Canadian and British troops and officers on leave. Many a noggin of Irish whisky is tossed off by the boys in the bar of the Grand Central and, lest we try to paint an entirely too puritanical picture of our boys in Belfast, let it be recorded that each night a dozen or so of them grope their way out of the Grand Central, not quite clear whether they're in Amarillo, Texas, or Wichita, Kansas. Just as a dozen or so youngsters from the junior class of any college in America occasionally find that their liking for liquor is far in excess of their ability to handle it. But everyone is pretty good-natured about it and nobody minds—and nobody ever gets hurt.

Northern Ireland is not a very big place. You can drive right across it in three hours. On your drive, you'll pass many magnificent gateways to large estates, for Ulster is the land of the very rich and the very poor. At these gateways you'll see sentries in the American uniform, for every large estate in Ulster was taken over, first by the British army, and now by the American Army which is gradually replacing it. Drive into these beautiful estates with lush foliage, lovely, half-hidden streams, often filled with trout, and you'll find divisional or regimental headquarters. The house the staff lives in may be three hundred years old and, more often than not, you'll find that the local squire or lord who owns it is now living quite happily in a gardener's or bailiff's cottage on the estate.

The Price is High

Hundreds of these large landowners gave up their estates to the Crown when war came, for Ulster, unlike her fat sister to the south, never professed to be neutral. She paid for it when Nazi bombers gave Belfast hideous blitzes; but she thinks the price was worth it. She still has her self-respect.

It is odd to follow a trout stream and bump into an armored unit. We have plenty of Honeys (the light 13-ton tanks) and plenty of the General Grants (28-ton tanks) in Ulster, and today the farmers of Ireland are as accustomed to seeing tanks crawl over their pastures as they are to seeing their cattle or their pigs.

In actual warfare (Norway, Holland, Belgium, France?) our tanks will never have to face the difficult conditions they have to face on the Ulster terrain. The country actually resembles that of Normandy which the Germans found excellent for tank warfare.

"But there's one difference here," the officer in charge of the tank unit told me dolefully. "Here, so help me, there's a bog even on the top of every hill you see, and no tanks are any good in bogs."

But that is no disadvantage in training. Our tank boys are getting the finishing touches of their training under the most difficult conditions possible. I spent a few days with an armored unit. It's a group we may hear from some day when they start playing for keeps. It is a real, typical American group. In it are thirty Poles (all of whom speak Polish), one hundred men of Mexican birth (all of whom speak Spanish), twenty-five Swedes (all of whom speak Swedish), and seventeen Norwegians (all of whom speak Norwegian). Some day when the invasion begins they'll come in mighty handy with their various languages.

One of the strangest sights I ever saw anywhere was an American General Grant tank parked outside of the cathedral in the small but ancient town of Downpatrick. I walked inside and found the crew signing the book of visitors.

Lest it be said they are merely sight-seeing in a tank, I might add that they had been scheduled to have lunch in Downpatrick but had passed that up to see what many believe to be the burial place of the good Saint Patrick. I heard the sight-seeing tank crew arguing as to whether Saint Patrick had been buried here, as Downpatrick claims, or at near-by Saul (where he died), or in Armagh (where he always said he wished to die).

The argument as to where the dust of the good saint now lies is today as current and as colloquial as is the argument at home as to which was the better ball team, the Yankees of 1927 or the Yankees of 1936. Twenty-three places in Ireland claim his bones. Saint Patrick is no myth in Ulster, and now our lads are chipping in with evidence one way or another.

There are plenty of trees in Ulster which some day may save many lives. General Hartle has dispersed his men and material all over Northern Ireland and both are so well hidden that the occasional German reconnaissance aircraft which fly over have, to date, apparently learned very little as to the disposition of our troops. Had they learned anything, swift bombing would have followed.

As far as food and comfort are concerned, our Army is the best cared for in the world. To date, the only medical complaints which have registered themselves are yellow jaundice (quite a lot), athlete's foot and mumps. Their food, augmented by fresh eggs from the local farmers, is better than the food of either the German, British, Italian or even the Russian army, and at night, when they sleep, their blankets are as warm as the magnificent woolen blankets that are given to the Russian soldiers in wintertime.

They have discovered a new form of exercise—badminton. They like it just as much as they do baseball. The beauty of badminton is that it can be played in almost any pasture, whereas diamonds large enough for baseball are hard to find. The Army has made a variation of the old game of badminton; they play it three on a side and sometimes the rallies keep up for what seems to be hours.

They March Back Singing

General Hartle is a great believer in sports. However, during the past few months the boys have been too busy with their maneuvers and their training to spend much time at games. Hartle is one for sending them on cross-country marches. I stood with him one evening in camp waiting for two regiments to come in. A chill drizzle of rain was slanting down as they marched into camp. They swung along easily and as they sighted home base they began to sing Roll Out the Barrel, which all Allied armies, including the Polish, Norwegian and Fighting French, seem to have adopted. They sang it loud and strong and I noticed General Hartle smiling.

"They've just finished a thirty-three-mile march in the rain," he chuckled proudly. "All right, isn't it?"

I shuddered a bit at the thought of anyone walking thirty-three miles, and said very weakly, "That's pretty good, sir."

"But you miss the point," General Hartle said casually and he couldn't keep the pride out of his voice. "They finished those thirty-three miles singing. That really means something."

If the Scrapper says they're good, that's enough for me. The Scrapper went through more than one war and he knows more than the rest of us. He's very satisfied with your son, John, and with a lot like him. So you ought to be satisfied, too.

Sincerely,
QUENTIN REYNOLDS

King Cotten

Continued from page 60

He patted Joe on the arm and disappeared into the elevator.

After this slender start, Mr. Cotten took all his letters and distributed them to the seagulls on a ferry trip to Staten Island, which he took to cool off. Then, thinking to be hanged in an elegant cause if in any, he broke in to see David Belasco. Mr. Belasco welcomed him as a lost friend.

"Why, Mr. Cotten, it's a pleasure!" he cried. "You come right with me. I'm just going down to rehearsal."

Joe trailed along in fear and bewilderment, thinking that his identity would soon be disclosed and he would be tossed out onto the pavement of West 44th Street. Belasco kept him by his side in the auditorium of the theater as the rehearsal went on.

A Job with Belasco

"Now, those costumes of the girls, Mr. Cotten," said he, "don't you think they would be better in yellow instead of red?"

"Yes, sir," said Joe meekly.

Belasco yelled to his stage manager.

"Pete," he cried, "I have an excellent suggestion here from Mr. Cotten. He thinks the costumes should be yellow instead of red. Don't you think Mr. Cotten is right?"

Pete thought it was nothing less than brilliant and Belasco turned to beam on Mr. Cotten.

Anyhow, the contact resulted in Mr. Cotten's being taken on as assistant stage manager and understudy to Lynn Overman in A Dancing Partner. He got $50 a week and a case of jitters every night for fear Overman wouldn't appear. He later had the same job with Melvyn Douglas in Tonight or Never, experiencing the same fears.

"I couldn't learn the lines," says Cotten. "I don't know why it was but I never did get them straight."

This was along in 1931 and the depression was killing the theater along with everything else but Joe managed to get on as leading man with the Copley Square players in Boston and had other stock engagements and always a lot of summer stock work. Then the bottom fell out of everything. He was married, there was no work at all and he began acting in one-reel industrial films. Also he modeled for photographers. From that he drifted into radio serials, and not an instant too soon, either, because the family was having difficulties. During one interval when Lenore and Joe were on edge from poverty, he drew himself up and said huffily:

"I'm going to my club."

"What club?" asked Lenore, baffled.

"The Robert E. Lee Bean Bag and Outdoor Eating Club," said Joe loftily and strode into the night. This allusion to his old life in Petersburg had her worried, considering it a mental throwback of some danger. It seemed, however, it was only Mr. Cotten's idea of humor.

He needed all his humor soon thereafter because in radio he met up with Orson Welles and followed him into the Federal Theater. Many people contend the theater has never been as interesting before or since. At least it was alive. Cotten's favorite of all plays was an old farce called Horse Eats Hat, at which audiences either laughed uproariously or looked with absolute bewilderment.

"Some people saw that show thirty times. On the last night when we tried to have some fun for ourselves and changed the lines, the audiences yelled the right ones right back at us."

When Welles launched the Mercury Theater with a new version of Julius Caesar, Cotten was in it. He next starred in A Shoemaker's Holiday. He was thinking about going into the Welles fiasco called Five Kings when the Theater Guild signed him to play opposite Katharine Hepburn in The Philadelphia Story. After the New York run and road tour, Joe was quite willing to listen to the Boy Wonder, who was now in Hollywood tweaking the noses of the pompous and awakening the hatred and envy of the multitude. Cotten was in a great spot. Welles wanted him for Citizen Kane and two other studios were standing around with contracts.

"You don't turn down Welles," explains Cotten. "He'd be around beating tom-toms under your window."

The Welles set is like no other on earth, as is seen by Journey into Fear, in which Orson has used every strange individual in the outfit. His manager, Jack Moss, is acting as a heavy; his secretary has a good emotional part; his radio script writer, Bob Meltzer, is a Syrian waiter, a terrible sight. Not only is Cotten playing the lead with Dolores Del Rio, but he prepared the screen treatment of the book, along with Welles.

"It's just Welles proving the Alfred Hitchcock thesis that all actors are cattle," explains Cotten sourly.

In a social way, the Cottens go nowhere and do nothing. When seen early this year, they had not been out of the house one night for three months. During the summer they rarely miss a night at the ball games when the Hollywood Stars are at home.

As an indication that youth is no longer so important in Hollywood, Cotten enters along with such middle-aged gentlemen as Walter Pidgeon and Spencer Tracy to stir the fickle feminine. He has a great following already and the Hollywood sages expect him to be among the biggest when the full effects of Ambersons and Journey into Fear are tallied.

Mr. Bennett's Poor Memory

But Cotten was not worrying about that when the latest picture started. He was fascinated by the spectacle of Richard Bennett playing the father. Mr. Bennett has trouble retaining his lines; furthermore, his eyesight is so bad that he can't read from a blackboard during the scenes. So Welles had recited a particularly important speech onto a record and Bennett had taken it home to learn.

"I play it over," Bennett was explaining to Cotten, "and I take portions of it and write them down and study them. I do it over and over, word by word."

"Are you getting them?" asked Cotten.

"Not a bloody blasted one of them!" cried Bennett proudly.

When the scene was shot, Welles stood just outside the frame of the camera and prompted Bennett every few words. Bennett then said the words. Before the rushes were shown, the Welles sound track was eliminated and the rest of the scene put together.

"The greatest acting you ever saw in your life," cries Cotten with bewilderment.

This caused listeners to suggest that perhaps Hollywood was pretty good after all and maybe he was lucky he got away from Miami.

"Maybe we hadn't better press that Miami thing too much," said Joe. "This is pretty soft here, too."

THE END

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The power behind the drone

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No wonder Packard could tackle mass production of the Rolls-Royce engine and do this difficult job with the skill of experience. Result: Packard is delivering these precision engines at a rate that's bad news for the Axis!

An important by-product

Making these Rolls-Royce engines—and engines for the PT-boats—is also teaching Packard things that can make fine motor cars even finer. *Precision power* is the war cry at Packard these days—and it will continue to be when cars are made again. You can expect your Packard of the future to be better than ever—and it will be.

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

PACKARD FOR PRECISION POWER

An Apple for Eve

Continued from page 23

by its two iron handles and set on a side table in the shadow of the old bookcases. Twelve struck from the big clock in the hall. Chris had not come. The odor of baked potatoes drifted in from the kitchen regions. Owen, who was slow about talking, said plainly "More din-din?" and the twins burst into fretful crying, "Mommy, we're hungry!"

"Yes; come along," Loveday said. She stopped in the hallway long enough to glance down the drive. No car was twinkling its way up among the eucalyptus and poplars. No Chris. Life was heavy upon her, like a bar of iron, as she went out to give the children their lunch.

She and Hugh lunched together after all. For when he came in again at two o'clock she was sitting in a deep chair in the library, staring vaguely into space, and in answer to his questions admitted that she had forgotten the meal completely.

ANNIE LUM was gone. Sister and brother investigated the icebox and pantry and she filled the coffeepot. They sat down in the kitchen, and Loveday put out her hand and laid it on his. Hugh blinked at her through his strong glasses.

"You'll find that money yet," she assured him gallantly.

"If I don't, I'm not going to let it make any difference," he said. "I've a new plan, a new plot."

"With clues and leads" she suggested, returning his smile. "Oh, Hugh, it's pleasant to sit talking with your brother!"

"No; no clues and leads this time," Hugh said seriously, "except this clue: that happiness can be a danger, and unhappiness a great safeguard, a great security. After the war I'm going to come back here, if you go; I'm going to live again in my grandfather's old room, and before I die—and I may live to be as old as he was, I'm going to start the hospital, get the cornerstone laid. And meanwhile I'll stop worrying about all the rest. It may take me fifty years—I'll only be eighty—"

The dark little face with its mixed-up features and flashing of glasses beamed at her, and Loveday felt tears in her eyes as she smiled back.

"If we could only learn to do without happiness!" she said. "But isn't it like food? Can we do without it?"

"Do without one happiness, and have all the others," he said.

"But happiness spurs one—happiness is tonic," she offered uncertainly.

"I've been watching you for all these months," he said, "and I'm your big brother after all. I wish you'd let me say—" He stopped short.

"There isn't anything you can't say to me, Hugh."

"It's this," he said. "You're built on the Gurney lines; you're head and shoulders over me, physically and every other way. I'm small—Mother wasn't big, was she? I'm like her people. But you're big, like Grandmother Gurney; you're the American girl, Miss Liberty type. I'm not flattering you; I've just been thinking it out. There isn't any question that you could get away with divorcing Larry and marrying Chris. That's what thousands of women do every year; when they realize that the first marriage wasn't any too well-considered or too wise, they pick a smarter mate, and you've picked a big one!"

Loveday faced him steadily. Her cheeks had colored a little as she listened; now her eyes grew misty.

"Chris," she said simply.

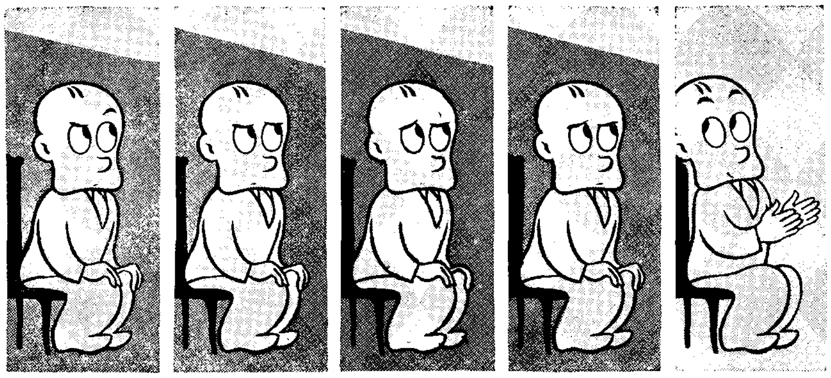
"Chris. He's liked you ever since the old days in Aunt Laura's house—Lord, how long ago they seem! And you're the natural mate for him—the real wife. Merle never was. And Chris is magnificent, Loveday, don't you ever fool yourself *about that. He wants you now,* and men aren't themselves when they're fretting for some woman who fills the whole sky. But Chris is fine. And he'd give you everything in the world a woman could want. He'd play fair with the children too—he really loves your children."

"I know he does," she breathed.

"So that it would mean shopping with Chris on the avenue for a—what was it Merle was always wanting?—a mink coat," he said, "and it would be little dinners with distinguished men and women, Chris at his happiest; he's a wonderful host. And some day when there's any place to go, it would mean travel, London and Paris and Rome—"

"London and Paris and Rome, with Chris," she said.

"You'd get away with it," he said. "There'd be very little interest in that group in what you had been before. 'The children are hers by a first marriage,' that's all anyone would say. It would be happiness, wouldn't it?"



COLLIER'S

Home Movies

CROCKETT JOHNSON

"Oh," she said simply, and a sudden wild passion of tears was upon her. With a quick movement she cleared a space on the table before her and laid her arm there, and hid her face against her arm. Hugh sat immovable, his own arms crossed tightly on his chest.

ONCE having started, Loveday could not stem the flood. She sobbed uncontrollably, struggled to regain her breath, was abandoned to a fresh burst of crying. After long minutes she got up and went blindly to the window, and stood there seeing the winter-brown earth and forest, the stripped willows and bare fruit trees outside through a bitter flood of tears.

"It's too hard," she said at last thickly, through a childish catching of sobs. Her brother said nothing.

"It's too hard either way!" she presently began again. "Why should it be like this! Why should it come to me? Other women don't have to fall in love with Chris St. George and give him up —and give up everything—everything—"

She was incoherent again. But she was crying more quietly now, and there was no sound in the kitchen except the ticking of the clock, and the occasional scratching of a dry brown leaf against the window pane.

A child cried out far upstairs, and Loveday turned her tear-stained face to her brother, her swollen eyes managing a smile.

"We'll see it through together," she said.

Hugh said nothing. It was time for him to go; he did not even kiss her goodby. But she saw the look that he gave her, saw the lift to his shoulders as *he went away, and she told herself in* her soul that she would not fail him.

So then of course there were things to do. Things to do in the dim old house that was permeated with faint drifting smells of woodwork and mold in it on such a winter day. Midafternoon was quiet and somber outside. She turned on the nursery lights as she got the twins and Owen into play clothes, buttoned on shabby little coats.

THEY all stopped in the kitchen for milk and crackers. Loveday piled in the sink the plates from her impromptu luncheon with Hugh, put away butter and cream, answered the children's chattered questions lifelessly.

Were Jean and Johnnie coming? Yes, Mother thought they were. Just as soon as they waked up from their naps. And were they all going up to the mill, and to play "magic places" in the stable?

Yes, Loveday said, her thoughts going to that happy hot summer day when she and Chris had climbed up to the little weather-silvered porch below the great wings of the mill and leaned on the rickety railing, and felt the high, sweet breeze blow over them. How far removed that day, with its glowing heat and its smells of hay and fruit and roses, was from this dark November afternoon! "It will never be summer again," she told herself.

Well, here were the little Fayres ready to share the last of the milk and crackers, and everyone was wild with excitement to get to the old stable and the mill. Agnes, with Geraldine, and Loveday with the toddling Owen, followed them up through the barnyards and past the sheds and fences, and started them on the "journey to magic places" that meant climbing ladders, sliding into meal bins, establishing themselves as householders in the mangers, walking along the railed partitions between the box stalls.

Twin baby lambs, born out of time, were housed in one of the stalls; the anxious ewe ready to butt the delighted and awed little visitors away. Cats prowled among the sacks and bins and kittens stepped daintily on first little journeys over sacks and thresh-carpeted floors.

"You've a way with children, Loveday," Agnes said. The two mothers sat on a bale of pale-green flowered alfalfa; the light in the old stable was dim; rain pattered intermittently on the roof. "It's part of your vitality," Agnes went on, as Loveday acknowledged the praise only with a grateful glance and a flush, "and I love it! I've always been one of these dragging creatures, drinking milk and lying down every five minutes, and now counting vitamins! But you've got the energy and health of a child."

"There's *something refined* about being just a trifle delicate," Loveday countered laughing. "My troubles are different. I'm always hungry and always worried about getting fat. But I never thought of it as making me more at home with children! I've always loved children."

"I can read them stories, and say 'Yes' when they ask to do something," Agnes said, "but I don't get into their minds the way you do. This 'journey to magic places' that you started the other day. They've talked of it ever since as if it was something tremendously important. 'If we go to Martha's house can we go on the journey to magic places?' They never think of this place as just a stable; it's real magic for them ever since you started it."

"I suppose we're all like them," Loveday said seriously, her eyes on space, "in thinking that quite ordinary things are magic. So many of them all over the world—enchanting places! One wonders if the magic ends when one reaches them! Sometimes I think," she went on, "of grand opera on some snowy night, and of a big fur coat and perfumes and the women in jewels and beautiful gowns and the men in evening dress. Or I think of a yacht anchored off some lovely seaside town with old, white houses and tall trees, and of people arriving on it for luncheon, flowery hats and light frocks—"

"I HAD some of that," Agnes said, as Loveday stopped on a dreaming note. "My Aunt Agnes always had an opera box when I was a young girl, and the juniors of our school used to go to matinees regularly, and the seniors to three evening performances every season. Of course, I'm not musical, Loveday, and I used to be perfectly frantic when Mother'd tell me that I had to go to Traviata or The Barber of Seville with Auntie. I used to squirm around in my seat in the front of that hot box until I ached!"

"You certainly destroy some of the glamor," Loveday smiled.

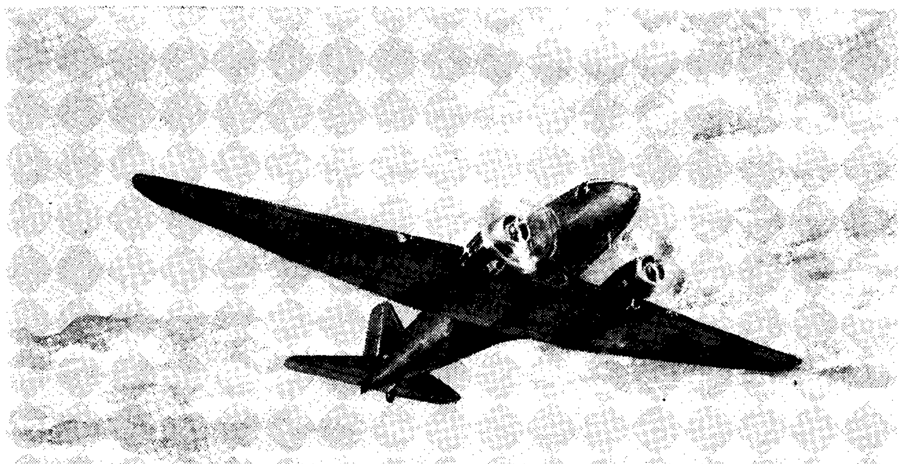
"I don't mean to! But most of my youth seems to me, looking back, to be terrible boredom," Agnes confessed. "My uncle, Senator Crawleigh, had a partner who had a yacht, and those two old men used to ask me to bring 'some pretty girls' out on Sundays. We'd go out into the bay for an hour, have a very rich lunch, play bridge on deck, and sail home again. Uncle Cass had a crew of nine, so there was no fun with the boat. I don't know—perhaps I'm very unappreciative—but I'm having a better time right now, here near the camp with the children, than I ever did on the 'Willing Wanderer.' I don't mean this kind of life is easy," Agnes finished, "or that it isn't horrible to have John away so much. But it's my *life,* and there's no feeling in the world like living your own life!"

"Independent of other people for your happiness," Loveday said.

"Not independent, exactly. But living for them, getting your joy through them," Agnes amended it.

Agnes glanced at her once or twice in the silence that followed; presently she asked quite casually why Christopher St. George wasn't at the farm. Wasn't he usually here on Sundays?

Loveday, her color flaming up as she



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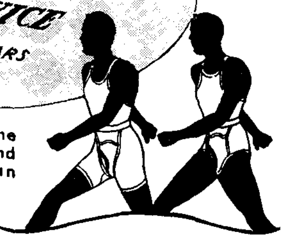

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realized the trend of Agnes' thoughts, had no time to answer, for Chris himself came into the stable at that moment and joined them.

The shadowy cool old stable burst into constellations of stars for Loveday and for what seemed an endless time everything seemed to be whirling about her. It was with great difficulty that she made herself move and speak. She had no conception of what she said, or what Agnes said. Chris was cool and pleasant, and seemed to be taking command of the situation easily. He had not met Agnes before. They talked of New York and Washington, found mutual friends about whom to gossip. If she knew the Rogers outfit she must know Freddy von Tilghmann? Oh, poor Freddy von Tilghmann and his stamp collection! Did Mr. St. George know that the Bridemans had bought the Jordan place in Georgetown and were doing wonders to it?

Agnes and her children, the latter somewhat crumby and milky, drove away into the darkness at six o'clock, and when Loveday had settled the children off upstairs, and descended once again to the library, she found that Chris had kindled a good fire and was sitting there looking into it, his body bent forward on the low davenport, his locked hands dropped between his knees. He rose at once and came toward her, and took her shoulders in his two firm hands, holding her off to look at her. His face was tired and sad.

"My dear, this has been very terrible!" he said.

"Oh, Chris! It has seemed so long!" It wasn't what she had meant to say; it was exactly the opposite of what she had meant to say, but the words seemed to come of themselves.

"We must never do this again," Chris said.

"No." She breathed the little word half unconsciously, her eyes on his face.

"I've thought of you every hour, Loveday—"

He drew her to him, kissed her, and held her tight. Loveday, freed from this embrace, felt the last fiber of her resolution melting into utter bliss and confidence; she could breathe deep; everything was all right. She was going to see Chris again, and hear him, and talk to him—have with him, indeed, a talk so poignant and so thrilling that her senses were swimming already in anticipation of it.

THEY sat down on the davenport before the fire, and for a few wonderful minutes could only say each other's names, and drink in the sight of each other's faces. And when words did come they were laughing and inconsequential for sheer joy.

"I love your coming in and kindling a fire before you even sat down! And what a grand fire, too," Loveday said. "Where else did you ever build fires except here, Chris?"

"I've a little camp next to the Abernathys' camp, up in Maine. And I can tell you that if I don't build fires there we don't eat!" Chris smiled. "You don't know what I can do. I made a goulash last year out of canned hash and peppers and corn that was something, let me tell you!" But he wasn't thinking of what he was saying; his eyes were devouring her hungrily, her hands were gripped in his. "Did you miss me?" he asked.

"Every minute." No use attempting to deny it or conceal it; she was conscious of no reservations; there was nobody else in the whole wide world but Chris.

"But you wouldn't say so?" he reproached her.

"Because you knew it." It was the only answer; anything else would have been belied by her radiant face, her tear-wet lashes.

"Did I *know* it!" He shuddered; shook his head. "It's been endless aeons!" he said. "But it's over now, and it's over forever! I'm on my knees; I'll make any terms, darling. So you tell me—you tell me how it's going to be."

The strength of him, the charm, the power in the dark eyes, and the new note of humility and beseeching in his voice were far too potent to be resisted by any opposition she could summon to her aid, even if, warm and weary and utterly content, Loveday had been in any mood to invoke it. She and Chris were together again, by the fire, after the hungry, empty, aching days; life was flooding back into her veins again, her head was on his shoulder. She had floated away from reality; only this was real, this little cocoon of warm light beside the fire, these flickers and sparkles of fireshine on the familiar pictures and frames and backs of books, this vivid, eager, passionate man against whose heart her hands were held.

HIS cheek rested on her hair; now and then he stirred and she felt his lips there.

"Chris, if we could die now, when we're together again!"

"But we're not going to die. The very best of everything is ahead of us. This is no time to die; this is our hour to live, Loveday."

Then the silence of utter content again. And then the sharp voice of everyday, this time exemplified by Martha, halfway down the dark hall stairs in her nightgown and wailing in sleepiness and terror.

"Mother! Moth-er! Owen's awake and he says his finger hurts where he touched the nettles!"

Loveday was away like a flash, comforting Martha as she guided the small girl upstairs again, lighting the nursery, busy with assuaging treatment for the ills of the weeping Owen.

"We screamed and screamed for you." Betsey said reproachfully from her bed; "and Martha said she was scared to go down but I was worse scared and we thought Owen might die."

"He's not going to die, it isn't even the hand he got the nettle sting on," Loveday murmured, tucking in small forms, administering drinks of water to the children.

She snapped off the light, heard three grateful and apologetic good nights. Then she stood still in the darkness for a minute. Her heart was beating fast; she felt frightened, eager, wildly happy. The night was wild with beauty and adventure.

This room, the nursery now, had been her grandmother's room. Much of its furnishing was still the furnishing of her grandmother's day. Tonight, in the silence that was broken only by the children's even deep breathing, suddenly there came back to Loveday the sound of the voice she had so often heard here in this warm shadowy place.

"Be a woman of thy word, Loveday. Through good, through bad, bearing his children, keeping his house, bind thyself to thy man with ropes of steel. If thee does that, thee'll work thy way through to happiness in the end."

FOR a long moment she could not move. Then she heard Chris call from downstairs:

"Mrs. Fayre on the telephone, Loveday!"

Loveday went down. Agnes had lost her wrist watch, unless she had left it at Loveday's house? Yes, Loveday said, in the darkness of the back hall where the telephone was; Betsey had found it on the stairs.

"Mr. St. George is just going, Agnes;

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would you like him to bring it to you?" she said. It was not quite half past eight after all; Agnes could not find any fault with Christopher's remaining until that hour. Agnes answered at once that she would not think of troubling Mr. St. George; she would come over in a day or two and get it.

Loveday could look from the telephone table across a stretch of dark back hall into an angle of the front hall and the open library door. Chris had gone back to the davenport by the fire; she could see his dark head over the back of the seat.

But could he hear her talking? Could he hear her dialing a number? Suddenly she knew that she must risk it; that it meant safety. Her finger jerked the dial about; it seemed to make a great noise. She heard the little hum that meant the number was ringing.

"Hugh," she said, in a tone as soft as a blown feather, "can you come. I need you."

She heard only Hugh's surprised quick, "Sure!" before she put the receiver noiselessly in place.

CHRIS was sitting on the low davenport when she went back to the library—his locked hands fallen between his knees, his somber eyes on the fire. Loveday slipped into the great chair; her heart was beating fast. Was he angry? Had he heard her summon Hugh? Or didn't he even know she was there? She had made no noise, returning, and he had given no sign of hearing her.

"I wonder," he began presently, not moving, not looking at her, "if we might settle this tonight? You told Mrs. Fayre that I was going right away?"

"I had to," she said with a nervous laugh. "It's quarter of nine."

"As if that mattered," Chris said, half to himself. "As if time mattered, with you and me! Loveday," he went on, suddenly pushing a low hassock to her knee, seating himself on it, and grasping both her hands in his own, "do you love me, dear? Can't you tell me that, once and for all? Do you think I'm fooling, do you think there's any fun in this for me? Won't you say—say—*say*, 'I love you, Chris. I'm yours! I trust you. I'll go with you—leave the details to time to settle—prove to you that I'm not afraid, that I'm all woman when I love!' "

"Sh-h-h!" she said, her smile like a mother's smile, all tenderness and pity.

"No; I'll not be hushed, darling. Loveday, Loveday, Loveday, you know what you mean to me! You know how I hate this creeping into another man's house, listening every minute that we're together for the sound of his key! Won't you be generous to me? Ah, you do love me, sweetheart, don't you?"

"I am intoxicated—I am transformed by what I feel for you, Chris," she said in a whisper, "no woman's heart in the world could feel more. Just to have your brown face there, dear, so near—so near that I can lay my fingers against it, so, is something—something for me to remember. Remember when we are parted, Chris. When we can't see each other any more."

"We will never be parted now," he said, the hard hands that held hers shaking, his voice shaking. "You are mine now. I can never lose you again while those words are in my ears! Loveday," he went on feverishly, "you are writing him tonight. You are writing him all the truth. And I am going to stay here as your guard—to guard what is so infinitely precious to me, until I can take you tomorrow to Nevada, and leave you and the children there."

"Chris, this is goodby, tonight. Don't you see that it must be so?"

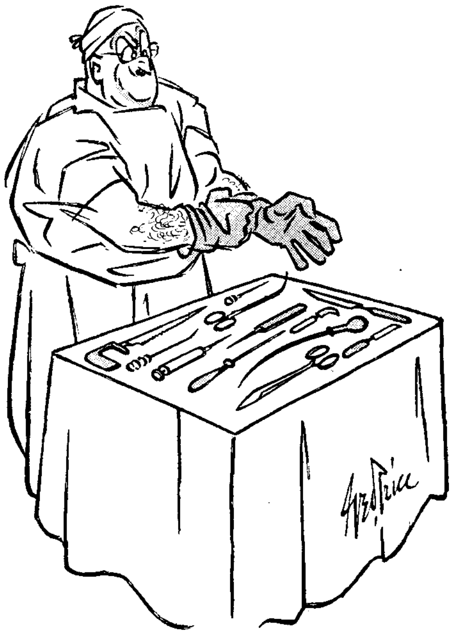
She leaned her face against his and burst into tears as she said it, and they clung together.

"You mustn't cry," he said, "you mustn't be afraid. Nobody can separate us. You love me; you said so."

"And I love other things more, differently," Loveday said thickly. She groped for his handkerchief, wiped her eyes, gulped, and tried to smile with sopping lashes and a trembling mouth. "Oh, not with the glory, Chris, not with the stars! Not as we were that day on the windmill—just discovering each other—just beginning to know we cared! Never like that. But the way a woman may love with honor, and right, and service. And that's my way."

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S

FICTIONARY



VOLUME III

IMMEDIATRICIAN: Doctor who wants to operate right away.

LACKOMOTIVE: A train without an engine.

BORLESQUE: A girlie show that is terrible.

CONFEATHERATE: A bird who helps another to fly.

POORMANENT: This is a fellow who never will have any money.

CLARINOT: Guy who doesn't play the clarinet.

SCOAL: What a Scandinavian uses in his sfurnace.

EXPECTACLES: That pair of glasses you're going to have sometime.

IDONTICAL: Two things that don't look alike.

PROGRASSTINATOR: Man who keeps putting off mowing his lawn.

Faced with the stoopendous task of making this Fictionary a comprehensive work, Col. Stoopnagle will welcome words (with their definitions) from readers and will pay five dollars out of Collier's pocket for acceptable contributions. Address The Fictionary Dept., Collier's Weekly, 250 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.

"And that's sheer adorable nonsense!" he said. "Sit down with me here by the fire, and give me your hand, and put your head on my shoulder. We are all alone in the world, my darling, and we may make our own laws."

"We have only a moment, Chris. Hugh is on his way home."

"Hugh!" Chris released her from the hold of his arm and looked at her with darkening eyes. "He said goodby; he was going to camp," he said in instant quick suspicion. "When did he say he was coming?"

"Just now. I telephoned him," Loveday answered, paling. "When I talked to Agnes."

Suddenly they were both standing, looking at each other harshly, like strangers, in the soft lamplight and firelight. In the silence they could hear a car coming up the drive in the silent night; hear the jerk of brakes and the slam of a door.

"I must go," Chris said then, simply, in an almost absent-minded tone. "I—I left my coat out here, I think—"

He went to the door, walking a little undecidedly, stopping once to look about him vaguely. He did not speak to Loveday again, but she heard Hugh's greeting in the hall, and Christopher's voice saying good night.

She stood perfectly still. Her life and the world and the stars in their courses seemed cold and dead.

Much later that night, when Hugh had gone to bed and the big house was silent, she did write to Larry. Her pen moved steadily over a page, another page. Then she put her head down and rested it for a long time on her arm, and her whole body shook with sobs. After a while she blew her nose and wiped her eyes and swallowed hard and began to write again.

"IN ANYTHING official like this," Loveday said to herself nervously, "especially now, when everyone's so fidgety with nerves, they may make terrible difficulties! I wish Hugh could have come. He looks important," she murmured half aloud of a man who was walking about in a Coast Guard uniform, "if he'd just stand still!"

"What is your business, madam?" a policeman said at her ear. Loveday jumped. She hastily groped in her bag for credentials, put them into his hand. The official cable from the War Department, the letters, the pink card and the blue certificate.

The officer walked toward that space on the long dark pierhead that was directly under a hanging dazzling white lamp; scrutinized the papers carefully. Loveday watched him anxiously.

"You are Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll?" he asked.

"Yes; I'm his wife."

"And he is coming in on this boat." This was a statement made after some study of the papers. "He is injured?"

"Yes. His foot's amputated." Her face, turned up earnestly to meet the man's look, had paled suddenly.

"Hospital case?"

"No. They said not. He wants to come directly home."

"How did you know that, Mrs. Ingersoll?" said a quiet, middle-aged, slender man who had joined them.

"I don't know how that news came. We didn't hear anything until last month. But I was notified that he had been injured, and his foot amputated, and that he had been decorated," Loveday said.

"He must be a brave man," the little man said, giving her a keen look through his eyeglasses.

"I don't know what he did, but he's been recommended for the Congressional Medal of Honor." Loveday groped in her bag again, produced a newspaper clipping and a picture. "This

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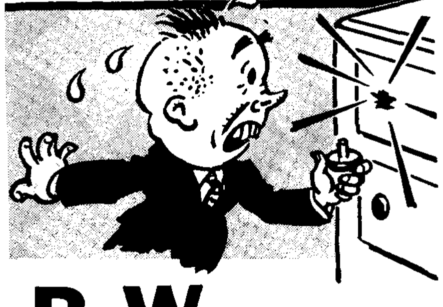

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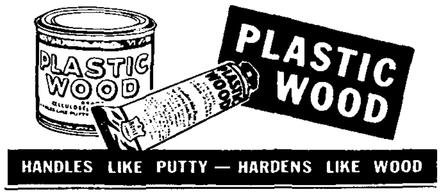

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Bring on the duck, line up the cod,
Hang high the goose, lay low the scrod,
Enthrone the egg on porkless beans,
And save the meat for the Marines,
The Army and the Navy too . . .
They're hungrier than me or you.

MARGARET FISHBACK

was in the paper ten days ago," she said. "Lieutenant Ingersoll; that's my husband."

The two men looked at the cutting, returned it to her.

"If you'll come this way," the small man said then. Loveday went with him along the dark pier; the early morning hours in March were bitterly cold. At the shore end of the roped-off dockhead, a fringe of men and women had been gathered, but down here in the dimly lighted, dark, high-roofed place, only officials, guards and dock hands were scattered about.

THE heavy boards under her feet were soft with sawdust; men were pushing little trucks about. Great crates were stacked in the surrounding darkness, boxes enormous enough to hold bombers, even. Underneath everything, the sea sucked and murmured on the piles. The black starry moonless night wrapped everything in mystery and solemnity that seemed hardly broken by the infrequent blots of light overhead.

There was a narrow, porchlike ledge, fenced heavily with the tops of piles, outside the long shed; here there were some upturned kegs, and to these Loveday's escort led her. She sat down on one of them, and an elderly woman and young boy seated near by made a hospitable little stir as she joined them. For a few minutes everything was dark; then Loveday saw her companions, and the stout fencing of piles to which great bumpers of sacking and straw were tied, and the glimmer of a tug's lights as she moved over the blackness that was the Bay.

"My son's coming. He's got pneumonia and they're sending him home," the woman said almost immediately.

"He's goin' back though," the young boy added.

"Was he at Pearl Harbor?" Loveday asked.

"We don't know. He may have been sick before that. You waiting for someone?"

"My husband. He went away last fall; he's an aviator and had been sent to Honolulu. He's been seriously injured, and I'm afraid he can't go back," Loveday said; "they had to amputate his foot."

"My goodness, that's terrible! That's terrible!" the woman said in instant sympathy. "You poor child, you! Will you have to take him to a hospital?"

"I think not. But my brother's in the Medical Corps connected with the camp at Indian Hill," Loveday explained, "so if he needs it we can put him there." She paused. "You're Mrs.——?" she began, the shaft of light from the great barnlike, doorway light brightening her pleasant smile.

"I'm Mrs. Neville, and this is Tom. Tom's so crazy to get into this war since Pearl Harbor that I'm just about ready to tattoo onto him that he isn't but fifteen!" the older woman said.

"You can wait, Tom," Loveday reminded the boy smilingly, "because we have to do this job pretty thoroughly now, and dig down to the very roots of things, and it'll take time."

"You said it, dear!" Mrs. Neville said fervently. "There's lots we've got to get rid of in this world besides war, before we get started right! But I didn't get your name?"

"Ingersoll. Mrs. Lawrence Ingersoll."

"Well, your husband—" Mrs. Neville stopped short. "Your husband isn't the man they recommended for a medal?" she demanded.

"Yes." Loveday felt the blood rise proudly to her cheeks. "There were others cited," she said, "but Larry is to get the Congressional Medal of Honor."

"For conspicuous bravery under fire," Tom supplied.

"Is that it? I only knew it was for bravery."

"It's the biggest you can get in America," the boy said. "Gee, I wisht you'd let me shake hands with him! Gosh, I wisht he'd give me his autograph!"

"He isn't going to be in any mood to give anyone his autograph," Mrs. Neville said, cutting short her son's rhapsodies; "he'll want to get home, that's what he'll want, and get to bed!"

"You don't get that medal just for gettin' hit or something," Tom elucidated. "You get it—see?—when you're safe. An' when you risk your life for somebody else, when you're all safe an' don't hafter, see?"

"Tom, how'd you know that?" Loveday's voice was awed and eager.

"Oh, I read it somewheres. Gee, I'll bet your husband was lucky to get off with just his foot hurt," Tom said. "Does he walk with a crutch?"

"I don't know. You see, I've not heard from him directly since Pearl Harbor. My brother cabled, but all we knew was that my husband had been promoted, was injured and in the hospital. Then two days ago I was notified that he might be coming to San Francisco, no dates or directions, but just to come in and find out. And yesterday I drove in, and got myself mixed up," Loveday finished smiling, "with officialdom and Red Cross and going to this office and that office and being identified. Luckily I've an uncle who lives here and he could help me out; I stayed with him, and he got me down here an hour ago—hours too early, they say, but they told me midnight."

"I was here at eleven, and now it's past two," Mrs. Neville said. "I don't care. If I can once get my hands on Joe again seems like I'll never let him go."

SHE yawned, drew her big coat more warmly about her. Loveday leaned back against the wall of the shed and huddled herself into her garments too.

A man came down the dock with a big tray. Other quiet forms were seated on the kegs now; talk of husbands, brothers, sons, children and their mothers evacuated from the danger zone went on. Thick cups of life-giving drink, the crisp buttery rolls went about.

Time went by. Three o'clock; four o'clock. For a few troubled minutes Loveday dozed, wakened, dozed again.

She was wide awake and looking up at the star-spangled black sky toward the north when suddenly half the glittering pageant was cut away. Blackness, high, unbroken, silent, had glided in between her eyes and the constellations. The ship was coming in.

(*To be concluded next week*)

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HILL

Afterpeak section of a freighter is hoisted into position at the Richmond, Calif., shipyards

FREEDOM NO. 5

WE THINK one of the most constructive remarks yet made by anyone during this war is Henry J. Kaiser's statement that he thinks a fifth freedom should be added to the famous four for which the Allies are fighting, and that this freedom should be freedom to produce.

Mr. Kaiser should know what he is talking about. Nobody, of course, can be as much of a wonder boy as Kaiser's more frantic admirers think Kaiser is. In addition to his admirers, he has some capable press agents who don't miss many chances to grab off favorable publicity for him. He may not even be the ideal man to build the much discussed big cargo planes for leap-frogging war materials over the submarines.

For all that, Kaiser has a great record as a dam builder, and an even greater one as a builder of ships by boldly unconventional and speedy methods. His West Coast yards are popping out big freighters now at a clip that reminds you of an Army cook shelling peas.

As such a producer and cutter of red tape in an essential war industry, Kaiser necessarily has run afoul of the bureaucratic mind from time to time. The bureaucratic mind dotes on rules, regulations, restrictions and other devices for killing time and keeping things from getting done. It loves to proclaim that some proposal is "impossible," and to call in five other bureaucrats to prove it.

Many of the Washington bureaucrats would love to make the wartime restrictions and priorities permanent fixtures, to be held over into peacetime and thus keep a lot of bureaucrats in permanent jobs.

If we are to have a working and expanding economy after the war, the Kaisers, Fords, Girdlers, Knudsons, et al., with their "nothing is impossible" attitude toward problems of production and distribution, must be free to go on functioning with a minimum of government supervision.

These men will do, at a conservative estimate, 90% more to win the war for us than the bureaucrats will do. An easy way to lose the peace will be to let assorted bureaucrats realize their ambition to put these men in economic strait jackets after the war.

That is what Kaiser means by saying that freedom to produce is fully as important as freedom of expression and religion, and freedom from want and fear.

The White House and the Hill

GEORGE WASHINGTON as commander in chie of the Revolutionary armies, long before he wa President, had his troubles with the Continental Congress. From that day to this, war Presidents and wa Congresses have got along with each other none to well.

It's easy to see the reason why this always happens—and it's a reason which, interestingly enough, reflect credit on both the White House and Capitol Hill. Th single Chief Executive necessarily sees the urgency o getting things done in a hurry in wartime. Congress, i it is worth its salt as a democratically elected body making laws for a democratic nation, necessarily wants t do things in the democratic way, which calls for ampl debate and deliberation.

So it's no wonder that war Presidents now and then dump on the Hill everything they've got in their verba bomb bays, and no wonder that the Hill frequently retorts with the choicest invective it can find in its shop

That's democracy in operation; and it explains th wordy battle between President Roosevelt and the present Congress over the best way to head off a bad wartime inflation. It was natural for the President to grow impatient over the stalling of the farm bloc and th obstructionist tactics of various labor leaders. It wa also natural for Congress to resent the White Hous threat to use dictatorial methods if democratic method should hold things up too long.

We do hope, though, that, no matter how long thi war lasts and no matter how much worse things get before they begin to get better, the natural tension between the White House and the Hill will be kept under control by the White House and by the better brains o the Hill.

After all, we've preserved democratic processes virtually intact through all our other wars, and we've won them all.

The Doctor Shortage

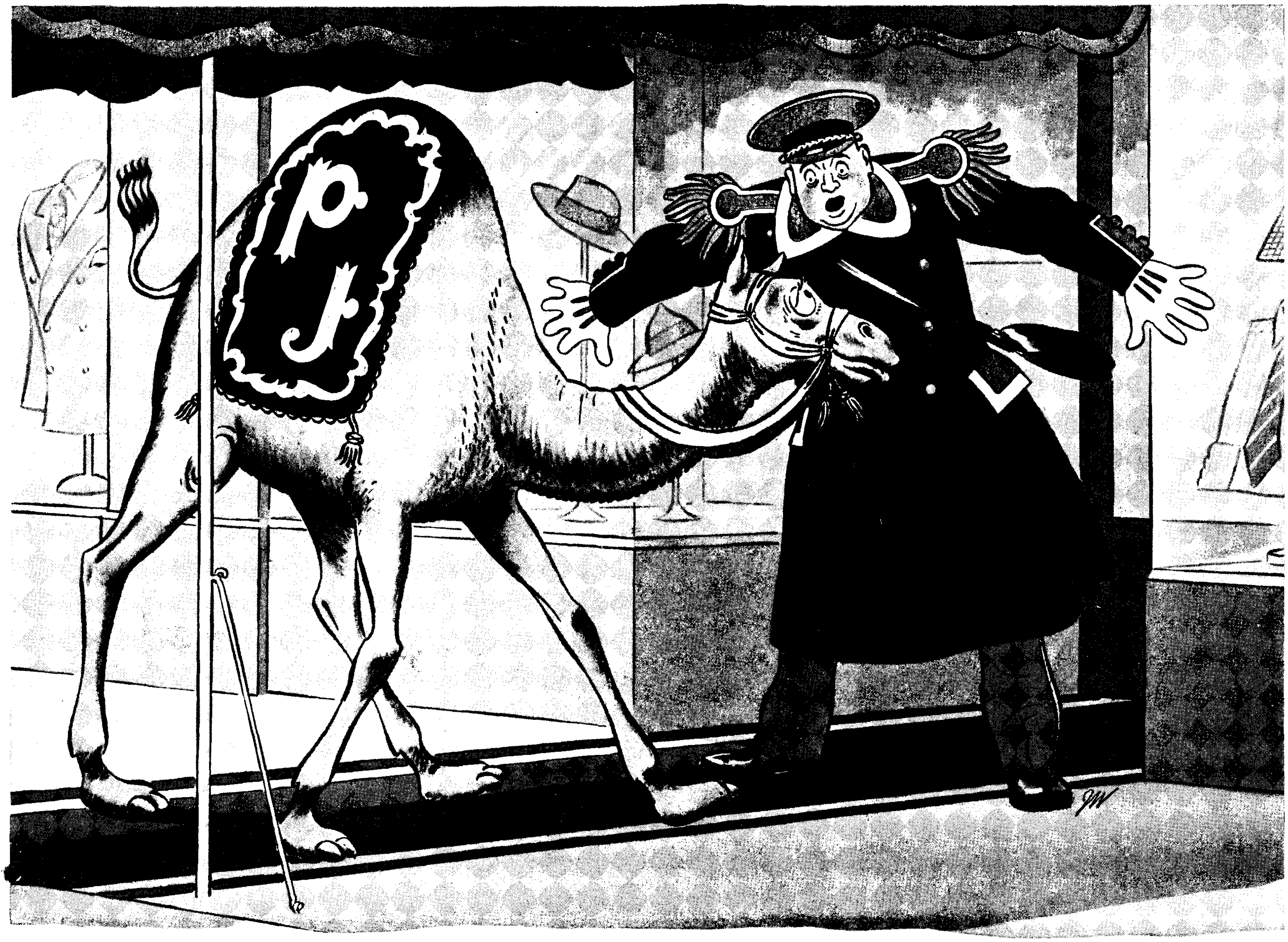
AS THE fighting forces absorb more and more doctors the medical setup in this country is bound to suffer more and more stresses and strains. Already about 22,000 of our total of about 176,000 doctors have been commissioned, with 20,000 more wanted by the end of this year. Eventually, some 60,000 doctors may be working with the warriors.

What happens to the civilian population, with its childbirths, accidental injuries, major and minor illnesses, and so on?

It looks as if a redistribution of doctors will be necessary, somehow. As we all know, doctors have been congregating for years in the big towns and their suburban areas, where there was hope of big practices and interesting cases, and have tended to pass up smaller towns and rural districts.

We'd say that the American Medical Association would be well advised to get busy on plans for facilitating this redistribution. These schemes can be counted on to make matters worse, as politicians almost invariably do when they try to improve situations which they know nothing about. Nevertheless, there will be more and more pressure for political handling of the problem unless the medical profession shows itself willing to tackle it.

Meanwhile, you can contribute your own bit toward helping out in the growing doctor shortage by not calling your own doctor except when you really need him, by not expecting too much of his time, and by not calling him at inconvenient hours except in emergencies. The chances are that he's already overworked, and that he'll get more so as the war goes along.



"Do I got to call the cops?"

DOORMAN: Now look, Camel. Please. It is a rule of the store. No animals allowed in without they got muzzles on. That's—

CAMEL: Ah, but I have work to do here, Master. I—

DOORMAN: Aw, now lissen, Camel. Please do not make me call the cops.

CAMEL: But, Pride of the Avenue, I'm the Paul Jones Camel, the living symbol of *dryness* in whiskey. And I'm here to tell those who seek my advice how this *dryness*—

DOORMAN: That does it! Dawggonit now, Camel, that settles it! You know dawggone well they's no such thing as *dryness* in whiskey! Now I *am* going to call the cops! Now I *am*—

CAMEL: Master, wait! Have you never heard of *dry* Paul Jones whiskey! Do you not know that it is dryness, or lack of sweetness in Paul Jones which makes it so *full*-flavored? That it is this *dryness* which permits *all* of Paul Jones' rich, peerless flavor to come through . . . clear and undistorted?

DOORMAN: Yeah? Well now, mebbe so, Camel, mebbe so. But dawggonit I got my orders. An' they don't say nothin' about lettin' no camels in here to talk about no expensive whiskies! So—

CAMEL: But, Paul Jones is *not* expensive! It—

DOORMAN: It ain't?

CAMEL: Oh Prince of the Portal, this Paul Jones offers so superb a flavor for so modest a sum that wise men know it as a truly *great* buy!

DOORMAN: Well now . . . Well now, look, Camel: Orders is orders, but—well, was you to walk in while I got this here sudden stroke o' sun blindness, now . . .

Paul Jones
A Blend of Straight Whiskies

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is the whiskey that's dry

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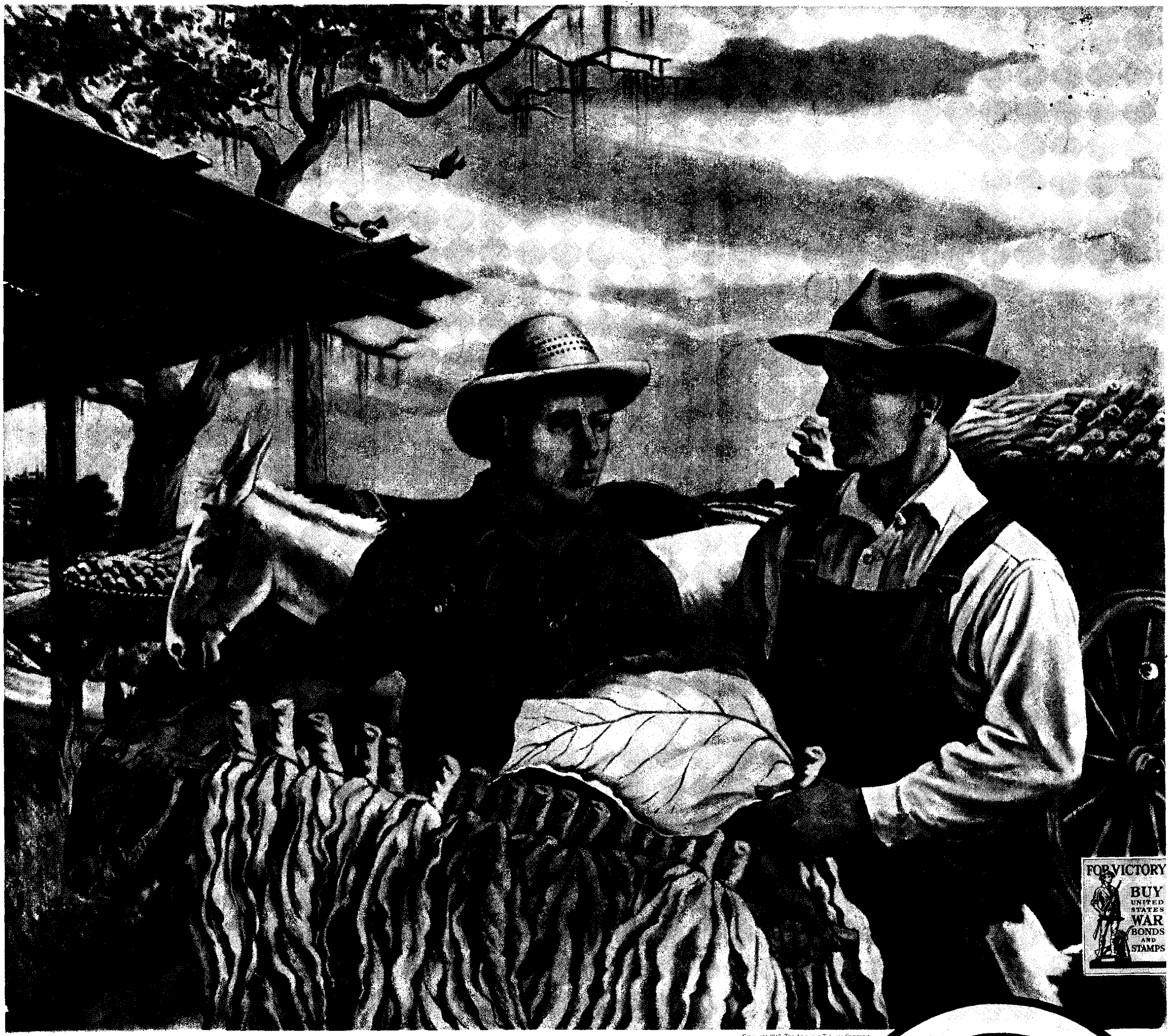

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"Loadin' for Town." Painted from life in the tobacco country by Ernest Fiene.

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